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NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW

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AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

VOLUME FIRST.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME FIRST.

MISCELLANY.

	Page.
Academy, American	291
Advertisement	23, 369
Anecdote	182
Antiquities, Western	21
Address, Judge Davis's	370
Basaltick Columns	337
Biography, Modern	328
Books relating to America	1, 147, 297
Bonaparte, Louis	131
Catharine, Empress of Russia	208
Chatelmont, Death of	202
Chinese Pictures	66
Clerk, General, Anecdotes of	199
Comet discovered	294
Corn Laws	130
Consumption, Cure for	210
Credulity	161
Du Deffand, Madame	54
Deaths	140, 295, 447
Fontenelle, Anecdotes of	44
French Novels	30
——— Language	204
Franklin, Letter of	51
——— Compliments to	53
Greek Literature Professorship	127
Grimm's Memoirs	28, 196
Greville's Maxims	169, 353
Hours of Worship	14
Hubbard's History	445
Inscription for the Opera	32
Italian Language	32
Intelligence	136, 292, 441
Journals, Meteorological	122, 285, 437
Jones, Sir William	212
Lead Mine, Southampton	335
Lectures, Proposed	133
Letters from Edinburgh	133
Literature, American	307
Letter, Mr. Southey's	442
Mail Coaches	15
Merino Sheep	16, 169
Memoirs by the Abbe Millot	56
Modern Manners	19
Montesquieu, Death of	36
Newspapers, English	294
Opera Anecdote	55
Paintings	132, 441
Paris Friendships	53
Pamphlets from St. Domingo	134
Pilgrimage to Jerusalem	126
Pitt the elder, character	170
Ramsay's Universal History	443
Receipts	178
Rouelle, Account of	205
Rousseau, Anecdotes of	201
Savage, Life of	210
Southey, Letter from	442
Ships Captured	131
Steam Engines	26
Short Sight	22
Stereotype Printing	133

	Page.		Page.
Smithfield Bargain - -	445	Trublet, Abbe - - - -	196
Tax Return, English - -	24	Tythingmen - - -	16, 165
Theories - - - - - - -	163	Unitarianism, American -	179
Time, Regulation of - -	334	University Intelligence -	442
Townsend, Charles, Character - - - - - - - -	160	Voltaire, Anecdote of	66, 196
Titles, Honorary - - -	17	Woodville's, Elizabeth, Journal,	180
Trajedy of David and Bathsheba - - - - - - -	37	Wilkes', John, Character -	174
		Young's Night Thoughts	203

POETRY.

Epigram, English - - -	27	Song, - - - - - - - -	351
Epitaph - - - - - -	352	Sunset - - - - - - -	27
Impromptu, Lord Byron -	ibid.		

REVIEW.

American Academy's Papers	370	Malthus on Corn Laws -	214
A Few Weeks in Paris -	91	Porter's Journal - - - -	247
Clinton's Address - - -	390	Guy Mannering - - -	403
Huntley's (Miss) Poems -	111	United States and England	61
Lord of the Isles - - - -	275	Coxe's Manufactures, United States - - - - - - -	234

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

No. I.

MAY, 1815.

[The Editor, in making some researches in the history of North America, was induced for his own convenience, to form a *catalogue raisoneè* of works relating to it. As this may be of some utility to persons engaged in similar pursuits, and not wholly uninteresting to others, he means to publish extracts from it in this journal. Where the works noticed are scarce, several extracts from them will be made, which may at once serve to give a more complete idea of the books, and to relieve the dryness of a mere catalogue.]

Virgo Triumphans, or Virginia in generall; but the south part thereof in particular: including the fertile Carolana, and the no lesse excellent island of Roanok, richly and experimentally valued. Humbly presented as the auspice of a beginning yeare to the Parliament of England and Councell of State. By Edward Williams, Gent. London, printed by Thomas Harper for John Stephenson, and are to be sold at his shop on Ludgate Hill, at the signe of the Sunne, 1650, *pp.* 68, 4*to.*

This book has two dedications and an address to the reader. The second dedication is, "to the conservers and "enlargers of the liberties of this nation, the Lord President "and Counsell of State:" The first is addressed to the Parliament and begins in this manner. "To the supreme "authority of this nation the Parliament of England. Right "Honorable: This dedication in itselfe unworthy the

"honour of an addresse to your Grandeurs, and of a foile "too dead in shaddow to approach neere your most vigorous "luster, reposes itselfe yet upon a confidence that in imi- "tation of that God of whom you are in power the proper "representatives, who vouchsafed graciously to accept a "poore paire of Turtles from those whose abilities could "not ascend to a more rich oblation, you will be pleased "to cast a favorable aspect upon this humble offering, as "proceeding from a gratefull, cleere and sincere intention, "whose desire being strongly passionate to present your "Honours with something more worthy the auspice of a "beginning yeare, is circumscribed by a narrownesse of "abilities and fortunes."

The tone of servility in these dedications recalls to mind the same meanness to a greater extent shewn by some of the actors in a more modern revolution, whose termination has been equally abortive. The author is excessively zealous, his praise of the country extravagant, of which he does not appear to have had a personal knowledge, and his arguments in favour of colonizing it, most of them farfetched and absurd.

Virginia with some of the early writers extended from Cape Cod to Florida. This writer appears to have particularly in view, what he calls the Southern part of Virginia, or *Carolana*, under which name South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida were in former times generally included. The following will give an idea of his descriptions. "Yet to shew that nature regards this ornament of the new "world with a more indulgent eye than she hath cast upon "many other countreys, whatever *China*, *Persia*, *Japan*, "*Cyprus*, *Candy*, *Sicily*, *Greece*, the South of *Italy*, "*Spaine*, and the opposite parts of *Africa*, to all of which "she is parallel, may boast of, will be produced in this happy "countrey. The same bounty of summer, the same milde "remission of winter, with a more virgin and unexhausted "soyle being materiall arguments to shew that modesty and "truth receive no diminution by the comparison.

"Nor is the present wildnesse of it without a particular "beauty, being all over a natural grove of Oakes, Pines, "Cedars, Cipresse, Mulberry, Chestnut, Laurell, Sassafras, "Cherry, Plum trees, and Vines, all of so delectable an "aspect, that the melanchollyest eye in the world cannot "looke upon it without contentment, nor content himselfe

" without admiration. No shrubs or underwoods choake " up your passage, and in its season your foot can hardly " direct itselfe where it will not be died in the bloud of large " and delicious strawberries: The rivers which every way " glide in deepe and navigable channels, betwixt the brests " of this uberous Countrey, and contribute to its conveniency " beauty and fertility, labour with the multitude of their " fishy inhabitants in greater variety of species, and of a " more incomparable delicacy in tast and sweetnesse than what- " ever the European sea can boast of: Sturgeon of ten feet, " Drummes of sixe in length; Conger Eeles, Trout, Salmon, " Bret, Mullet, Cod, Herrings, Perch, Lampreyes, and what- " ever else can be desired to the satisfaction of the most " voluptuous wishes." p. 1.

The Dutch would hardly assent to this writer's depopulating the Doggerbank to enliven the rivers of Georgia with Codfish.

" Whatever other commodities, the novelty of inhabiting " this amorous Virgin hath made it appeare defective in, " as Sugar, Indigo, Cotton, Ginger, and other advantageous " staples, we shall appeale to all who have seen this unexam- " pled countrey; (we meane Roanok and the more Southerne " parts, and those countreys towards the fertile Mangoack) " whether it be guilty of any contrariety, distemper, or ex- " tremity which might hinder their production. The Sunne, " which in other countreys makes his visit in flames and " droughts, heere casts his auspicious Beames, and by an " innocent and complementall warmth, courts the bosome " of this his particular favorite, hastening and disposing its " wombe for ripe productions, which salute him in an abso- " lute perfection. Winter snowes, frosts, and other ex- " cesses, are here only remembered, never known. The " purling Springs and wanton Rivers every where kissing " the happy soyle into a perpetuall verdure, into an unwea- " ried fertility: no obstructions in your expectations, attempt " and hope them, prosecute and enjoy them." p. 19.

So little was known of the interiour of the country at this period, that this writer thought the South sea washed the Western base of the Alleghany mountains, and under this head launches out into extravagant calculations of the profit that would arise to Virginia from commercing with China.

" The Indians unanimously consent that twenty two " miles beyond the Falls, is a Rocke of Chrystall, and this

" they evidence by their arrowes, very many whereof are " headed with it. And that 3 dayes journey from thence, " is a Rocke or Hill of Silver Oare. Beyond which over a " ledge of Hills, by a concurrent relation of all the Indians, " is the sea, which can be no other but that sea which " washes the shore of China, &c.

" That this report of a great sea South West beyond the " Mountains cannot have the least of fiction or confederacy, " since all the Indians from Canada to Florida, doe unjar- " ringly agree in the relation, is obvious to the meanest ap- " prehension.

" The discovery whereof if we fall upon it by degrees, will " bee a worke of no long time or difficulty, but the unexpres- " sible profit and glory of the action, will rayse the noble " head of this above example countrey, to such a high zenith " of wealth, power and lustre, that it will be reputed a very " remarkable degree of felicity to any nation which shall reach " to such a verticall point of glory, as to bee reputed but our " second in these most noble considerations.

" By this means what wealth can there be in those rich- " est provinces of the world, in those countreys which na- " ture created for her Cabinets of excellency, which we " shall not discover? What discover, without a power of " appropriation? What opulency does China teeme with, " which shall not be made our owne by the Midwifry, by " the Juno Lucina of this virtuall passage? This by a happy " transmigration, by an innocent magick will convert that " countrey, (which by a swelling denomination, yet without " not some pretence of reason its natives call by a Title " signifying all under Heaven) into our maid of admiration " and envy, Virginia. Her silke worm shall spinne for " Carolana, her cloth of gold be weaved for Roanoak. " The English name shall keepe company with the Sunne, " and those nations who owe him a particular adoration shall " honour it as the next thing sacred. The Easterne nations " oppressed with the slavery of those illustrious horse- " leeches their princes, will come under our shadow, and " by a thicke repayre to our most glorious and happy may- " den, live with us in that liberty, which nature in their cre- " ation, intended to the noblest of his creatures mankind. " And by this recourse all those curiosities of art, in which " those Easterne Nations transcend Europe, will bee con- " veyed to us with their persons, Cattel and Horse in which

" they abound, will be sold to us for nothing, for European " trifles, whilest the more necessary staples of this our West- " erne world, will be sold at advantages not convenient to be " mentioned. The voyage short, easie, rich and pleasant. " No doubling of the Line, no calentures, scurvies, or other " long-passage diseases, to affright or distast the laborious " seaman ; whereas now the enfeebling and destroying of " Mariners is almost an unavoidable consequence of those " long and dangerous, rather circumferences, than voy- " ages." p. 35.

" Those illustrious horse-leeches" have indeed " come " under the shadow," but not in the manner here predicted. One of his chapters compares Virginia with Persia, another with China, and on this latter he dwells the most ; endeavouring to prove the superiority of Virginia, and that it can furnish in a superiour manner all the productions of China. It is curious enough that there is nothing in modern times in Virginia, to remind us of China, except certain statesmen, who are the exclusive admirers of the policy of that country. The author devotes a chapter to the silk worm, and endeavours to prove, that this might become the great staple of Virginia, also the cultivation of vineyards, and of silke grasse, besides all the products of Tropical climates. It is rather remarkable, that of all the objects which the sanguine expectations of early adventurers led them to consider as the great sources of the wealth of Virginia, none have hitherto been productive. Wine, silk, and silver mines were the three principal things on which the hopes of the first colonists were founded. There is added a list of the prices of a number of articles, at the time this book was written, which is not without interest.

Virginia richly valued by the description of the maine land of Florida, her next neighbour, out of the foure yeeres continuall trauel and discouerie, for aboue one thousand miles East and West, of Don Ferdinando de Soto, and sixe hundred able men in his companie. Wherein are truly obserued the riches and fertilitie of those parts, abounding with things necessarie, pleasant, and profitable for the life of man : with the natures and dispositions of the Inhabitants : Written by a Portugall Gentleman of Elvas, emploied in all the action, and translated out of Portugese by Richard Hakluyt. At London

printed by Felix Kyngston for Mathew Lownes, and are to be sold at the signe of the Bishops head in Pauls Church yard, 1609. 4*to. pp.* 180.

This is a very scarce tract, as it is not to be found in the original editions of Hackluyt, nor is it reprinted with the modern one. His object in translating it was to serve the Virginia Company, to whom it is dedicated. He particularly dwells on the commodities of the country, and the conversion of the natives. And this he seems to think, if gentle means fail, may be effected by harsh ones. This was the common errour of the age in which he lived; and the habit of regarding these unfortunate savages with contempt because they were Pagans, greatly added to the cruelty of their invaders, and made even learned and pious men like Hackluyt, insensible to the atrocities that were acted. The conclusion of his dedication will shew his feelings on this point.

"To come to the second generall head, which in the be-
" ginning I proposed, concerning the manners and dispo-
" sitions of the Inhabitants: among other things, I finde
" them here noted to be very eloquent and well spoken, as
" the short orations interpreted by Iohn Ortiz, which liued
" twelve yeeres among them, make sufficient proofe. And
" the author which was a gentleman of Eluas in Portugall,
" emploied in all the action, whose name is not set downe,
" speaking of the Cacique of Tulla, saith, that as well this
" Cacique, as the others, and all those which came to the
" Governour, on their behalfe, deliuered their message or
" speech in so good order, that no Oratour could vtter the
" same more eloquently. But for all their faire and cunning
" speeches, they are not ouermuch to be trusted: for they
" be the greatest traitors of the World, as their manifold
" most craftie, contriued and bloody treasons, here set down
" at large, doe euidently proue. They be also as vncon-
" stant as the wethercock, and most readie to take all occa-
" sions of aduantages to doe mischeife. They are great
" liars and dissemblers: for which faults oftentimes they
" had their deserued paiments. And many times they gaue
" good testimonie of their great valour and resolution. To
" handle them gently, while gentle courses may be found to
" serue, it will be without comparison the best: but if gentle
" polishing will not seure, then we shall not want hammerours

" and rough masons, enow, I mean our old soldiours trained " vp in the Netherlands, to square and prepare them to our " preachers hands. To conclude, I trust by your honours " and worships wise instructions to the noble Gouernour, the " the worthy experimented Lieutenant and Admirall, and " other cheife managers of the businesse, all things shall be " so prudently carried, that the painfull Preachers shall " be reuerenced and cherished, the valiant and forward " soldiour respected, the diligent rewarded, the coward em- " boldened, the weake and sicke relieued, the mutinous sup- " pressed, the reputation of the Christians among the Salu- " ages preserued, our most holy faith exalted, all Paganisme " and Idolatrie by little and little vtterly extinguished. And " here reposing and resting myselfe vpon this sweete hope, I " cease, beseeching the Almightie to blesse this good work in " your hands to the honour and glorie of his most holy name, " to the enlargement of the dominions of his sacred Maiestie, " and to the generall good of all the worthie aduenterers and " vndertakers. From my lodging in the College of West- " minister this 15. of Aprill, 1609. By one publikely and " anciently deuoted to God's seruice and all yours in this so " good action. RICHARD HAKLUYT."

De Soto was one of the most adventurous and intrepid of the Spanish Banditti who first discovered and desolated America. The following extracts, give his origin and end. The Rio Grande as the author calls it into which his body was thrown is the Mississippi.

" Chap. 1. Which declareth who Don Ferdinando de Soto was, and how he got the gouernment of Florida.

" Captaine Soto was the son of a Squire of Xerez of Ba- " daioz. He went into the Spanish Indies when Peter " Arias of Auila was Gouernour of the West Indies : and " there he was without any thing else of his owne, saue his " sword and target: and for his good qualities and valour " Peter Arias made him Captaine of a troope of horsemen, " and by his commandement hee went with Fernando Pizarro " to the conquest of Peru : where (as many persons of credit " reported, which were there present) as well at the taking " of Atabalipa Lord of Peru, as at the assault of the citie " of Cusco, and in all other places where they found resist- " ance, wheresoeuer hee was present, hee passed all other

" Captaines and principall persons. For which cause (be-
" sides his part of the treasure of Atabalipa) he had a good
" share : whereby in time he gathered an hundred and foure
" score thousand Duckets together, with that which fell to
" his part : which he brought into Spaine : whereof the Em-
" perour borrowed a certaine parte, which he repaied againe
" with 60000 Rials of Plate in the rent of the silkes of
" Granada, and all the rest was deliuered him in the contrac-
" tation house of Siuil. He tooke seruants, to wit, a steward,
" a Gentleman Vsher, Pages, a gentleman of the Horse, a
" Chamberlaine, Lakies, and al other officers that the house
" of a nobleman requireth. From Siuil hee went to the
" Court, and in the Court, there accompanied him Iohn Da-
" nusco of Siuil, and Lewis Moscoso d'Aluarado, Nunno de
" Touar, and Iohn Rodriguez Lobillo. Except Iohn Danus-
" co all the rest came with him from Peru : and euery one of
" them brought fourteene or fifteene thousand Duckets : all of
" them went well and costly apparrelled. And although Soto
" of his owne nature was not liberall, yet because that was
" the first time that hee was to shew himselfe in the Court, he
" spent frankely, and went accompanied with those which I
" haue named, and with his seruants and many other which
" resorted vnto him. Hee married with Donna Isabella de
" Bouadilla, daughter of Peter Arias of Auila, Earle of Punno
" en Rostro. The Emperour made him the Governour of
" the Isle of Cuba, and Adelantado or President of Florida,
" with a title of Marques of certaine part of the lands that he
" should conquer.

" Chap. 30. Of the death of the Adelantado Fernando de
" Soto : and how Luys Moscoso de Aluarado was elected
" Gouernour in his stead.

" The Gouernour felt in himselfe that the houre approach-
" ed, wherein hee was to leaue this present life, and called
" for the King's officers, Captaines and principall persons, to
" whom he made a speech, saying :

" That now he was to goe to giue an account before the
" presence of God of all his life past : and since it pleased
" him to take him in such a time, and that the time was
" come, that he knew his death, that hee his most unworthie
" seruant did yeeld him many thankes therefore, and desired
" all that were present and absent, (whom he confessed
" himselfe to be much beholding vnto for their singular ver-
" tues, loue and loyaltie, which himselfe had well tried in

"the trauels, which they had suffered, which alwaies in his "mind he did hope to satisfie and reward, when it should "please God to giue him rest, with more prosperitie of his "estate,) that they would pray to God for him, that for his "mercie he would forgiue him his sinnes, and receiue his "soule into eternall glorie: and that they would quit and "free him of the charge which hee had ouer them, and "ought vnto them all, and that they would pardon him for "some wrongs which they might haue receiued of him: "And to auoid some diuision, which vpon his death might "fail out vpon the choice of his successour, he requested "them to elect a principall person, and able to gouerne, of "whom all should like well; and when he was elected, "they should sweare before him to obey him: and that he "would thanke them very much in so doing; because the "griefe that he had, would somewhat be asswaged, and the "paine that he felt, because he left them in so great confu-"sion, to wit, in leauing them in a strange Countrie, where "they knew not where they were.

"*Baltasar de Gallegos* answered in the name of all the "rest: And first of all comforting him, he set before his "eies how short the life of this world was, and with how "many troubles and miseries it is accompanied, and how "God shewed him a singular fauor which soonest left it: "telling him many other things fit for such a time. And "for the last point, that since it pleased God to take him to "himselfe, although his death did iustly grieue them much, "yet as wel he, as al the rest, ought of necessitie to con-"forme themselues to the will of God. And touching the "Gouernour which he commanded they should elect, he "besought him, that it would please his Lordship to name "him which he thought fit, and him they would obey. And "presently he named *Luys de Moscoso de Aluarado* his "Captaine generall. And presently he was sworne by all "that were present and elected for Gouernour. The next "day, being the 21. of May, 1542. departed out of this life, "the valorous, virtuous, and valiant Captaine, *Don Fer-"nando de Soto*, Gouernour of *Cuba*, and Adelantado of "*Florida:* whom fortune aduanced, as it vseth to doe "others, that hee might haue the higher fal. He departed "in such a place, and at such a time, as in his sicknesse he "had but little comfort: and the danger wherein all his "people were of perishing in that Countrie, which appeared

"before their eies, was cause sufficient, why euery one of "them had need of comfort, and why they did not visit "nor accompanie him as they ought to haue done. *Luys* "*de Moscoso* determined to conceale his death from the "Indians, because *Ferdinando de Soto* had made them "beleeue, That the Christians were immortall; and also "because they tooke him to be hardie, wise, and valiant: "and if they should know that he was dead, they would "be bold to set vpon the Christians, though they lieued "peaceablie by them. In regard of their disposition, and "because they were nothing constant, and beleeued all that "was tolde them, the Adelantado made them beleeue, that "he knew some things that passed in secret among them-"selues, without their knowledge, how, or in what manner "he came by them: and that the figure which appeared in "a glasse, which he shewed them, did tell him whatsoeuer "they practised and went about: and therefore neither in "word nor deed durst they attempt any thing that might "bee preiudiciall vnto him.

"As soone as he was dead, *Luis de Moscoso* commanded "to put him secretly in an house, where hee remained "three daies: and remooving him from thence, commanded "him to bee buried in the night at one of the gates of the "towne within the wall. And as the Indians had seene "him sick, and missed him, so did they suspect what might "bee. And passing by the place where hee was buried, "seeing the earth mooued, they looked and spake one to "another. *Luys de Moscoso* vnderstanding of it, com-"manded him to be taken vp by night, and to cast a great "deale of sand into the mantles, wherein he was winded "vp, wherein hee was carried in a canoe, and throwne into "the middest of the Riuer. The Cacique of *Guachoya* "inquired for him, demanding what was become of his "brother and Lord, the Gouernour: *Luys de Moscoso* "told him, that hee was gon to heauen, as many other times "hee did: and because hee was to stay there certaine "daies, he had left him in his place. The Cacique "thought with himselfe that he was dead; and commanded "two young and well proportioned Indians to be brought "thither; and said, that a vse of that Countrie was, when "any Lord died, to kill Indians to wait vpon him, and serue "him by the way: and for that purpose by his commande-"ment were those come thither: and prayed *Luys de Mos-*

"*coso* to command them to be beheaded, that they might "attend and serue his Lord and brother. *Luys de Mos-* "*coso* told him, that the Gouernour was not dead, but gone "to heauen, and that of his owne Christian souldiers, he "had taken such as he needed to serue him, and praied him "to command those Indians to be loosed, and not to vse "any such bad custome from thencefoorth : straightway hee "commanded them to be loosed, and to get them home to "their houses. And one of them would not goe; saying, "that he would not serue him, that without desert had "iudged him to death, but that hee would serue him as "long as hee liued, which had saued his life."

There are many speeches of different Caciques, through whose territories they passed, but these are all in one uniform strain of servility, without any of the peculiarities, or raciness, that would prove them to be the real harangues of the savages. There is but one that forms an exception, and bears intrinsick marks of being genuine. It is given in the chapter that precedes the account of his death. When he came to the banks of the Mississippi, he was very anxious to get to the coast, in order to build boats and embark his men to return to Cuba, or prosecute further discoveries along shore. He had sent out one or two parties, but these had returned without being able to get more than a few leagues, on account of the innumerable creeks which they had met, and the thick woods and canes. "The Gouernour "fell into great dumps to see how hard it was to get to the "Sea : and worse, because his men and horses euery day "diminished, being without succour to sustaine themselues "in the country : and with that thought he fell sick. But "before he tooke his bed hee sent an Indian to the Cacique "of *Quigalta* to tell him, that hee was the Childe of the "Sunne, and that all the way that hee came all men obeyed "and serued him, that he requested him to accept of his "friendship, and come vnto him ; for he would be very glad "to see him ; and in signe of loue and obedience to bring "something with him of that which in his countrie was most "esteemed. That Cacique answered by the same Indian :

"*That whereas he said he was the Child of the Sunne,* "*if he would drie vp the Riuer he would beleeue him:* "*and touching the rest, that hee was wont to visit none;* "*but rather that all those of whom he had notice did visit* "*him, serued, obeyed and paid him tributes willingly or*

"*perforce: therefore if he desired to see him, it were best* "*he should come thither: that if he came in peace, he* "*would receiue him with speciall good will; and if in* "*warre, in like manner hee would attend him in the towne* "*where he was, and that for him or any other hee would* "*not shrink one foote backe.*"

They found one nation governed by a female sovereign, whose territory was situated on the River Cutifachiqui. She sent her sister when he came to the opposite bank of the river, and afterwards went to him herself. The following is the account of the interview. "Within a little while the "Ladie came out of the towne in a Chaire, whereon certaine "of the principall Indians brought her to the Riuer. She "entred into a barge, which had the sterne tilted ouer, and "on the floore her mat readie laied with two cushions vpon "it one vpon another, where she sate her downe; and with "her came her principall Indians in other barges, which "did wait vpon her. She went to the place where the "Gouernor was, and at her comming she made this speech "following:

"*Excellent Lord, I wish this comming of your Lord-* "*ship into these your Countries, to be most happie: al-* "*though my power be not answerable to my wil, and my* "*seruices be not according to my desire, nor such as so* "*high a Prince, as your Lordship, deserueth; yet since* "*the good will is rather to be accepted, then all the trea-* "*sures of the world, that without it are offered, with most* "*vnfaileable and manifest affection, I offer you my person,* "*lands, and subiects, and this small seruice.*

"And therewithal she presented vnto him great store of "clothes of the Countrie, which shee brought in other "canoes; to wit, mantles and skinnes; and tooke from her "owne necke a great cordon of perles and cast it about the "necke of the Gouernour, entertaining him with very gra-"cious speeches of loue and courtesie, and commanded "canoes to be brought thither, wherein the Gouernour and "his people passed the Riuer." He then goes on to relate many other acts of kindness and presents offered by this Indian princess. It might be supposed that for once the savage character of de Soto would have relented, and that a woman who had thus received him would have at least escaped ill treatment. But his conduct was uniform, he took her away with many of her subjects, made her proceed on foot up-

wards of an hundred leagues, suffering every hardship, till she had the good fortune to make her escape. The whole narrative is one continued series of the most horrible cruelty towards the natives, making slaves of them, and loading them with excessive burthens, cutting off their hands, burning and murdering them in every town they came to. The Spanish party consisted originally of between 6 and 700, of whom 213 were on horses. This band of ruffians, in the course of four years that they travelled over this country, must have destroyed many thousands, in one place, 2500 perished by their setting fire to a town. Their expedition terminated after the death of de Soto, by their constructing some frail vessels on the Mississippi, and coasting along till they came to Panuco, from whence they went to the city of Mexico. It is impossible not to admire their spirit of enterprise, their daring intrepidity, and fortitude in supporting the extremest hardships. But, our contempt and horrour are excited, when it is considered, that their only motive was the thirst of gold; and being the slaves of superstition, wherever they went, their path was marked with the blood of the wretched inhabitants. There is indeed a wonderful consistency in the Spanish character; other nations may have had their *auto da fés* in the sixteenth century, but, perhaps no other nation would have re-established the Inquisition in the nineteenth.

It will be remarked, as the extracts are copied exactly, that the orthography is very uncertain. The last chapter contains a short summary of the different products of the country, and concludes with the following notice of the book.

"This relation of the discouerie of *Florida* was printed "in the house of *Andrew de Burgos*, Printer and Gentle- "man of the house of my Lord Cardinall the Infante.

"It was finished the tenth of Februarie in the yeere one "thousand, fiue hundred, fiftie and seuen, in the noble and "most loyall citie of *Euora*."

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

There are some points of practice in religious worship, nearly similar in all the states of the Union, so far as my experience extends, and which it has been sometimes thought might be altered advantageously. As the slightest innovation in these concerns, is apt to startle even the strongest minds, I hope that the following suggestions may be candidly appreciated, and shewn to be expedient or otherwise, after mature consideration. The first alteration I would propose, is in the hours of worship in the afternoon. It would be better that this service should commence at a later hour. The common time of dining in most of our cities, is between two and three o'clock. On Sunday the dinner is served one or two hours sooner. The moment after rising from the repast, we repair to church. In summer especially, the lassitude which follows is most unfriendly to devotion, and I have known some individuals, who have absented themselves from the second attendance, rather than incur the risk of violating the solemnity of religious worship, by that feeling of drowsiness and languor from which very few are exempt. The fatigue and effort to a clergyman, who officiates twice after so short an interval, must be greater than it would be, if the second meeting were later in the day, and when in summer the extreme heat had subsided.

In the next place, are two discourses necessary, or, all circumstances considered, advantageous? The introduction of protestantism in abolishing almost all the ceremonies of religion, left a vacuum, which was advantageously filled by moral and doctrinal discourses, to excite and enlighten those who adhered to its tenets. The number of these has varied among different sects, according to their circumstances and character. The general practice, however, for which perhaps no other reason, than custom, can be assigned, has made two sermons requisite in the regular congregations of different protestant sects. Yet if there be not some particular virtue in this number, why is it better than three, which are still delivered in many meetings; or even the practice of the proselyting sects, who operate on their hearers by a mechanical process of exhaustion. Is not

delivering two sermons a week, a greater task, than most or even any clergyman can well perform, in addition to other parochial duties? Would not a single discourse, which, it may reasonably be inferred, would be composed with more care and ability, produce more good than is now usually done by two? Does not the multiplicity of sermons, in some measure, weaken their effect?

Allow me then to suggest, for the consideration of the clergy and all reflecting men, whether the time of the second service may not be changed for the better, so that it should become what it was originally intended to be, an evening service; that the middle of the day, so oppressive in summer, should be left to meditation and repose. That the sermon should be delivered in the morning; and the evening service, commencing toward sunset, should have the vacancy of the sermon supplied by larger portions of the Scriptures, and of sacred musick. The hour would be more propitious to devotion, the closing of the day with religious exercises would be more natural and decorous, than the present arrangement, by which, in summer time particularly, the day is most unequally divided, and the services inconveniently crowded together.

A LAYMAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

It is surprising, that in a country where the spirit of improvement and enterprise is so strong, the establishment of mail and other coaches, should be so miserably wanting in every thing, for the comfort of the traveller, which is still more remarkable, because there being no post-horses on the roads, almost all our journeying is in these vehicles. Hitherto nothing seems to have been aimed at but speed, and the rapidity with which the mail is transported, equals that of the most improved countries in Europe. Yet no change has been made in the coaches. In Massachusetts they are in a degree better than in other states: but, when you get out of this state, they are mere inconvenient waggons, in their primitive construction. Certainly, the great roads from Portland to New-York, and some of the roads in Pennsylvania, will admit of better carriages.

In addition to more comfortable carriages, an arrangement for transmitting small parcels is exceedingly wanted. In England, this is found to be a lucrative branch of the business; every town has a coach office, where parcels are booked, and are transmitted daily to all parts of the kingdom, for a trifling charge; every package is delivered immediately, and very often the persons, to whom they are addressed, receive them as early as they would a letter by the mail. Such an appendage attached to any of our lines of coaches, would not fail of meeting with encouragement, as every person has experienced the difficulty of transmitting small packages from one city to another.

A FRIEND TO IMPROVEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE introduction and rapid extension of merino sheep, in this country, forms one of the most important features of our rural economy. I have heard the numbers of full-bred and half-bred now in the United States, very differently estimated. A correct idea of the actual number might be useful in many respects. I should be much obliged to any person, who would give to the publick through your journal, a calculation of the present numbers of these, and if he has the necessary data, of other kinds of sheep now in the country.

X. Y.

Brooklyn.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT would much oblige one of your subscribers, if some of your correspondents would state in your journal, the principal features, and the present practice of the laws respecting Tythingmen, in the different states of the Union, where such laws exist. At present, from the best information I have been able to obtain, they seem to be only partially carried into effect in particular districts. I have heard of some curious cases of oppression by these "Fa-"miliars." It seems most extraordinary, that this most

odious branch of police should exist in a few towns only. Is the right to stop travellers on the high-way of the state vested in each particular town? or is this a general law, under which separate towns may act as they choose. Many reasons may be given why the publick attention should be called to these laws; either to remedy partial oppression, or in equity and policy, to propose a system of common restraint. If the majority are of opinion, that *force* can serve the purposes of religion, that men will be more constant and devout in their attendance on publick worship from being *compelled*, let these regulations be universally enforced, and doubtless some useful additions might be made from a celebrated code now obsolete. The King of Spain has restored the Inquisition, and it is not for us to say he has not done wisely. There is a restless spirit in man never to be contented. The Sunday, in no part of the world, is at this moment so rationally, devoutly, and decorously observed, as it is in a greater part of the eastern, and in many districts of the middle states. Those who are still desirous of greater perfection, without regarding the propensities of human nature, would do well to recollect a celebrated Italian epitaph on a man who took physic in health: *Stavo bene, ma per star meglior, sto qui. I was well, but to be better, I am here.* C. G.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

It would gratify my curiosity, and perhaps many of your readers, if any of your correspondents could furnish a list complete, or only partial, of the plays that have been produced in this country, and performed in the different theatres of the United States, particularizing the number of nights they were played, and whether they have been printed. S. D.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

It has been the policy of all nations to encourage their citizens, to the performance of great actions, by some species of honourable distinction. The nature of these has varied with the genius of their governments. In modern

Europe, whose institutions are principally monarchical, titles of different degrees, chiefly hereditary, are the most common mode of rewarding brilliant or useful services, and one of the main supports of this form of government. The nations of antiquity whose institutions were less complicated, the Romans for instance, rewarded illustrious citizens with titles which were only an additional name, and were not hereditary. Names thus given accord strictly with the spirit of republicks. The lovers of economy will not object to making use of this portion of the "cheap defence" of nations: and more generous and enlarged minds would gladly decree to a statesman, or hero, a surname, which would only be a glorious distinction to him, and not being hereditary as in monarchies, would not make his descendants burthensome to the publick. Such a name should be given only by a unanimous or nearly unanimous vote of both houses of Congress. Thus, for example, *Perry Erie*, *Mc Donough Champlain*, *Jackson Louisiana*.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

Cambridge.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Presuming that your pages will be open to any hints on the great questions of publick manners and morality, I propose occasionally to send you brief communications on these topicks. One of the most prominent and growing evils of society, seems to me to be the love of scandal. This may in a great degree be attributed to the stagnation and absence of customary, active employment in our cities, during the recent war. The return of peace, among other advantages, may afford such employment for every one in their own concerns, as may force them to relinquish in part the gratuitous interest they have taken in those of others. In the mean time we may gradually acquire more generous habits, and attain to manly feelings by degrees; and in imitation of the tolerant policy of a certain court, where it was one of the rules of an assembly, that no lady should get drunk before nine o'clock; it might be proposed as an incipient step, that no circle of gentlemen should stoop to converse about such mean, insignificant details of occurrences, in private families, as kitchen maids would despise relating.

What I wish here to repress, is not censoriousness, but only that idle gossip and mischievous tattling, the natural occupation of ignoble minds in a state of idleness. The breed of censorious people are by far too useful to be destroyed ; like the turkey buzzards of Carolina, who, devouring the carrion of the cities, preserve them from pestilence ; so this class is equally useful and pleasing, and by preying on all the moral offences of society, serve to keep it from contamination. Voltaire has remarked, "that it is difficult "to know how to act with the publick ; there is no way of "pleasing it during one's life time, but by being profoundly "unfortunate." Yet this will not always do; the terriers of scandal will not give up the scent while life remains, but pursue the victim into the most lonely and obscure retreats, in which wretchedness can seek to shelter itself in obscurity and oblivion. I will not date the place from whence I write this letter ; I fear it will apply to many. Happy and singular indeed would be the condition of that country, which was degraded by only one scandal-loving city.

CHARLES SURFACE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The events of the last thirty years furnish an inexhaustible theme for moralists, historians, and statesmen. The crumbling of ancient systems, the decomposition of civil society, the propagation of extravagant theories, the rashness of new experiments, and the destruction of visionary hopes, have produced many elaborate essays, and educed from human intellect, numerous consummate specimens of splendid eloquence. Nor can such topicks be exhausted, while philosophers possess the power of perception, combination and analysis, to develope, or the talent of speaking to convince, or the art of writing to demonstrate, the inevitable tendency of rash and innovating propositions, by which the simple are confounded, and the wise baffled. I have not leisure, nor has your journal space sufficient to dilate these ideas to their full extent. It is as remote from my inclination as from my capacity, to make the attempt. Wishing to avoid a general and endless view of the subject, I descend at once to a few of its particular bearings, not on

human society at large, but some portions of it in particular parts of certain countries.

As my design from this preface must be sufficiently evident, allow me to ask if the violation of decorum, the want of etiquette, the rusticity of manners in this generation, must not be a source of exquisite regret and mortification to those, who have seen the last? What idea can the unfortunate young people of the present day have of ancient polish and refinement? So extensive is the deterioration of society, so deleterious the consequences of abandoning established systems, that even the well-intentioned know not how to conduct themselves. This degradation does not exist in Europe alone, this country also deplores its extent. What are the manners of the present day? The presence among us thirty-five years ago, of the most accomplished noblemen of the Court of Versailles, in adding a slight polish to the simplicity and frankness of our habits, formed a most pleasing and perfect system of behaviour. Since that period every thing has been new modelled, and our manners left to choke themselves with their own wild growth, without any pruning, till they have shot into the utmost exuberance of rudeness. Once in a while a vestige may be perceived of better times, some well-bred antique that shrinks from "modern degeneracy;" and when seen in society recals to mind the insulated Corinthian columns, that are still erect amid the desolation of Palmyra, or the deserted environs of the Forum. When one sees an assembly in the present day, straggling groupes of young men with whiskered cheeks, and wild, uncurled, unpowdered, bewildered locks, and the innocent animated imitations of the Medicean Venus, with their thousand cork-screw ringlets and muslin robes roaming among them, it brings to the fancy a flock of merino lambs in a field of scrub oaks. If it comports with the plan of your journal, I wish, while any trace remains, to attempt restoring a little of former urbanity and elegance. For this purpose, I will in the present letter give a few hints that may be easily observed; hereafter, if this essay should prove acceptable, I will attempt to reform more complicated evils.

No gentleman is to lean back so as to support his chair on its hind legs, except in his own room: in a parlour with a small circle it borders on extreme familiarity, and in a

drawing room filled with company, it betokens a complete want of respect for society. Besides, it weakens the chairs, and with perseverance, infallibly makes a hole in the carpet.

There have been circles of society, where it would have been considered impertinent, for a gentleman to sit cross-legged; but as I do not aim at impossibilities, I shall say nothing on this point: no gentleman, however, must allow himself to sit in the company of others in the following position. On the edge of the chair, one leg over the other, parallel to, and leaning on the back of the chair. A position which will at once be understood by any of your readers who have seen a vessel aground, left by the sea laying on one side.

No gentleman at dinner or tea time is to take out a silk handkerchief, that has been in his pocket two or three days, and lay it over his knee; if in eating toast, he is not furnished with a napkin to wipe his fingers, he may make use of a fresh cambrick one, if he has it, but he had better adopt the feline mode of cleansing his paws, than the practice here prohibited.

If a gentleman be requested to carve a turkey, or any other fowl, he is not to proceed as if it were a character, and cut it completely up: but take off a piece as it is wanted, and not keep a company waiting, and leave the whole bird piece-meal, when perhaps no one will taste it. N. B. This rule does not apply to a table d'hote, unless the carver is willing to sacrifice himself, like Curtius, to fill the gulph of appetite around him.

ARISTIPPUS.

Providence.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

I wish to propose an undertaking to the publick, which I hope some of our learned societies or liberal individuals may be disposed to prosecute. This is to explore those ancient entrenchments that are found in the western states, more effectually than has yet been done. All the speculations upon them, that I have seen, are founded on an examination of their superficial state. I have never heard of any attempt to search below the surface. It is very probable,

if a trench five or six feet in depth were dug across them in different directions, or if some of the mounds near them were opened, that some remnants of tools, of warlike or domestick instruments, fragments of earthen vessels, &c. &c. might be discovered, that would at once decide the problem, by whom they were constructed. It is impossible that the people who are able to construct such extensive works, should not have possessed a variety of tools, and utensils of various descriptions; and it is extremely probable that fragments at least of these might be found: if a civilized people had any thing to do with them, coins might perhaps be discovered. The expense of a very thorough investigation would be trifling. Five or six labourers skilfully directed for a week, would at least be sufficient to shew whether any light could be thrown on the origin of these antiquities, by making excavations. Perhaps the Antiquarian Society recently established here, may think this proposal worth their attention; or that the Historical Society would add to the valuable services they have rendered to the publick, by directing an effort of this nature to be made.

Boston, A. B.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THERE is now living in Gardiner, on Kennebeck River, a gentleman about 81 years old, whose vision exhibits the following curious phenomena.—Until he had passed his 79th year, his eyes had gradually undergone the change common to persons of an advanced age,—requiring the objects of vision to be carried more and more distant as life progressed. About two years since, his sight grew obscure, in respect to objects at a distance, and required them to be brought nearer his eyes, until at the present time, he can read but with difficulty, and only with the letters within 3 or 4 inches of them. At the distance of 15 or 20 feet, he is unable to distinguish his most intimate acquaintances. Yet at the distance of 50 or 60 rods, he sees with tolerable accuracy, so as to tell a man from a woman, or a horse from an ox, as correctly as most persons.

I have not been able to discover, that there was any intervention of more distinct vision, between that which was too remote and that which approached too near the eye.

A severe attack of fever, which happened a year ago, appeared to hasten the change very considerably.

His other faculties, except a slight deafness of long standing, are more than usually perfect, for his time of life. His muscular strength and activity are such as to enable him to walk 4 or 5 miles from home, and return the same day.

E. H.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

THE following curious English advertisement appeared in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle in June*, 1813.

One who has lived, thus far, for others, would fain do, at length though late, a little for himself. A created being, more trespassed upon than the Advertiser, never, perhaps, had existence. By his efforts, two millions and a half of property, distributed among more than fifteen hundred owners, has been bettered full 50 per cent: whilst the honest factor for this great concern (shining in borrowed robes, and appropriating to himself a series of documents addressed to Parliament, to Government, and to publick Boards, the whole composed by the Advertiser,) never darkened the doors of the latter, from the moment his purpose was answered—silent scorn being the only emotion which pride would permit in the author of the improvement. By the Advertiser's means, high distinctions have been attained by individuals, who, after reiterated failure on their own parts, had relinquished all hope—the benefitted never troubling the benefactor, with a single question as to the state of his treasury. A healer of ill bloods and composer of quarrels, the Advertiser's rule has ever been (bating the egotism) to do, in all cases, the most good and least harm (the circle of the obliged comprehending no less a personage than the present Ruler of this Empire :) yet, is the history of the returns he has met with a practical compendium of all that was ever said or sung of "short memory succeeding service." After wasting a rather lengthened career in the uses and abuses of other people, the Advertiser finds himself, at not a very early epoch, in a plight of fortune, which is, indeed, very susceptible of melioration.

It is such melioration he now aims at. What has hitherto been given gratis, would in future be devoted to thrift; and the change is not impossible that a course of anterior knight-errantry might terminate in sordidness: for he can neither work cheap nor trust much—The man who has seen more of the world and its ways than the Advertiser OUGHT NOT to be a novice; and strange it would be, if, in extra professional exigencies, which alone are those contemplated in this publication, his experience should be found wholly useless. Rare must be the grievance, singular the pursuit, to which the Advertiser's attention could be dedicated without effect;—and most arduous, if they equal in difficulty many which he has mastered. How often are objects of the first magnitude lost from ignorance what to do? How decisive of success is a well chosen auxiliary? The perfection of advice frequently is—by whom to be advised. —No particular line of proffered utility is here chalked out. With the seeker after right ends, or the sufferer under wrongs, the presumption is left, whether the description of co-operator inferrible from this advertisement may be worth cultivating. It remains only to be added, that the Advertiser will meddle with nothing immoral or illegal; and that, however legal or moral, he must be allowed to decline what is disagreeable.—To frank applications the frankest answers will be given; whilst it is hinted to the merely curious, that their research may chance to turn out not the safest experiment.—Direct by letter only, and post paid, to A. B. C. No. 17, Piccadilly.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

THE following is the return of a workman, in an English manufacturing town, a year or two since, to the commissioners of taxes. The words in Italicks are those contained in the printed form, which is given out to every individual. It is copied verbatim from the original. It will serve to give an idea of the means of living of people of that description. But the wages are above the average. Where they are only 20*s.* or, as frequently the case, 18*s.* per week, it will be easy to see how much the comforts must be diminished. The meat and beer must both be dispensed with.

Front or back houses.	*Names.*	*Description.*	*Age.*	*Whether any children under 14.*	*Exempt or not exempt from militia*
Front.	Joseph Reynolds Jay.	5 feet 5 1-2 in. very thin, by reason of banyan days.	40	Three under 14, and stakes 4.	Has (as) you like it.

l. 8 per week is my wages, six in family.

2 peck flour	8	8	
7 lb. breast mutton	4	1	
Baking bread	1		
Barm or yeast		1	1-2
Sometimes a sheep's head and pluck	1	4	
House rent	2	10	1-2
1-2 lb. butter a Sunday		9	1-2
Coals	2		
1 ounce of tea		6	
1 lb. sugar		9	
1-2 lb. soap make shift		6	1-2
1-2 lb. candles		6	1-2
1 1-2 peck of potatoes	1		
1 lb. salt		4	
Skim milk every morning		10	1-2
7 quarts of beer at 3*d.* per quart	1	9	
	16	3	
Remains for cloathing, schooling, enjoying a friend, sick club, and several other things too tedious to mention	1	9	
	18		

N. B. Please send this to government, for it is bold facts.

Cursed are they that withhold the bread from the poor, and all the people shall say Amen.

I trust some of you, gentlemen, will acquaint the members of the county of the dearness of bread and beer and meat, chees, that they may lay it before both houses of parliament, and they before the king, and not doubt but provisions and beer will soon be reasonable, and then will the royal Jays sing Rule Britannia fifteen notes higher.

JOSEPH REYNOLDS JAY,
a royal subject.

I lived well seven years while a royal marine on board the Fox frigate and Northumberland 74, but must not go again on account of the young Jays. Say, do I live, or exist? "He only lives who life enjoys." Sing ti de di dero.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

As the use of steam engines for various purposes is increasing in this country, the following memoranda of the price, consumption of coals, water, &c. may be acceptable to some readers. The minutes were given by an Irish engine-maker, and the prices are in the currency* of that country, and are about 20 per cent. less than those of Boulton & Watt. It would be a curious subject of inquiry, to ascertain the quantity of power in men added to the English nation by the use of steam engines, the power of sixteen men equivalent to one horse, is the common calculation. It would certainly be found to add millions.

Horses' power.	Price Irish cur.	Diameter Cylinder.	Height.	Stroke.	Diam. of fly-wheel.	Length of Boiler.	Weight of Boiler.	Water per hour.	Coals per hour.
	l.	in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	cwt.	gallon.	lb.
1	120	4 1-4	1 6		6	4	8	360	18
2	145	7 1-16			8	5	12	720	36
3	298	9 1-4	2 6		8 6	6	15	1080	54
4	370	10 1-4	3 6		9	6 6	18	1440	72
5	430	12	3 10	3 6	9 6	7	20	1800	90
6	490	13			10	7 6	24	2160	108
7	544	14			10 6	8	28	2520	126
8	603	15			11	8 6	32	2880	144
9	650	16			11 6	9	36	3240	162
10	700	17 3-4	4 5	4	12	10	40	3600	180
11	742	18 1-8				11	44	3960	198
12	781	19 1-8			12 6	12	48	4320	216
13	815	20				13	50	4780	234
14	852	20 3-4			13	14	56	5040	252
15	878	21 1-8	5	4 6			60	5400	270
16	923	22			13 6	15	66	5760	288
17	958	22 1-2				16	72	6120	302
18	994	23 3-8			14	17	76	6840	316
20	1065	24	5 7	5	14 6	18	80	7200	320
22	1136	24 3-4			15	19 6	86	7920	344
24	1205	26 1-8				22	92	8640	358
26	1270	27				24	98	9360	372
30	1390	30		5 6	16	26	104	10800	400
35	1540	33	6 8		16 6	2 boil	110	12600	414
40	1690	36	7	6	17	17		14400	428
45	1840	40	7 6		18	18		16200	442

* Irish currency is about 8 per cent. lower than sterling.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Mr. Wall of West Bromwich was, many years since, land steward to J. C. Jervoise, Esq. a large landed proprietor, in Warwickshire; and by his vexatious and oppressive conduct, had occasioned much uneasiness among the inhabitants. Mr. C. of the Admiralty, then a young man, was on a visit to the clergyman of the parish, and, entering into the grief of the people, wrote the following sarcastick lines. Wall and Mr. Jervoise were very much enraged, and offered five hundred pounds for the discovery of the author. The lines have never been printed.

MURUS AHENEUS EST.

WILL Shakespear of old for the pleasure of all,
Presented a man in the shape of a Wall;
Our landlord, alas! for a different plan,
Has dressed up a Wall in the shape of a man:
Of such rude materials, so heavy and thick,
With a heart of hard stone and a facing of brick,
That 'tis plain from its blundering form and its features,
'Twas built by some journeyman mason of Nature's;
And spoilt by its master's continued neglect,
Oppresses the land it was meant to protect.
This Wall, this curs'd Wall, ever since it was raised,
With quarrels and squabbles the country has teazed,
And its office thereby it performs with precision,
For the grand use of walls we all know is *division.*
Some people maintain that no prospect is good,
But the varied expanse of plain water and wood;
Our hopes are confined, our taste is but small,
For we only request to behold *a dead Wall.*
The trees on the wall they are pleasant to see,
Much more so to us were the Wall on the tree,
And if to exalt it would please Mr. Jervoise,
Any tree in the parish is much at his service.

SUN-SET.

WHERE is the hand to paint in colours bright
The vivid splendour of the western sky,
That sparkling flood of evanescent light,
Pure and transparent, deepening in its dye.
Elysian bowers and isles of rest on high

Float o'er the amber tide, and pass away ;
Each moment changing to the raptured eye.
Alas ! no mortal hand can that blest vision stay,
Guido's nor Titian's art can fix that fading ray.

O ! I have gazed, when silent and alone,
Till I forgot the globe my feet have prest ;
Have seen the shores of some bright world unknown,
And souls amid the mansions of the blest :
Scenes not for man, nor mortal senses drest :
Bright rosy meads, and seas of waving light
And fairy barks that on those waters rest ;
They darken, they are gone ; as fades the light,
And leave me still on earth enveloped all in night.

So fade the prospects early fancy forms
When life is fresh, and all the world is new ;
Bright are the clouds which soon must meet in storms,
Bright all with hope, too happy to be true.
Soon sets the beam, and darkness bounds the view,
So the etherial soul which did this body move
Leaves the dull clod on earth from which it grew ;
Glances away, where sister souls above
Bloom in immortal youth, immortal light and love.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

THE collection of memoirs, anecdotes and criticism published at Paris last year, as the correspondence of the Baron de Grimm and Diderot, with the Duke of Saxe Gotha, is known to most of our readers, through the different European journals, which have reviewed them. The collection consisted of sixteen large volumes in octavo ; an edition reducing these to seven, was published in London, and it is from that, we have made the following translations. This very amusing and interesting correspondence, was first commenced by the Abbe Raynal, in 1753, and two years after, he gave it up to the Baron de Grimm, who continued it to the year 1790. It was addressed to different sovereigns ; the Empress of Russia, the Queen of Sweden, the King of Poland, the duchess of Saxe Gotha, and others of the Ger-

man princes. The following remarks from the preface to the edition, published in London, are very just.

"These three volumes of the first part of the correspon-
"dence acquaint us with an epoch, about which we have
"few authentick documents. At that period, Fontenelle,
"Montesquieu, Buffon, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Vol-
"taire still lived; and the most celebrated writers of the
"eighteenth century, published many of the works that
"have established their reputation and their glory. The
"greater part of these works are criticised in the corres-
"pondence of M. de Grimm, with a sagacity, an impartiali-
"ty, that must sometimes astonish the reader of the present
"age. Observations on manners, laws, and philosophy,
"will be found, that have appeared to us well calculated to
"throw a strong light on the spirit of the eighteenth century;
"and which should not escape from the history of the times
"when so many great events which we have witnessed,
"were prepared in silence, and as it were, without the
"knowledge of their cotemporaries.

"What particularly excites the curiosity of the reader
"in this correspondence, is the frankness with which it is
"written. The Baron de Grimm and the men of letters
"who were associated in his labours did not dream of en-
"lightening the publick. They were not restrained by the
"complaisance of friendship, nor the fear of wounding any
"self love; they expressed their opinion with so much the
"more liberty, as it could not offend any one, a total abnega-
"tion of those considerations, and restraint, which is found
"in books destined for the press, will be remarked. In a
"word, this correspondence should be so much the better
"received by the publick, as it was not intended for it."

These remarks are very just, particularly as they apply to Voltaire, Rousseau and some others. The only exception is Diderot. Grimm often discovers his particular partiality for him, and exalts him more highly than posterity will allow. As a picture of society, morals and literature, during a most interesting period, it is invaluable. We have selected parts of it for translation without any order or method. The figures at the head of the articles give the year, when they were written, and the interest of many of the observations is much increased by attending to the period, when they were made.

Grimm was born at Ratisbon in 1723, and died at Gotha in 1807. He was born of poor parents, who gave him a good education. He afterwards made his own fortune. The Duke of Saxe Gotha made him his minister plenipotentiary at the court of France, in 1776, which post he retained, till the troubles of the Revolution forced him to retire from Paris, when Catharine, Empress of Russia, gave him the same situation to the states of Lower Saxony.

1753. The English have a kind of domestick novels, which are altogether unknown to the French. I allude to the novels of Fielding, an excellent author whom they now possess; he has just published a new novel in English, under the title of *Amelia*. This writer, who doubtless merits a distinguished place among the celebrated authors of England, is very original, a great painter, always natural, and sometimes as sublime as Moliere. His *Tom Jones*, *Charlotte Somers*, and above all Joseph Andrews and Abraham Adams, are excellent of their kind, and full of character and genius. It seems astonishing at first that the French, who have many good romances in their language, should have none that paint their domestick manners: but, on a little reflection, it will be found that they have no subjects in this way, and that it is not for want of a painter, but, the want of originals. When our *petits-maitres* and *petites-maitresses* are described, we have nearly exhausted our matter, and put all that is national, that it is possible to place in a French novel. Such are the works of the younger Crebillon, which may be properly styled the domestick novels of the nation. Romances like those of the Abbè Prévost are in a different class; I should willingly compare them to tragedy; this is nearly the same among every people, because the great passions belong immediately to humanity, and have every where the same springs. But comedy and the domestick novels ought necessarily to be different among different people, because they hold to the manners and particular character of this or that people, who do not resemble each other at all. It may then perhaps be said with truth, that the French have no domestick novels, and that they have no comedy since the time of Moliere, because they have no manners;* and going fur-

* Mœurs.

ther, that they have no manners, because there are none but free nations who have any. How many people of different characters were contained in that little region called Greece? What was there more diverse than an Athenian, a Spartan, a Theban, and a Macedonian? All these nations however lived under the same climate: liberty, and their laws of which it was the basis, not only distinguished them from one another, but brought out the character of each individual. They did not know the constraint of societies; they dared to be themselves, and did not strive to resemble others, according to the laws of propriety,* which we have established. It is these laws, and dissipation becoming general, which is the cause that we have no longer either manners or distinct character among us. Let any one enter a circle of fifteen people, let him remain three hours together, he will hardly be able to distinguish the fool from the man of sense. Every body has the same sayings in the same jargon: all are resembling, that is to say, we have nothing original: this is the reason that we shall never have domestick novels. Add to this, that all situations are confounded in society; that the nobleman, the magistrate, the financier, the man of letters, the artist, are all treated in the same way; that there remains, then, no other condition in a country like this, but that of a man of the world, and, of consequence, no other ridicule but that of a fop. The English, on the contrary, have preserved with their liberty the privilege of being, each in particular, such as nature has formed him, not to conceal his opinions, nor the prejudices and habits of the profession he exercises: it is on this account, that their domestick novels are so agreeable, even to strangers who have never had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with their manners: for when a portrait is well drawn, we perceive its merit, its truth and resemblance, even without knowing the original. A little novel that has just appeared has furnished me these reflections, it is entitled *Le voyage à Mantes, ou les vacances de N——*. The hero of this novel is a young provincial, destined by his father for the bar. With this design he is placed with a solicitor at Paris, to learn his practice; the solicitor has a wife, daughters, and clerks. The vacations come round, the solicitor passes them at Mantes with all his family, and

* Bienseance.

that of the young man. There happens to this last some amorous adventures, which make the subject of the novel. Here then is a domestick novel, that no one however can read: the reason is, that independently of the want of talent in the author, the personages of the novel are all people who have no existence in society,* and whose adventures, of consequence, cannot interest us. The quarter of *la Halle*, and *la place Maubert*, have their manners, and without doubt very marked ones; but these are not the manners of the nation: therefore they do not merit a description. One is disgusted, for instance, with that quarrel of the dress-maker and the coachman, in the *Marianne* of M. de Marivaux: nothing can be more truly rendered after nature, and in a more detestable taste than the picture I here cite.

The following inscription was suggested by M. Diderot for the new curtain which it is supposed must be made for the theatre of the opera.

Hic Marsyas Apollinem.

1755. The Abbè Prévost has given in the *Journal étranger*, of which he has taken the direction, an introduction to the historical part, which treats of the language and literature of Italy; and in which he every moment confounds, what belongs only to the first, with what is the domain of the latter. A man of sense remarked, that the piece was extremely well written, (as is every thing that comes from the pen of the Abbè Prévost) that it had only one fault, which was, that there was not a word of truth in all he had advanced. We shall point out some of the falsities which the Italians in this country have the most exclaimed against. The Abbè Prévost commences with great praise of the Italian language. After having allowed all the qualities which it has the most incontestably, he says, "that "it cannot be so soft and pleasing, without wanting energy "and force." This might be true, on supposition, if the contrary could not be proved, as we shall now see. "No "known tongue is more distant from the sublime, nor less "suited to expressing the great movements of the soul." It is precisely the contrary of this proposition that is true, and

* Observations of this kind, and indirect allusions to the various prejudices of society in France, which are very frequent in these anecdotes of Grimm, taken in connexion with the period they were written in, and the events that have since happened, furnish copious materials for reflection.

it is nearly with this precaution, that the discourse of the Abbè Prévost must be read, to admit almost every where as true, the contrary of what he advances. Will it not be said, that he has never opened any one of the poets of Italy? Take up at hazard Tasso, Ariosto, Metastasio even, and you will find in every page sublime, strong, energetick traits, which, if they excite our admiration for the genius of those poets, are not the less suited to make us admire the happy genius of their language; which can express every thing with a simplicity, a grace, a force, in fine, that cannot be approached by any other living language. It is generally thought here, that the airs which terminate the scenes of the opera in Italy, are couplets merely to furnish the musician an occasion to make an arietta, this is the way they talk; they are little madrigals, it is said, that the poet gives the musician, who repeats ten times the same words. Such is the decision of ignorance, that speaks with confidence of every thing, without ever having reflected on any thing. At the first examination it may be remarked, that the chief airs of an opera are almost always consecrated to the expression of the great movements of the soul; and how could it be so, if, as the Abbè Prévost pretends, the language and the words were not proper? How could the musician then succeed in drawing from us cries of grief, in rending our hearts with his words, soft and harmonious indeed, but destitute of force and energy, and of course very ridiculously declaimed? For I know nothing that is more ridiculous than to declaim with fire and force, what is cold and feeble. But let us see these words so little suited to express the great movements of the soul. I open the *Ezio* of Metastasio; here's a passage:

Ah! non son io che parlo,
E il barbaro dolore
Che mi divide il core,
Che delirar mi fà.

It is a woman beset on all sides who speaks, who commences the scene with very bitter complaints on her lot, which becomes extremely critical; she finishes by losing her mind, and by giving herself up to all the delirium of grief. Now, see I beg of you, if these words are not exactly the same, that grief would draw from you on a similar occa-

sion, if you could find any more simple, more energetick, more poetical as to the situation, or less poetical as to colouring and expression? "Ah!" cries Fulvia, "it is not I that "speak, it is this barbarous grief, that tears my heart, and "makes me rave." This is the literal translation of the words, which would not be much prized in French: Why? Because that language has neither simplicity nor grace; and it may well be said of it, that if on one side, it is very exact and very severe, above all in what relates to taste and style; on the other, we know of none more distant from the true sublime. The *qu'il mourat* of the elder Horatius is sublime in all languages, because the beauty of the phrase does not depend on the language, it belongs to the poet only. The sublimity of the Italian poets very often cannot be translated, because it is connected with the charm of the language, which gives it a grace and force unknown to the other languages of Europe. But it is dwelling too long on a point which may be verified a thousand times a day, in opening at random the best, and even the inferiour Italian authors. I have often made a remark that has proved to me strongly, the difference between the French and Italian languages, which is, that dulness in French is so frank, so decided, that it produces its effect upon you at once, and without restriction; the book falls from your hands, and you have not the courage to take it up again. Dulness in Italian has a quite contrary effect; it makes you impatient, it vexes you, it attaches you in spite of yourself, because being enveloped in so beautiful and harmonious a language, it gives you pleasure even when the author who speaks to you is insipid: and I always finish by hating the author because his language makes me encounter the fatigue that his silliness has prepared for me. We need not take the trouble of refuting the Abbè Prévost, if he does not think the commencement of the famous scene of *Mérope*, very powerful, very energetick, and above all, very far from that indolent softness, that he so improperly imputes to that language.

Oh Dei qual mi sorprende insolito terror,
Qual per le vene gelido scorre il sangue
E tutta rende l'anima sbigottita!

The Abbè Prévost is not more fortunate in the general principles that he advances, than in the application he

makes to the Italian. "Languages," says he, "like the arts, are without any known bounds. If it be true that they take the character of those who speak them, they ought to rise with men of genius: witness the French tongue, which owes perhaps all its force and energy to the great Corneille." Here are many mistakes in a few lines. The arts so far from not knowing any limits, are circumscribed by such known and narrow bounds, that children may designate them. Sculpture can never charm by the magick of colours: painting can never operate upon us with the enchantment of musick: never can the celestial sounds of Hasse and Buranello paint to us the surprising effects of light and *chiaro oscuro*. It is genius that knows no limits: drawn by instinct into a career, it bounds, it clears with a vigorous audacity, the limits which a timid and severe taste would prescribe to it. It astonishes by its spring; it creates and produces new things without ceasing. The comparison of languages with the arts is very just, that is to say, the one is as much limited as the other. Should we approve of a painter, who in wishing to mark the contours of his principal figures, should stick on a very fine bas relief on that part of the canvas? We should say the man was as much wanting in genius as in taste. Taste prohibits our confounding the bounds of each art, and genius consists not in eluding them, but in vanquishing obstacles. It would be the same, for instance, with a man who, to be a poet, should begin by writing in a taste altogether opposed to that of his language, and should transfer for instance into French all the license of Italian poetry. The man of genius does not undertake to change his language; it is a chimera: but he knows how to make his way through the difficulties it opposes to him. I find many of our philosophers in an errour on this point. They imagine, that the language depends absolutely on the literature and state of the arts in the country. It is the people by whom it is spoken, that must controul the language, and not the men of letters who write it. If a people began by being learned, enlightened, philosophick, there would be reason in supposing their language superiour to all others: it would be, without doubt, exact, luminous, simple, smooth, masculine, energetick, &c. but we have all commenced by being barbarians; ages have been necessary for us to get, by imperceptible degrees, from barbarity and ignorance, to letters and the

pleasing arts. The genius of every tongue was formed before it had a single writer. Reason and taste may indeed free a language from any little defects which disfigure it, but they cannot take away any essential fault: as you may take from any figure a bad piece of drapery that degrades it, but the faults that are in the structure of the body, will only be seen the more. If Pierre Corneille had been the only great man of his age, the French language would have owed him nothing in the sense of the Abbè Prévost. But Moliere, Racine, and La Fontaine, who have spoken that language divinely, each in his own manner, do not certainly owe it to the great Corneille. The man of genius owes every thing to himself. Montaigne and Amyot knew long before Corneille, how to write this language with admirable force and energy, and which we should seek for in vain among modern authors. The genius more or less happy of a language belongs to such abstract causes, that it is very difficult to give the history of it, still more so to make it understood by men in general. But the question of fact is not doubtful: with principles and good faith, it may be soon seen that the Italian language is the only living one that has no essential defect; that it bends to all the characters which a man of genius would give to it; that it is susceptible of every beauty; that it is the natural idiom of poetry, of musick, of eloquence, of history and reason. It would not be difficult to fill many sheets with observations on the discourse of the Abbè Prévost. He says, in regard to history, that Italy has no model to offer us. What then is Machiavelli? and Davila? and, above all, Guicchardini?

February, 1755. Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, died at Paris, the 10th of this month, after having honoured humanity by his admirable writings, and by a virtuous and irreproachable life, during the course of sixty-five years. If it were not much pleasanter to forget our faults, and to shut our eyes to evils that we cannot cure, we should say, to the shame of the nation, that this great man, to whom France will owe all the happy effects, that will result from the revolution which his works have caused in our minds, quitted life without the publick, as it were, perceiving it. His funeral was unattended: M. Diderot was the only man of letters who was present. Louis 15th honoured himself in giving to the dying sage, marks of his

esteem, and in sending the Duke de Nivernois to inquire about him. But if we had merited being the contemporaries of so great a man, leaving our vain and frivolous pleasures, we should have wept over his tomb; and the nation in mourning would have shewn to Europe, an example of the homage, that an enlightened and susceptible people rendered to genius and to virtue.

August, 1755. I have sought an occasion for some time, to talk to you about a literary phenomenon, which was first discovered the last year, and which merits to be better known, particularly in a country, where they are so fond of laughing, and where pleasantry has so many claims on the amusements of the publick. This phenomenon is a tragedy printed at Rouen, and of which there have never been more than four or five copies brought to Paris. It is entitled *David and Bathsheba;* its author the Abbè Petit, is curate of Mont Chauvet, in Lower Normandy. To give you an idea of this singular production, and of the curate, still more singular, I shall transcribe a letter which I wrote upon the subject. This form will suit it perfectly.

Letter to M. de S. L. Luneville.

You are in the right, sir, to inquire the news of our Easter holidays, and to regret not having passed them with us. *You would have played your part very well in a scene which took place on Sunday, and which they* wish I should relate to you, though I was not present, for I was detained on the road, my chaise having broken very unluckily at Soissons, so that in spite of my exertions I could not reach Paris. It was this misfortune that has drawn upon me, the honour of being the historian, of the illustrious curate of Mont Chauvet. All the others having been actors in the piece, I was the only one, that could be an impartial judge of both sides. But I must take things at the beginning, and, after the example of my brethren the modern historians, I must not begin upon the subject till I have given the portrait of my hero, which, like them, I am the better able to do, as I have not seen the personage I am to paint. I ask your indulgence therefore for this first attempt, and if my portrait is not a master-

* The society assembled at Baron Holbach's.

piece of antithesis, remember it is not in the power of every body to produce one. Our curate who is called the *Abbé Petit* is not very *petit*, (faith, this is not a bad beginning) he is young, and the most remarkable thing in his appearance is his nose, which is extremely long. The dominant qualities in his character are an excessive flatness and a vanity without bounds; every thing either wounds or flatters him. He reddens alternately with anger, or he turns pale with delight at being praised. His nose is in perpetual movement, to inhale the incense which the jesters offer, (and which he always receives well,) or to mark his disdain for his censors, or his enemies, of whom he thinks he has a great many. Last summer, Diderot met one day at the Luxembourg, with one of his old friends, the Abbè Basset, professor of philosophy at the college of Harcourt, and the curate of Mont Chauvet in company. The curate is fond of talking; the conversation was soon in train. I am very unfortunate, said he, after many other things, to be the curate of Mont Chauvet, the most dismal place in the world, where my talents are buried, and where there is no one that has any mind but myself. There is no society, and my only resource is the school-master, who is a peasant dressed in black. At last, however, I have got here, and I am delighted to have made acquaintance with a man of your reputation, in order to ask your opinion of a madrigal of about seven hundred verses, that I have composed. A madrigal of seven hundred lines, exclaimed Diderot, good heavens! on what subject? Why, answered the curate with a cunning smile, my valet has had the misfortune to make the servant girl a mother, and this has given me a fine field as you shall see. In saying which, he drew from his pocket a whole quire of paper. M. Diderot frightened at the idea of this reading, said to him, I think you are very wrong, sir, to employ your leisure upon such subjects. When a man has genius so decided as yours, he ought to write tragedies, and not amuse himself with madrigals. Permit me then to tell you, that I will not listen to a single verse of your making, till you have brought me a tragedy. You are in the right, replied the curate, but I am too timid. In this way Diderot got rid of the madrigal: but what was his surprise to see the curate of Mont Chauvet come in, about a fortnight ago, with the tragedy of *David and Bathsheba*. There was no backing out; it was necessary to

undergo the reading of it; and to render it more amusing, it was resolved to accord the curate a complete sitting, in the society of Sunday evening. Here then was the poor curate in the midst of fifteen or twenty ninnies, all ready to jest and to finish rendering him mad, if any thing were yet wanting. Rousseau alone, with his well tried probity, was determined to play the part of an honest man, and, in fact succeeded so well, that the curate has conceived for him the most inexpressible hatred. I do not doubt but the perusal of *David and Bathsheba* will amuse you infinitely: but the criticisms that were made during the reading, and the manner in which the curate answered them would have pleased you still more. In the preface, he alleges his reasons, for not placing the scene in the bath of Bathsheba, and afterwards defends himself against the resemblance, which there was said to be between his style, and that of the great Corneille, and solemnly protests that he has been guilty of no plagiarism. After which he tells in the most amusing way, why he had made *angoisse* and *tristesse* rhyme together, a rhyme which Rousseau had attacked. He finishes by saying that some persons had objected to the word Hanon, as a word that sounded badly, apparently on account of its ridiculous confusion with that of *d'ânon*, an animal so common and well known. I think, says he, that a name, in itself, has nothing to offend; that the scripture has made use of it, whose ears are as delicate as ours. The whole preface was composed expressly against the society, with whom he was extremely discontented, though he dissembled it; for, with all his vanity, he has a great stock of deceit. The reading had began, every body ranged in a circle listened attentively. M. de la Condamine* among the rest, had taken the cotton from his ears to hear like others, but his patience was at an end in the first scene. In the second, David appears, and complains that love torments him night and day, and keeps him from sleeping. He has however enough to employ him: he has new enemies he says:

Quatre rois, vive Dieu, cidevant mes amis.

Vive Dieu, cried la Condamine, and why not *ventre Dieu?* and replacing the cotton in his ears, pushed out of the room. There, said the curate coldly, is a man who does not know

* M. de la Condamine was troubled with deafness.

that *vive Dieu* is the oath of the Hebrews. In another place, Bathsheba being pressed by David to make him happy, wishes to rouse his honour, and reminds him of his great actions in past times; she says:

Vous sutes arracher Saul à ses furies,
Ou ce Prince vainqueur de mille incirconcis,
Fremissait que David en eût dix mille occis.

Oh heavens! what lines, exclaimed Rousseau, but why *occis?* why not *tuè?* I might, said the curate coldly, answer you that *tuè* does not rhyme with *incirconsis:* but apparently you imagine that *tuè* and *occis* are synonymous; you must learn sir, that they are not. We say every day such a man kills me with his discourses, but we are not *occided* for that. I agree, said Rousseau, that it would be very disagreeable to be *occided*, but I should not like even to be *killed*. In another place Bathsheba says,

Le roi ne m'offre plus que d'innocentes charmes.

But, sir, said they to him, *charme* is masculine. Oh, you take it in that way, gentlemen. Well, in the following scene you will find it masculine. I have tried to satisfy every body. In another place he had rhymed *superflu* and *plus*. That rhyme is not exact, said they. Ah! why not? he asked. Because *superflu* is in the singular, and in consequence has no *s*. Pardon me, said the curate, I have put one to it. These are some specimens of the genius and wit of the curate; what makes them truly droll is, that there is nothing exaggerated, and nothing to me is more precious than a character frankly original. In spite of the severity of the criticisms they loaded him with praises; but his vanity was wounded, and he went away very discontented with the society. Three days afterwards he met with one of our friends who had been outrageously his champion, during the reading, as had been agreed upon beforehand. He complained very much. If I frequented, said he, the society of those gentlemen, I should finish by suspecting my verses were flat: however, I am very sure of the contrary, and they have only to examine their observations with as much severity as my tragedy, and they will see what is flat. After all, it is not their criticism that frightens me; I do not regard my piece as a servile author. I have made each verse triple, so that I can, as you see

sacrifice as many of them as I please without being worse off. Our friend assured him that he had left the society in the greatest admiration at his talents, but he would not believe it. In fact, one of our friends, M. Gauffecourt, concealing his laughter with his hands, the curate said to him suddenly, You laugh, sir. Me, sir? answered he with the greatest seriousness, I never laughed in my life. "In short, said he to our friend, I see how it is: those gentlemen dread works of a certain description, and which might fix the attention of the publick: they have nothing in their head but their Encyclopedia; they fear my success may injure theirs. But the publick will know how to do justice to us all." It was with these sentiments, that our dear curate resumed the road to Lower Normandy. He has since written a letter to the Abbè Basset, which I have the honour to send you. You will see what he thinks about us. That there may be nothing obscure for you in it, you must know that he had put at the head of his tragedy, a dedication to madame de Pompadour, which commenced with the following singular verse:

Rentrez dans le neant, race de mendians.

It was to blame poets, who make dedications to catch money: he afterwards says,

Point d'enfant d'Apollon, si'l ne rime gratis.

This commencement appeared so singular, that they feared for him the consequences of a misunderstanding, if he sent his dedication. He however did not fail, believing that from jealousy, they wished to prevent his obtaining the suffrage of madame de Pompadour. In the same dedication, and which unfortunately is not printed, there were these lines:

Tout ainsi comme Icare parcourant la lumière
Dans un rayon brûlant vit fondre sa carriere.

Here, said they, is an admirable verse: but such kind of verses must be very difficult to come across. That is true, answered the curate, turning pale with joy and vanity: and therefore one is very content when they find them. But I return to the letter, here it is.

TO THE ABBE BASSET,

From Mont Chauvet.

I DEPARTED, dear Abbè, full of the recollection of your goodness. I hastened to quit a residence where I began to feel some satisfaction, but where I became a burthen to some persons. Let me speak out. They took umbrage at a piece, where they believed that they found beauties, which perhaps the publick would not discover: they envied me a certain *je ne sais quoi*, that nature has lavished upon me. They refused me even the honour of painful labour, and then consented to flatter me. I did not think these gentlemen would have gone so far. If my presence made some impression upon them, they must have been satisfied with my departure; and as you know, my dear Abbè, that there was no indecent speech that they did not make to vex me, and to engage me voluntarily to throw my piece into the Seine; (no, for perhaps they might have scrambled it up,) but into the fire its final destruction. I have left then many of our gentlemen poets full leisure to make verses, the pleasure even of constructing tragedies, which may obtain a charitable representation, or, if they prefer it, one where a certain number of people are hired to give their applause. I shall probably neither read one or the other. How can they reach me in my insulated situation? They discovered to me before I left, what had irritated them; it was because my piece was sent to madame the Marchioness. They blushed, they said, at the words of *ventrez vils mendians*, and they treated the curate of Mont Chauvet in a fine way. However, in all their proceedings with me, they thought they should make me their dupe, and they succeeded to a certain point, because they abused my frankness. What have I lost, except being made to believe, that my piece was not more worthy of seeing the light than I had hoped? It sees it actually on fine paper, and in very neat characters, and is sold for thirty-six sous. It is printed in France, with the approbation of the magistrates, who had previously communicated it to a doctor of the Sorbonne, who read it with pleasure. As he is versed in the study of the holy books, he admired the manner in which I treated the subject. This then is the moment of its life or death. The publick, which always sees clearly, or at least generally does, will dissect it as it understands it. If it is not pleased, I shall be careful to make no appeal; but I shall not be disgusted: I shall study to do better. So long as my vein lasts, I protest

to you, my dear Abbè, that nothing will be able to stop me. M. Diderot complained that this piece was not sufficiently supplied with incidents, and that the greater part of the incidents did not take place on the stage, which I should call an action rather too mute; it is true, that my piece is a holy piece, and that is a fault. I had perceived it, but I could not do otherwise. Besides, this kind of pieces are subject to this defect. I have perhaps supplied the natural dryness which pertains to most recitatives, by a versification happy enough. But this is not the place to criticise my performance. I have commenced a second, which I trust will not offend in that way, and which I hope to render complete. When it is done, I shall criticise it severely, as I have done the first. As I am not guided by the honour of the theatre or by interest, working only to contend against the tiresomeness of my solitude, I shall bring the second with me all printed, by which means I shall not see myself again exposed to reading my manuscript on a stool, before persons especially who are laughing in their sleeves, instead of being affected, or who feign to applaud without even knowing the connexion of the scenes, nor perhaps a rhyme. Now, my dear Abbè, I have the honour to inform you, that I shall send you a copy, and several others, as a downright gift for persons, to whom I shall beg you will have the goodness to remit them. I calculate you will get them next week with a letter of advice. I shall therefore put you to the expense of two postages. Do me the favour to inform me on receipt of the present, at Mont Chauvet, by Aunay, *a la Plumardiere*, if you will undertake the trouble of disposing of them for me; in case you could get rid of them it would be to the credit of what my brother and myself owe you. Excuse the length of this letter. I depend on your indulgence. I write to the Abbè Freron, and I send him two copies, one for himself, and the other for madame his wife, as a gift; you see that I do things liberally, and that I do not care for six and thirty sous on occasion. Adieu, my dear Abbè. I have the honour to be, with the sentiments that you know me to have for such an excellent friend, your very humble and obedient servant,

LE PETIT.

Let us allow, that a few hundred letters like this, would make an excellent collection. In order that you may feel the full force of it, I must tell you that the passage where

he attacks the people who perhaps do not know what a rhyme is, relates to Rousseau, who had insisted with him that *angoisse* and *tristesse* did not rhyme. In another place where he says, he prefers leaving the field open to many of our gentlemen poets, he has in view M. de Margency, whom you know. They had made the curate believe that he was a poet by profession, and that he would have in him a dangerous rival; so that he shewed him all kinds of servility, though from that moment, he conceived for his pretended rival the most violent hatred. After the reading was over, they had a very long dispute upon their respective merits. All this finished by a challenge. M. de Margency said, that he was at that moment at work upon the tragedy of *Nebuchadnezzar*, a very difficult and delicate subject: that if the curate would attempt the same, they might assemble that day week, and each one should bring the first scene of his piece, to submit it to the judgment of the assembly. The curate promised, but dissatisfied with his censors, and perhaps frightened at the challenge, he took the alternative of returning to Mont Chauvet, three days after this sitting. Notwithstanding, our friend Margency composed his scene; and having learnt the unexpected departure of the curate, he has since sent it to him with a fine dedication. I make you a present of both; it is an excellent piece of humour, which will greatly amuse you. See if it is not worth while to pass Easter at Paris. As for me, who only arrived on the Monday, I found them all so inebriated with the madness of the curate, that I had no doubt but he had left them his mantle at parting. They all embrace you. We desire much to see you. Return speedily.

Bernard le Bouvier de Fontenelle, father of the French Academy, of that of the sciences, and of inscriptions, died on Sunday evening, the 9th of January, 1757. He had nearly reached his hundredth year, having been born on the 11th February, 1657.

M. de Fontenelle was one of those extraordinary men, who witnessed, during a century, all the revolutions of the human mind, produced some of them himself, and prepared the causes of many others. Born without genius, he owed all his success to the clearness, the distinctness and precision of his mind; to a certain ingenious, brilliant,

flowery style which he created, and which has since had so many bad copyists. While waiting for the successor of this celebrated man at the French Academy, to give us in his eulogium, an idea of his merit and of his literary labours, I am going to collect a few traits, and hazard some reflections, that may enable you to know something of him. The academick discourses contain commonly only insipid praises, heaped up without discernment or taste ; truth demands more justice. In fact, the life of M. de Fontenelle, with the different objects connected with it, would be a subject worthy of a philosopher. Such a work would be a history of philosophy, and the revolutions it has experienced in France, from the time of Descartes to our own. What a superb subject! M. de Fontenelle was one of the most celebrated sectaries, of the destroyer of the scholastick philosophy. Now that Newtonianism has triumphed in France, as in the rest of enlightened Europe, over all other forms of philosophy, there are but few partizans of Descartes here, besides M. de Mairan, author of a treatise on the Aurora borealis, and another upon ice, and a few old academicians little known. The time will come, when the disciples of Newton will not be more in vogue, than the followers of Cartesianism. Every thing is revolution in the human mind, as well as in the physical and moral order of the universe. The schools destroy one another : the names of great men alone remain, like those immense pyramids of Egypt, which last, if one may so speak, in spite of the effort of ages and the ravages of time. All that crowd of subaltern philosophers, followers of the opinions of others, will disappear and be effaced from the memory of men. The names of Newton, Leibnitz, Descartes, Bacon, as well as those of Aristotle and Plato, will be venerated as long as philosophy and learning endure. What may tend to preserve M. de Fontenelle from the oblivion, which is sure to cover the sectaries of all fugitive systems, is the real merit of having been the first to make philosophy popular in France. The *plurality of worlds*, *the history of oracles*, and many other works of his, have become classick. Men of the world at that time, so ignorant, and narrow-minded, women even, whose tastes and occupations have so great an influence, and all that concerns the mind and manners of Frenchmen, have drawn from his works the principles of a sound and enlightened philosophy. The philosophick

spirit now so widely spread, owes its first progress to M. de Fontenelle. Even the ornaments of his style, which might perhaps be condemned by a severe taste, have contributed to extend the limits of light, the love of truth, and the empire of reason. It is true, that in thus enlightening us, he had given an almost fatal blow to the taste of the nation. His style, his colouring, and his manner of writing, offer a vast career to false taste, and if his opinions and those of M. de la Mothe, had prevailed with the publick, over the more powerful cry of nature, and over the tranquil though constant effect of its beauties, our taste would have been ruined, and we should have witnessed the return of the age of Voiture, and still meaner writers. We should very soon have resembled those children, who would willingly exchange the Farnese Hercules, or the Venus de Medicis, for a doll, from a shop in the Rue St. Honorè. To judge of the extent of the danger we have run, to feel how detestable was the manner, which it was indeavoured to establish, we have only to read the imitators of M. de Fontenelle: nothing is more disagreeable, nothing more insupportable, than the works, with which they annoyed the publick. Fortunately, and I know not by what miracle it so happened, there occurred in this case, what never took place before. The good that he has done us, by the philosophick spirit that prevails in his works, has had its effect. The evil which he might have caused by his style, has had no bad consequences; this is an eternal obligation that we owe to M. de Voltaire, and the extent of which, we do not appear to feel sufficiently. This great man came at the very moment he was wanted, to stop the progress of a false taste. Thanks to him, there are now-a-days only the Abbè Trublet and other writers of his class, who pass their lives in twisting phrases, and in weaving with great labour a puerile diction: or who employ their time as M. de Voltaire said of M. de Marivaux, in weighing cyphers in scales of spider's webs. The easy and popular philosophy of M. de Voltaire, his simple, natural, and at the same time original style, the inexpressible charm of his colouring, soon made us despise those epigrammatick turns, that squinting precision, and those mean beauties, to which copyists without taste had giving a passing vogue. M. de Voltaire has since been seconded by all the sound minds among us. M. de Buffon, as a philosopher, not very profound perhaps, has gained

admiration as a most magnificent writer. M. Diderot, in penetrating the most concealed depths of truth, with a force of genius very uncommon, has united the most extensive philosophical views to the most brilliant imagination, and the most exquisite feeling of the beautiful and its attributes. The citizen Jean Jacques Rousseau, even while establishing in his works the most indefensible paradoxes, has defended them in such a simple and masculine style, that he deserves to participate in the glory of the celebrated men I have just named. Without them, we should now have spoken an unintelligible jargon. These kinds of beauty were lost upon M. de Fontenelle. What was simple, natural, and truly sublime, did not affect him: it was a language he did not understand. I have often remarked, that in every thing that was related or said to him, he always expected the epigram. Insensible to every other kind of beauty, every thing that did not finish with a witty turn, was nothing to him. He had seen all the great men of the age of Louis XIV; he had been their contemporary, and even their rival. He spoke little of them. I presume he did not think much of Moliere and Racine. He never mentioned La Fontaine without speaking ill of him. There are however in La Fontaine verses, of which I would have sooner written a single one, than all the works of Fontenelle together. The great Corneille was his man; he raised him above every body. But this great man was from his own province, his uncle, and, after all, what a reasoner! This kind of beauty was made to suit Fontenelle. He preserved the justness and ingenuity of his wit, till the moment of his death. Without his deafness, which prevented his taking part in conversation, he would have been as agreeable, as he had been at the age of thirty. He said not long since, to a young woman, to make her feel the impression that her beauty had made upon him: "Ah! if I was but only "eighty years old." In the course of the malady that terminated his life, he said to some one who inquired what ill he felt, "None, except that of existing: I feel a great difficulty "to be." This was said better than his general manner. A woman well known, (madame Grimaud) aged one hundred and three years, having gone to see him six months ago, said to him: It seems, sir, that nature has forgot you and me upon earth. M. de Fontenelle placed his finger softly on her mouth, and said: Hush!—It was by an infinity of inge-

nious turns like this, that his presence had become very agreeable in society, to which his talents had besides given him strong recommendations. His private life was uniform and tranquil. He was cited as the model of a sage. How many times has his conduct been contrasted with that of Voltaire's! But great men have not always the coolest heads. We may pardon many follies to the rapid and brilliant imagination of the author of Zaire; he has redeemed them by so many beauties; and it is true, in this sense, that the wisdom of a cold mind, is not worth the follies of an impetuous genius.

M. de Fontenelle has often been reproached with having an insensible heart. They said of him, and it was true, that he had never either laughed or wept. This trait characterizes the man. He knew not the tumult of the passions, the violent emotions, nor all those impetuous impulses, which often govern the greatest men; his cold and barren heart had never felt the enchanting power of beauty, the lively and delicious impressions of virtue, nor the charm and sweetness of friendship. When with such dispositions we observe religiously the laws of society, of honour, and of publick propriety, we are exempt from reproach, but we are not the less subjects for pity. Lord Hyde, a man of great merit, who from his cabinet in Paris for some time directed the House of Commons in London, and who died here, of a fall from his horse, at an early age, said, in speaking of the long career of M. de Fontenelle, that for him, he lived his hundred years in a quarter of an hour. A fine expression, that proves so well the advantages of a susceptible mind over one that feels nothing. It is difficult to live much in a quarter of an hour, when we love nothing but epigrams; they always made an impression on Fontenelle; but it is not said, that he was ever affected by painting, by musick, or the illusions of art and of imitation. Diderot having seen him two or three years since, for the first time in his life, could not help shedding tears on the vanity of literary glory, and of all human things. M. de Fontenelle perceived it, and asked him the reason of his tears. "I feel, answered Diderot, a singular sentiment." At the word sentiment, Fontenelle stopped him, and said with a smile, "Sir, it is eighty years since I banished sentiment "into eclogues." An answer well calculated to dry the tears, which the love of humanity, and the tenderness of a good

heart had caused to flow. M. de Fontenelle often boasted, that he had never asked a service of any one; he might have added, nor rendered one. A woman of a great deal of sense and merit, (madame Geoffrin) in whom he had much confidence, and whom he has made his executrix, says, that there was only one mode of inducing him to oblige or render a service, and that was to order him to do it. He had no reply to *you must*. He never would have felt what was merely proper and well-timed. But what is cited as most horrible in this way, is the history of the asparagus. M. de Fontenelle was remarkably fond of it, and particularly dressed with oil. One of his friends who liked it served with butter, (I do not know if it was not the Abbè Terrasson) having called one day to dine with him, he told him he would make him a great sacrifice, in ceding to him half his dish of asparagus, and ordered that half to be dressed with butter. A short time before dinner was ready, the Abbè was taken ill, and a moment afterwards fell into an apoplexy. Fontenelle rose precipitately, ran to the kitchen, and cried, *the whole with oil, the whole with oil.** What is perhaps most odious in this affair is, that dining a short time afterwards, with the same Lord Hyde of whom I have spoken, and seeing a dish of asparagus, he remarked, that this speech had brought them into fashion; and with this mode of thinking he would probably have had but few friends, if the vanity of being acquainted with a celebrated man had not retained a few. It was this profound indifference that formed the base of his character; he carried it every where, and it often injured the justness of his mind, principally on all subjects that belonged to sentiment. He said if he had held truth in his hands like a bird, he would have stifled it, so thoroughly did he consider the finest gift

* The consummate selfishness of Fontenelle can hardly be paralleled; the following instance of insensibility however, is rather singular. The late Governor C—— related to a friend of mine, that during the American war, he made a visit one evening to the celebrated general P. at his quarters. Wine was not always to be had in those days, among American officers, and even of spirits, the most abundant was that of '76. The General told him he was sorry he could not offer him any wine, that he had but two bottles of old Madeira, which he kept for the use of Mrs. P. who was then with him extremely ill. They sat down therefore, to pass the evening over a glass of grog. In the course of it Mrs. P. died. Soon after the event was announced, the General said, speaking to his son, in a melancholy tone of voice: "*Come, you may as well bring that wine, your poor mother will not want it now.*" The Governor said he was exesssively shocked at this insensibility. But the wine being brought, and old Madeira, a very scarce thing, he e'en filled his glass, and they finished the two bottles to assuage the General's grief. T.

of heaven as useless, and dangerous for mankind. He had no opinion in matters of religion, and this indifference which he preserved all his life, is much more natural in a truly philosophick mind, than his lukewarmness in regard to truth. He said further, that if he had in his desk a horrible paper, that would be sufficient to dishonour him in the opinion of posterity, he would not give himself the trouble to take it out and burn it, if he was sure that he could conceal it from the publick during his lifetime. This sentiment is unnatural. Shame is one of the first feelings of man in society, and shame makes us dread contempt even after death, as Diderot remarks in a work he is about publishing. This speech was the more extraordinary from M. de Fontenelle, as he had an excessive thirst for praise. He was any thing but difficult on this head, and the most ingenious wit, the most epigrammatick, the most delicate in gallantry, was not offended with the dullest and heaviest praises, that certain persons lavished upon him. A person having said to him one day: I wish to praise you, but I want the ingenuity of your wit. No matter said Fontenelle, praise on. I have heard him complain that foreigners, and particularly the English, were fonder of him than his own countrymen. Madame Geoffrin replied very pleasantly, it is because we see you too nearly; you know, said she, that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre. These traits may suffice to give you an idea of the character of this celebrated man, to whom nothing was wanting to be great, but a more lively imagination, warmed by a tender heart. It is too true that this is not a trifling want. With so much intelligence in his mind, he could not enter the career of genius, and the deficiency of sensibility left him without taste; it exposed him, as we have remarked, to serve for a model to a whole class of bad writers; it rendered his decisions in matters of taste, rash, false, and of no consequence. It is well known with how many efforts, Fontenelle and la Mothe disputed the merit of the ancients. Two athletæ of their strength however, have only excited contempt, in spite of the penetration and logick on which they prided themselves, and with which they uselessly covered themselves in this ridiculous and vain dispute. It would be difficult to collect, on any subject, more foolish things than those which have been printed to prove the superiority of the moderns over the ancients. One would have said, that Fontenelle, la Mothe,

and the Abbè Terrasson had made all these efforts, only to shew the misery and poverty of the mind, when it is not guided by sentiment. It is like a blind person who marches with confidence in the dark, who wanders methodically, and each of whose steps conducts him into a new errour. Wo! to that people whose Fontenelles and La Mothes shall succeed in throwing down the statues of Homer and Sophocles, of Cicero and Virgil! under what names will genius be revered upon earth, if it be not under the immortal names of those great men? I am more disposed than any one, to pass over the little spots that are to be found in the works of Voltaire. The essay upon *Universal History* which he has just published, and which has united every suffrage, would suffice to immortalize the author, if he were in want of new titles. But how is it possible, that this illustrious writer should have spoken so ill of Homer, at the commencement of the third volume, where he is discussing the subject of the revival of learning in Italy; he gives the preference in all cases to the moderns. It costs him nothing to put the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto above the Odyssey, and, what is incredible, the Jerusalem of Tasso above the Iliad. If this decision had been pronounced by M. de Fontenelle, it would not have been mentioned; it would have had no consequence. But that M. de Voltaire should give such a judgment, is really inconceivable. I believe I have somewhere had the honour to remark to you, that the moderns had not even discovered the mechanism of their epick, and that in the poverty in which they were in this respect, they made no hesitation to borrow that of Homer, which notwithstanding cannot suit them. If they had his genius, how superiour would he still be to them in the sublimity and simplicity of manners, which give his poems so many affecting charms. Alas! if the father of poetry should resume from his descendants, every thing that they have borrowed from him, what would be left of the Eneid, the Jerusalem, the Orlando, the Lusiad, the Henriade, and every thing that we may dare name of this kind?

1780. *Letter from Dr. Franklin to Madame Helvétius.*

Grieved at your resolution pronounced so positively last evening, to remain single the rest of your life, in honour of your dear husband, I returned home. Throwing myself on the bed, I thought that I had died, and that I was in the

Elysian fields. They asked if I had a desire to see any particular personages? Lead me to the philosophers.—There are two who live near here, in this garden; they are very good neighbours and friends to one another.—Who are they?—Socrates and Helvétius.—I esteem both of them prodigiously, but let me first see Helvétius, because I know a little French, and not a word of Greek.—He received me with great courtesy, having known, he said, my character for some time. He asked me a thousand questions about the war, the present state of religion, of liberty and of government in France. You make no inquiries, said I, after your dear friend Madame Helvétius, and yet she loves you excessively; it is only an hour since I saw her. Ah! said he, you make me remember my former felicity, but it must be forgotten to be happy here. For many years I thought only of her; at last I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find; she is not, it is true, quite so beautiful, but she has much good sense and wit, and she loves me infinitely: her continual study is to please me. She has just gone out to seek for the best nectar and ambrosia, to regale me this evening; remain here, and you shall see her. I perceive, said I, that your ancient friend is more faithful to you, for she has refused many good matches that have offered. I confess to you, that I have loved her myself to madness, but she is excessively cruel to me, and has refused me absolutely, to do honour to you. I pity your misfortune, said he, as she was a good woman, and very amiable. But the Abbè Roche and the Abbè M———, do they not sometimes visit her? Yes, certainly, she has not lost one of your friends. If you had gained the Abbè M——— with coffee and cream to speak for you, perhaps you might have succeeded, for he is as subtle a reasoner as St. Thomas, and he places his arguments in such good order, that they become almost irresistible: or if you had gained over the Abbè de la Roche, by some fine edition of an old classick, to speak against you, it would have been still better, for I often observed, that when he advised any thing, she had a very strong inclination to do the contrary. At these words, in came the new Madame Helvétius; in an instant, I recognized her to be Madame Franklin, my ancient American friend. I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly—"I was your good "wife for forty-nine years and four months, almost half a

"century, be content with that. I have here formed a new "connexion, that will endure forever." Dissatisfied with this refusal of my Eurydice, I resolved immediately to leave those ungrateful shades, and to return to this world, to revisit the sun and you. Here I am, let us revenge ourselves.

1778. Dr. Franklin talks little: and at the commencement of his residence at Paris, while France refused to declare openly in favour of the colonies, he spoke still less. At a dinner of wits, to engage him in conversation, a person said to him, "It must be owned that it is a grand and superb "spectacle, that America offers at this period." "*Yes*, answered modestly the Doctor, *but the spectators do not pay.* —They have paid since.

A very fine Latin verse has been made for the portrait of Dr. Franklin:

Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.

This is a happy imitation of a line of the *Anti-Lucretius*.

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen Phoeboque sagittas.

October, 1727. The following lines were written to be placed under the portrait of M. Benjamin Franklin, painted by Cochin, and engraved by St. Aubin.

(The Censor thought himself obliged to suppress them, as blasphemous.)

* C'est l'honneur et l'appui du nouvel hèmisphère,
Les flots de l'Ocean s'abaissent a sa voix;
Il reprime ou dirige à son grè le tonnerre
Qui désarme les Dieux peut-il craindre les rois.†

Specimen of the friendships of Paris.

1778. Let persons imagine the Marchioness du Deffant, blind, sitting at the extremity of her cabinet, in an arm chair, that resembled the tub of Diogenes, and her old friend, Pont de Vesle, lolling on a seat by the chimney. In this situation, here is one of their last conversations:

* This extravagant absurdity may give an idea of the length they went at Paris, in flattering Dr Franklin.

† This referred only to the King of England. [Note of the French Editor.]

Pont de Vesle?—Madam?—Where are you?—At the corner of your fire-place.—With your feet on the andirons, as we do among friends?—Yes, Madam?—It must be allowed that there are few friendships so ancient as ours.—That is true.—It is fifty years.—Yes, fifty years and more.—And in this long period not a cloud, not even the appearance of a quarrel.—That is what I have always admired.—But, Pont de Vesle, is not this owing to our having been, in reality, always very indifferent to one another?—That may well be, Madam.

September, 1779. Madame de Lalande, Marchioness du Deffant, born de Vichi de Chamru, died at Paris the 23d of last month, aged eighty-four years. She was without dispute one of the women of her time, the most celebrated for wit; she had been for a long period for her beauty. Having lost her sight when she was young, she sought consolation by assembling about her the most select society of the city and the court; but the malignity of her wit, the sallies of which it was impossible for her to repress, often alienated the persons with whom she should not have quarrelled. The late Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, who had been for many years her companion, separated from her rudely, and took away with her the greater part of the literary men, who at the time composed her society. The friend whom she had the happiness to keep the longest, was M. Pont de Vesle. We have elsewhere explained, what rendered this connexion so mild and durable. That society which she no longer found at home, but which she could not do without, even in extreme old age, she sought for abroad. When past eighty, she still supped out every evening, often in the country, and she sate up habitually till three or four in the morning. We have many charming letters of her's to Voltaire, a portrait of Madame du Chatelet, some fugitive poetry printed in different collections, and many couplets full of wit and malice.

Her best female friends Madame la Marechale de Luxembourg, Madame de Choiseul, and Madame de Cambise, hardly quitted her during her last illness; and by a very rare excess of attachment, never failed, it was said, to play at loto in her chamber every evening, till her last sigh inclusively.

1781. There happened at the opera on the second representation of *Iphigenia*, an event too memorable to be forgotten, in the annals of the Royal Academy of Musick. Mademoiselle Laguerre, who in her early youth, signalized herself *in triviis*, paid hackney coachmen without untying her purse, who, some years afterwards, knew how to ruin the Prince de Bouillon, in the space of five or six months, who has since exhausted the fortune of one of our richest farmer-generals, M. Haudry de Souci, and who never could renounce the pleasing habits of her early connexions—Iphigenia Laguerre was drunk, so drunk that she reeled upon the stage, and gave great trouble to the priestesses who were anxious to support her; it is difficult to say how she got through the first act. The fear of interrupting the spectacle, and above all the compassion that was inspired by the supposed situation of the unfortunate Piccini,* obtained from the pit more mildness and forbearance than could have been expected: there were only some low murmurs; there was no laughing or hissing. All the remedies that could be applied, to dissipate promptly the vapours that still clouded the brain of the princess, were administered in the interval of the second act, and made her able to go through the two last with more decency. This accident had no important consequences. The king, on being informed of it, said to M. Amelot, *Well, you have sent her to prison?* She was not yet there, but she received that very evening an order to go to Fort-l'Evêque, to which she submitted with great resignation. They took her out two days afterwards, to resume her part fasting. She recited with great sensibility the two first lines:

O jour fatal que je voulais en vain
Ne pas compter parmi ceux de ma vie!

The publick seemed drunk in turn, and applauded her without end. It is true that she sang better than ever. At the end of the first act they announced to her in a manner to add to the favour, that her liberty was restored. M. Piccini and the Prince de Guémenée, who are much interested in the honour of Italian musick, had strongly interceded in her favour; indeed, how much will be pardoned for the sake of a fine voice? I knew, however, an Italian lady who

* The musick of this magnificent opera was composed by Piccini.

was less indulgent. A celebrated singer was very highly praised in her presence. "Yes," says she, "a fine voice, "but a bad heart. My brother, the cardinal, had him made "a Soprano, and he has never had the least gratitude."

1777. The Abbè Millot has recently published, in six volumes, "*Military and political memoirs, to serve for the "history of Louis 14th and 15th, composed from origi- "nal documents, collected by Adrian Maurice, Duke de "Noailles, Marshal of France, and Minister of State.*"

The title of this work announces strongly enough, how important and curious its contents must be. The work is extracted from two hundred folio volumes; and the greater part of the pieces that form this immense collection, are in the original hand writing; the rest, copies made with great care. We owe much gratitude to the possessors of such a precious deposit, for having consented, that it should serve for the instruction of the public; and we owe infinitely to the man of letters, who, to fulfil such useful views, loaded himself with a task, sufficient to alarm the most constant activity, and the most intrepid patience. The importance of his labours, and the disgust inseparable from it, should excuse much negligence and inaccuracy, that would not have been borne in any other work, with the same indulgence. But perhaps the author would have spared himself trouble, and his readers fatigue, if, instead of imposing on himself the painful task of giving to these memoirs a connected form, he had been content with making an extract, from all the pieces worthy of being preserved, ranging them in a chronological order, and adding only where a right understanding of the text seemed to require it, a few clear, succinct, historical notes. In following this plan, he would have saved himself all the trouble which it has cost him, to give a regular connexion to a work, that was not susceptible of it, and which has only served to make it appear longer, more defective, and often more disconnected: for this defect becomes more evident, from the very effort that is made to conceal it. It is to be presumed also, that in thus simplifying his labour, the author would not have surcharged his book with so many reflections, which, though they may be very sensible, and if you will, very edifying, are nevertheless very common, very useless, and if I may dare say it, completely misplaced in memoirs, that are styled political

and military. The Abbè Millot has composed almost all his works for the instruction of youth ; this is to his praise : but he should have felt in editing the memoirs of a marshal of France, and a minister of state, that he was not writing for the regents of a college, or for children. All this morality, which in other respects we esteem most highly, without rendering his work more instructive, has made it much less agreeable to the only readers, whom he should have thought about, and this is to be regretted.

The Marshal de Noailles is not only painted in these memoirs, as a great negotiator, a great minister, as a citizen full of courage and virtue, he appears besides to have been a great general; and no one can doubt that his military reputation would have been very brilliant, if he had gained the battle of Dettingen, which seemed certain from his preparations. A letter of the king of Prussia is quoted in regard to that unfortunate day, in which the monarch renders him the most splendid justice. All the letters of Marshal Saxe support this august testimony ; but the strongest proof, and at the same time the most glorious to the military talents of our hero, is, without doubt, the memoir which he sent himself to M. de Saxe, the 21st January, 1748, in which he traces the plan of that skilful march, that gave success to the enterprise against Maestricht, and terminated that war so fortunately. The Abbè Millot, after making an extract from this memoir, compares it very adroitly to the recital, which Voltaire has made of that memorable expedition, in his summary of the age of Louis XV. It is noble, says he, to see Marshal Saxe, after so many victories, preserve a perfect deference for a friend, whose counsels had often directed his enterprises : it is still more so, to behold Marshal Noailles apply himself in silence to combine great designs, and abandon to him all the glory of success.

A proof less grave of the confidence which Marshal Saxe had for M. de Noailles, but which appears sufficiently original to bring forward here, is the following letter. " It " has been proposed to me, my master, to become one of " the French academy. I answered, that I did not even " know orthography,* and that it would become me as a

* The following proof of it is taken from his letter. *Se la mallet comme une Bage à un chat. Pourcoy nan aites vous pas ? Ie crains les ridiqules, et* SE LUY SI MAN PARENT UN, &c.

" ring would a cat. They answered that Marshal Villars " could neither read nor write, and that he was well placed " there. It is quite a persecution. You do not belong to " it, my master, and that renders my defence much finer. " No one has more wit than yourself; no one speaks and " writes better: why do you not belong? This embarrasses " me. I do not wish to shock any one, much less a body " that has so many people of merit. On the other hand, I " am afraid of ridicule, and this appears to me to be of the " most decided sort. Have the goodness to give me a few " words in answer."

The Abbè Millot has not thought proper to give us the answer entire, from respect, without doubt, for the academy, where he wishes to be: he adds only, that M. de Noailles advised M. de Saxe to refuse. " This parade," says he, " does not suit a military man, and I should be very sorry " to see my dear Count Maurice in a company, occupied " only about words and orthography." Philosophy did not yet reign, and men of letters were even modest or silly enough, not to believe that their task was to direct the world, and to instruct kings. How they have since improved!

There is not, in these memoirs which we have the honour to announce to you, any of those obscure anecdotes, which credulous malignity always seeks for with eagerness; but a small number may be found of those interesting particulars, which often give a better idea of character and manners, than the most brilliant actions.

Don Francisco de Velasco, having presented a petition to the king, received no answer from him. He presented another to the Cardinal Porto Carrera, and was not heard. He addressed himself to the president of Castile, and that minister told him, that he could do nothing: at last to the Duke d'Harcourt, and the duke refused to meddle in his affair. What a government, gentlemen! said Velasco: a king who speaks not! a cardinal who hears not! a president of Castile who cannot! and an ambassador of France who will not! This speech became the subject of every conversation.

Madame des Ursins thus describes the details of her place, in a letter to Madame de Noailles. " Good God! in " what a situation have you placed me? I have not the " least repose, and I cannot even find time to speak to my

" secretary. It is no longer a question, whether I shall re-
" pose myself after dinner, or eat when I am hungry: I
" am too happy to be able to catch a poor meal standing, and
" even then it is seldom that I am not called away, the moment
" that I place myself at table. Really, Madame de Maintenon
" would laugh heartily, if she knew all the details of my
" place. Tell her, I pray you, that it is I who have the hon-
" our to take the night-gown of the king of Spain, when he
" goes to bed, and to give him his slippers when he gets up.
" So far I am patient; but every evening, when the king
" comes into the queen's chamber to go to bed, the Count
" of Benevento gives me his majesty's sword, a chamber-
" pot, and a lamp, the oil of which I commonly spill over
" my clothes; this is too grotesque. The king would never
" rise if I did not go to draw the curtains, and it would
" be a sacrilege, if any other than myself were to enter the
" chamber of the queen, when they are in bed. Lately the
" lamp was extinguished, because I had spilt half the oil.
" I did not know where the windows were, as we had arriv-
" ed in the night at the place. I came near breaking my
" head against the wall; and we were, the king of Spain
" and myself, nearly a quarter of an hour, running against
" one another, in seeking for them. The queen enters into
" all these jests, but I have not yet succeeded in obtaining
" the confidence, that she had in her Piedmontese chamber-
" maids. I am astonished at it, for I serve her better than
" they did, and I am sure that they could not wash her feet,
" and draw off her stockings so neatly as I do."

Though the Abbè Millot produces several letters, written in France against the Princes des Ursins, he has not permitted himself to cite that one, in which she is accused of having married her groom, and which she suffered to proceed, with other despatches that had fallen into her hands, adding on the margin; *Married. No.*

A great number of original letters of the Princess des Ursins, of the king and queen of Spain, of Louis 14th and 15th, of Cardinal Fleury, and the Marshal de Noailles himself, by varying the style and tone of the work, greatly augment its interest. The private letters of Louis 15th, paint with extreme truth the soundness of his sense, his mildness and goodness. It is known that M. Rose was the writer of almost all those of Louis 14th; but it is also known, that the only talent of M. Rose was to impress his style, with

that character of nobleness and grandeur, that accompanied all the actions of that monarch, and which appeared to belong to him exclusively.

We find in the memoirs of the Abbè Millot, very important details on the negotiations that preceded the last war of 1755. It appears demonstrated by the most authentick testimony, that our ministry desired peace sincerely, and nothing but the persuasion that existed in France, that the English ministry would have war at any rate, occasioned the failure of the arrangements, that had been proposed to maintain the union of the two powers. I heard Lord Stormont say, that if the despatches had been seen, which decided the English ministry, all the world would have been convinced that England did not desire peace less ardently, and would not have declared war, had she not been deceived by similar prejudices to those, that prevailed in France. Is it possible then, that vain suspicions and false reports, should embroil nations like individuals, and that a misunderstanding may decide the councils of sovereigns, and the destiny of nations ?

An Englishman called to see M. de Voltaire, at Ferney. He asked him from whence he came. The traveller replied, that he had been passing some time with M. Haller. The patriarch immediately exclaimed, " that M. Haller is a great " man, a great poet, great naturalist, great philosopher, a " man almost universal." What you say, sir, is so much the finer, as M. Haller does not render you the same justice. *Alas !* replied Voltaire, *perhaps we both deceive ourselves.*

The emperour of China has sent the king, sixteen designs made by the Jesuit missionaries, and requested that they may be engraved by our most skilful artists. It will cost more than an hundred thousand crowns. These designs represent the principal ceremonies of the court of Pekin, and different victories of the emperour. What is the most remarkable in these battles, is, that not a single Chinese is killed, nor even one of them wounded. Nothing was more expressly enjoined upon the designers than attention to this circumstance. Is it not exactly the fable of the lion ?

Si mes confrères savaient peindre.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

The United States and England, being a Reply to the criticism on Inchiquin's Letters, contained in the Quarterly Review for January, 1814. *New-York, Inskeep, pp.* 115, 8*vo.*

In the whole history of literature, it will be difficult to produce a more disgraceful paper, than the one, which this pamphlet was written to answer. We are induced to make it the first object of our attention, from motives of deeper interest, than such as appertain to any common dispute of criticism; and these motives, founded on large and general views, will make us anxious to avoid, as far as possible, mingling any temporary political feelings, with the examination we mean to make of the subject.

We may perhaps convey information to some of our readers, in giving a few remarks on the present state of the press in England; which is, like almost every thing else in that country, so compact and condensed, so active and disciplined, so energetick and incessant, that it possesses greater power than in any other. The tone to every thing is given in the capital. The country newspapers only circulate in their immediate district, and their main support is advertisements, with which, a few paragraphs excepted, they are exclusively occupied. Those that have less of this advertising patronage, of course a very restricted circulation, are principally filled with extracts from the London papers, and with hardly an exception, are never known beyond a narrow circle. The daily and weekly papers of the metropolis, but particularly the former, are the great channels through which news, and political reasonings are conveyed to the publick; and though they are numerous, a few only are in wide circulation. These are found on every breakfast table in the city, as well as in the regions of fashion, in every coffee house from St. James's to White Chapel; they are despatched every evening to all parts of the empire; and when the Courier in its ten thousand copies, announced the capture of the Essex, "We have the satisfaction to confirm" and lay before our readers, a detailed account of the cap-

"ture of the above frigate, or rather we should say line of "battle ship;" at Brighton and Bristol, in Devonshire and Northumberland, every eye was reading it within a few hours of each other. The influence over publick sentiment from gazettes so universal and simultaneous as these, may be readily estimated; and will go far to justify the Abbè Montesquiou, the French minister, who, in one of the debates in the parliament of France, described the English government, to be *an oligarchy, balanced and controlled by the freedom of the press.*

Among these papers, the Times,* the Morning Post, the Courier, and the Morning Chronicle, are the ablest, and have the most extensive circulation. Of these, the three former have been for years constant, and from some appearances we may say systematick, in their abuse of this country; not merely on political subjects, which is less unfair, since allowance is universally made for the warmth and prejudice of party feelings; but, as they did with France, in unremitted efforts to blacken and degrade our moral character; more particularly, after the conclusion of the European war, when, filling the air with their clamours for our political destruction, they sought to counteract every thing like humanity in their own nation, and the rest of Europe, by the most vehement

* *The Times* has the largest circulation, is conducted with great talent, and affects independence: the *Morning Post* busies itself very much with fashion, and is distinguished for puns, feeble, stupid verses, and a peculiarly rancorous, unmanly, bombastick, nauseous manner of treating politicks. The *Morning Chronicle* is remarkable for wit and epigrams, occasionally sensible and liberal editorial essays, but often great blunders and untenable positions. The *Courier* is the ablest and most extensive evening paper, conducted with much ability, in the politicks of the prevailing administration, and taking up warmly the personal cause of the Prince. This last and the Times publish 9 or 10,000 copies daily, and on some occasions more. Besides these are the *Publick Ledger*, which circulates among mercantile men, and was gained, by the Canada and Nova-Scotia interests, to write with great bitterness against the United States. The *Morning Herald*, the property of the Rev. Sir H. B. Dudley, Bart. containing the particular politicks of Carleton House, and the most authentick reports of pugilistick combats, &c. The *British Press* is a sort of *double* to the Chronicle: The *Sun*, an evening paper of very limited circulation, is ministerial; virulent and scurrilous generally, and particularly so towards America. The *Star*, is also on the side of administration, contains frequent extracts from American papers, and though warmly opposed to us, is less abusive than the Sun. The *Statesman*, another evening paper, is the advocate of the school of Sir Francis Burdett and the Reformers. The *Globe* is a neutral paper. Among the numerous Sunday papers, *Bell's Weekly Messenger* is the most respectable, and with the largest circulation: it has always inculcated friendly politicks towards America, till the late war, when it took side against us, yet without violent abuse. *Cobbet* is the only paper that has taken the side of our administration, but his subscribers are not more than a fourth of what they once were.

misrepresentation, and exhausting every term of contempt upon our character. When it is considered, that these daily draughts were given to the publick, mixed with great skill, strength and vivacity, it is not to be wondered at, that shallow minds were almost completely intoxicated, and good ones poisoned in their feelings towards this country.

This effect was more easily produced, from the habits of the publick since the French revolution. The revolutionizing principles in the early part of the contest, the conquering ones in the latter, and the aggrandizing in all, made it in some degree necessary for self-defence, to stigmatize the principles and character of their enemy, and naturally enough to exalt their own. This gradually wore off any remains of diffidence in praising themselves, or hesitation at aspersing their foes, till of late years there is neither decency nor measure in these pursuits, and this outrageous boasting of the newspapers, has contributed greatly to debauch the ancient modesty of their character. When any fortunate battle or event was to be announced, the dictionary was exhausted for terms; great, glorious, proud, thinking, dignified, transcendent, brave, valiant, virtuous, spotless, immortal nation, were prodigally dispersed in the complacent columns of a second edition, till the bouncing and rolling periods of the transported Editor, seemed no bad imitation of the reports and echoes, of the Park and Tower guns.

This disposition to think themselves infallible, was further cultivated by the prevailing practice of self-approbation, in parliament and all publick assemblies. The ministry propose their measures, as suitable to a great, generous, magnanimous nation, the only hope of Europe; the opposition ground their censures on the same principle; that this or that measure is unworthy the noble, virtuous, superiour character of Englishmen. The same basis was acted upon at political dinners, where they meet by candle light, are all of one mind, make speeches for or against particular men and measures, and praise themselves *ad libitum;* in fact, an American caucus, with the addition of eating and drinking. Then there are numerous charitable meetings in the metropolis, and all over the country, at which a number of persons,

> Qui se sont faites philantropes pour être quelque chose,

bustle into a fleeting notoriety, by making harangues in which exclusive claims to virtue for their own, and arrogant pity for other nations, are the leading topicks; in which the coarsest flattery and profuse praise are thrown over an individual, sitting by the side of the speaker, and in the face of the whole assembly. The individual thus praised, gets up in his turn, and displays his gratitude by the most lavish panegyrick.* It may be easily perceived, how these constant habits of conferring on their own nation unlimited praise—thus attributing the highest moral qualities to themselves, the contrast being commonly heightened by deploring the irreligion, vice and misery of the Continent, should make them gradually forget by whom this praise is given; and coming at last to believe implicitly, what they had been told so confidently, they should be apt to confound their enemies with the enemies of virtue; and should think, that what they did was always right, that their own government was neither ambitious nor monopolizing, that their own statesmen never blundered or transgressed in their policy, and that all who opposed them must be both wicked and corrupt.

After these preliminary observations on the daily press, and the habits of publick thinking, we come now to the Quarterly Review. This was established by the friends of government in opposition to the Edinburgh Review; whose authority on all questions of taste and morals, and on some in philosophy and political science, was admitted without dissent, but which was devoted to the support of their opponents, in the politicks of the day. It therefore became necessary to publish a rival work, which should also possess the charms of fine writing and sagacious criticism, and in politicks counteract the views of its northern competitor. For this purpose, many of the most eminent wits and scholars of the "Church and King" school, were selected to give this work reputation. Some of these never entered very heartily, if at all, into the undertaking, and it has never in any point attained to the reputation of its rival. Still however it is patronized by the friends of the present administration, and widely circulated among the reading classes in England.

* To a foreigner of any nation, a scene of this kind is very amusing, and forms an admirable comment on that reserve and diffidence which English writers frequently consider as one of the distinguishing traits in their character.

It was in this work, published under these auspices, that forty-five pages of the number for January of last year, were devoted to the most laboured, revolting libel on the United States; involving the general and state governments, the whole nation from north to south, and from east to west—their character and conduct, moral, social and political, in one wide covering of profligacy, brutality and crime. If the partisans of the administration in England, had chosen to attack the conduct of our administration, the dependants of the latter might have answered it if they pleased; we should not have interfered in the quarrel. *Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.* But, that a work pretending to high literary character, and only noticing politicks incidentally, should be made use of, to carry into every library in England a collected mass of calumny and falsehood against a whole nation, and this at a period of extreme irritation arising out of war; that such a moment should be seized, and such means employed, to endeavour to make hostility and hatred immortal, is the offence that moves our indignation. Mr. Southey, who once wrote sonnets to a regicide, and now odes to the Prince Regent of England, has been accused of being the compiler of this libel; a fact which the author of the pamphlet before us treats as certain. For our part, though we have never relished his poetry very highly, we have always thought him a man of genius and virtue; and we believe indeed that he will be able to clear himself from this charge, and that the conductors of the Review, will even hereafter make an *amende honorable* to the publick.

We shall first make a cursory examination of the authorities adduced by the Reviewer.——*Weld* is quoted to furnish an exaggerated portrait of a Virginia planter; to prove that it is difficult to obtain a bed to one's self at an inn; to give the practices allowed in fighting in Kentucky; and to tell that the cows and sheep graze about the streets of Washington, with a bell about their necks, to prevent their being lost. It is not necessary to comment on these facts and mistakes. Mr. Weld, though he has given some misrepresentations in his work, is one of the most decent travellers, who have published accounts of the United States. From particular considerations he was led to praise Canada at our expense, and this has given him, in some places, the appearance of prejudice. We may here make a general remark.

which will apply to him as well as other travellers. He visited this country eighteen years ago, and a person may as well figure to himself a young girl at twenty, from having seen her at the age of five, as form an idea of many parts of our country now, from what they were at that time. The conveniencies of travelling, the prosperity of the country, and the growth of our cities, have wrought a greater change than ever took place in any country during the same period.

We next advert to *Burnaby*, who was an English clergyman, and is cited but once, and this oddly enough, to describe some of the processes of bundling.* He wrote an insignificant book of travels about 30 years since. *Priest* is quoted for a rule of an assembly at Hanover in Virginia, "that no gentleman is to enter the room without breeches," (that is, that he should not come in pantaloons) "or be allowed to dance without his coat." The Reviewer may perhaps have heard, that this same rule was enforced during the peace of 1803, on some Englishmen at the Opera in Paris, who, from the excessive heat, took off their coats in the boxes; the clamours of the pit, forced the attention of the police; and a soldier was sent to request them to walk out of the box into the lobby, where, having replaced their coats, they were suffered to return to their seats. We confess we think the Parisian pit, and the Virginia assembly were right in thinking it indecent, for a gentleman to take off his coat in publick. Priest is further cited, to prove the unfortunate situation of the Irish and German *Redemptioners*. They are no doubt often exposed to cruelty and hardship; yet a very large portion of them have had their condition meliorated in this country. Priest was a musician in the orchestra of some of our theatres, during a few years: he published an octavo volume, which is not much in request. *Wansey* is brought forward to prove that the members of

* This is a subject that has frequently attracted the notice of the English savans, who have travelled in the United States. We have heard of some amateurs, impelled by a laudable curiosity to investigate the customs of their country, who have vainly sought for an opportunity of performing this ceremony. The practice is said still to exist in some parts of Great Britain, among the peasantry; we believe it does no longer in this country. It is a very natural species of courtship, among a simple, rustick people, for among such only can it exist. In the works of Colonel de Weiss, there is an account and strong defence of it, as practised in Switzerland. Here these rites are attended with great mystery, if not quite obsolete; and we suspect have now fallen into the domain of the Antiquarian Society, who may perhaps favour the publick with some researches on the subject, in their first volume of Transactions.

Congress have each of them a desk to write upon, and to keep their papers. This to be sure is a luxury compared with the inconvenient, uncomfortable seats of both Houses of Parliament in England; but even uncomfortable seats will not prevent tiresome speeches, and they still sit, though ill at ease, through many a night of tedious debate. Our Senate and House of Representatives may therefore be accommodated with desks, particularly as they are much less numerous. Wansey was a Wiltshire clothier, who visited the United States on business, and staid three or four months. He passed some days in Boston, and the object that struck him most, was the railings on the tops of the houses in State-street for drying clothes. He published a harmless duodecimo volume.

Parkinson is quoted to prove, that a man, who shot another, was tried and acquitted on the plea of insanity. There have been several cases of the same kind in England, which is generally considered a proof of the humanity of their laws. We confess we doubt the expediency of ever pardoning a man on this plea, or the humanity of commuting the punishment of hanging, into that of perpetual incarceration, as is the case of late years in England. It is surprising that Parkinson is not made use of more copiously. He was an English farmer, who came here with very extravagant notions, and returned soured and disappointed. He related many facts in his works, among others, that there was no land in America that produced more than five bushels of wheat per acre. And his facts were so salutary to discontented men of his class, that it has been maliciously suspected, he was encouraged to write his book.

Moore, the imitator of Anacreon, is quoted several times; but his works are too well known to require any comment. He was received, in this country, with the most open, admiring, caressing hospitality; he went away, and slandered it in some indifferent verses. He was very young at the time, and expected promotion from persons whose patronage he has since given up. If we have not been misinformed, he regrets these performances; if so, far be it from us to revive them. *Lambert* is quoted to prove, from a story that he relates of the people of Worcester, that the inference of the Reviewer with regard to the state of Massachusetts, is just, that, "where the courts of justice are not respected, "the people are very apt to take the law into their own "hands." A passage is also quoted from him, descriptive of

a camp-meeting of methodists. It is indeed true, that the Southern and Western States, are infested with these fanaticks, but we believe the nuisance is decreasing, and in England, though many are alarmed at their progress in the church, their extravagancies are less than they were formerly. He is further made use of to describe the stages of dram-drinking in Virginia, and to say, that some of the democrats in Pennsylvania once proposed, that their lawyers should not be allowed to quote from English law books. Lambert rode through a considerable part of the United States in the mail stage, and has published two octavos descriptive of this country and Canada, which are rather uninteresting. He had not many advantages in seeing society; he seems to have possessed good intentions, and reprobates the absurd and malignant misrepresentations, in most of the books of his countrymen respecting us.

We had almost overlooked *Michaux*, whom the Reviewer has cited as one of his authorities. The following is the passage in which he is brought forward. "Mr. Mi-" chaux had the good fortune to be travelling in America, " at the auspicious period when the tax upon the whiskey " distilleries was repealed; and to witness the rejoicings on " that occasion. At one of the taverns, which he visited, " the rooms, the stairs, the yard, were covered with men " dead drunk, and those who were still able to get their " teeth separated, uttered only the accents of rage and fury." Now if the critick will turn to a long account of the fête, " the truly English fête," given at Belvoir Castle, last year, by the duke of Rutland, at the christening of his infant son, the Marquis of Granby, for whom the Prince Regent, and, if we mistake not, the Duke of York, stood sponsors; if he will turn to the pompous description of this fête, advertised in the principal newspapers of the day, to do the family honour, he will find this drunken frolick of the boors of Pennsylvania, very similar to the brutal orgies of Belvoir Castle; and which, incredible as it seemed, were given to the publick with so much complacency. We regret that we have not the papers by us, to enable our readers to make the comparison.

There remain Ashe, Janson and Cobbet. Janson, it appears, came to this country to live by the practice of his profession as a lawyer; that he was dissatisfied and grumbled at every thing, got into debt, and was obliged to make his escape from his creditors. He returned to England,

published a splendid book, a true job of the trade, pirated the plates, filled it with trash and called it, after the manner of Sir John Carr, the "Stranger in America." The book would probably never have been mentioned again, had not these remorseless Reviewers, "who unplumb the dead for bullets "to assassinate the living," brought it into notice. The author of the pamphlet has done such ample justice to Mr. Janson, that we shall say no more of him.

If there were any doubt of the Reviewers' being fully acquainted with the character of Ashe, it would be removed by the note respecting him, in which he betrays his guilt. "If Ashe be an impostor, the Knight of Bridge-street is "answerable for him." Sir Richard Phillips, "the Knight "of Bridge-street," is the proprietor of the Monthly Magazine; and in order to promote its circulation in France, it being one of the few works permitted by Bonaparte, he omitted publishing the British official despatches, from Spain, while he cautiously inserted all the French bulletins. For conduct of this kind, the patrons of the Quarterly Review last year, aided the establishment of a new Monthly Magazine, to rival the old one. Independently of politicks however, it may be asked, what credit they would attach to the responsibility of the Knight of Bridge-street? To return to Mr. Ashe, he is well known as a libeller by profession; his travels in America,* written in a garret, in London, was one libel, his "Spirit of the Book," another. His conduct to the Countess of B. and other tricks of the same kind, must we think have been known to the Reviewers; but his general character was notorious. What monstrous baseness, then, to cite as a principal witness, a wretch like him! can it be surpassed? We come at last to *Cobbet*, of whom great use is made. There is no man whom the patrons of the Quarterly Review have "persecuted" more than the author of Peter Porcupine. There is no writer of the present day, whom they more deeply hate, or whose opinions they despise more sincerely. A convicted libeller on both sides of the Atlantick, he has, in a few years, gone the complete round of party in both countries. There is no man or measure that he once abused, that he does not now praise, and none that he now calumniates, that he has not

* The reader who wants to be informed about this work can consult the Monthly Anthology for March, 1809.

formerly panegyrized. He is constant only in violence, and his style is imbued with his original profession; there is a drilling repetition of his arguments, and commanding vulgarity of manner, that more frequently recals the cane of the sergeant, than the pen of a politician. It is ominous however to any party, to whom he attaches himself; his rancour, violence and brutal abuse, did the federalists infinite mischief, while he sided with them; and as he has now patronized their opponents, we trust his exertions may obtain for them a similar result.

Having thus hastily examined his witnesses, we may form some opinion of his fitness for the task he has undertaken, by some of his assertions, in which he is so positive, that he has not thought it necessary to produce any vouchers. Among these are, that Mr. Jefferson, while Vice-President, "obtained a pernicious influence over the "President," (Adams.) Another, that the Judges of the United States are chosen by election, and have no fixed and permanent salaries, so that, "they become, in fact, the "creatures of the President and Senate; and the test of "their 'good behaviour,' is their acting in all political "matters, conformably with the views of the government."

It is most remarkable, that for every insulated anecdote, that he has brought forward to prove the general character of the country, we might with very little labour discover an overwhelming parallel. One of these, the case of Lyon, has been taken up by the author of the work before us, and which will be found among our extracts; but as he has not carried it through, we will here supply the omission. The Reviewer says, "this man was afterwards convicted of "seditious practices, and of libelling the President; was put "in jail; was re-elected while there; and again escaped "expulsion by the active support of the democratick party." "Happy the nation," says Cobbet, "where there is but one "step, from the condemned hole to the Legislature!" A very few months after this was written, lord Cochrane, having been struck from the list of the navy, driven from the Order of the Bath, expelled the House of Commons, condemned to a heavy fine, a year's imprisonment, and the pillory, was returned by the city of Westminster, while in prison, a member of the House of Commons.

The more we consider this article of the Review, the more we are confounded at its rashness, at the provocation

given to recrimination, which would be easy and fruitful of reflections. Some of these are so prominent, and so notorious even to those who have never been in England, that they instantly occur to the mind of every one; a disgust at scandal, and a respect for the English nation, could alone prevent recurring to them in self defence. Had the writer too forgotten the indignation which was felt for the work of the notorious *Fieveé*, in which the most odious picture was given of England, by extracts from all the satires of her own subjects? But, no reflection of this kind would have deterred him from his design, of aspersing and misrepresenting our whole nation, in the opinion of every individual in England; which would be the more easily effected, as the same persons who might be on their guard against the passion and falsehood of the daily papers, would be imposed upon by the respectability of a work, not specially employed in party discussions; and being maturely published at distant intervals, is supposed to be more measured and cautious in its opinions. Of thousands who will have read this libel, by far the greater part will never see any refutation of it; and numbers, without reflecting on its extravagance, or being able to detect its absurdity, will hold the very name of American in contempt and detestation. When the intercourse between different countries is so extensive and beneficent, as it has become in modern times, it seems as though some punishment should be devised by common consent, against the libeller, who, in defaming a whole nation, does every thing in his power to engender mutual animosity.

In the present instance, the common imputations of coarseness, rudeness, and vulgarity, are so diminished in the mass of deformity and vice, under which the critick has attempted to bury us, as to be of very subordinate interest. But as this accusation of coarseness is a favourite one, and has been often made from more respectable quarters; we are induced, as this is a discussion that can excite no bitterness, to turn, for a moment, upon those who bring it forward.

A gentleman of France or Italy, would stare at hearing an accusation of coarseness and rudeness, coming from England, where a celebrated wit of the former country, said, *there was nothing polished but steel.** We shall venture

* 'When the Count de Laraguais was asked, on his return from England, his 'opinion of its produce and inhabitants, he exclaimed; "*Ah! c'est le pays le "plus drole qu'on puisse imaginer. Ils ont vingt religions, mais ils n'ont qu'une "sauce. Toutes les liqueurs sont aigres hormis le vinaigre. Ils n'ont de fruit*

to cite two or three cases of violations of delicacy and refinement, without recurring to those florid compounds of beef and porter, who sometimes come among us to vend their wares; nor to the egregious cockneys of London, or even to those consequential personages, who, in a gait between the swing of a sailor, and the trampling of a dragoon, saunter in trios through Pall Mall, Bond Street and St. James's. We shall mount into higher regions for our examples, and, if a single errour can be discovered there, the quality of our proofs may spare us the irksome labour of increasing the quantity. They are selected from the publick papers during a short period.

The first instance, is a letter from a general officer in the British army, Lord Dalhousie, to the Duke of Angoulême, a descendant of him who was immortalized in these well-known lines:

> And thou Dalhousie, thou great God of war,
> Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

It is copied from the Morning Chronicle of April 25, 1814, and is dated, "Bordeaux, April 11th. Sir, I hasten with all "the warmth and sincerity of a truly English heart, to con- "gratulate your Royal Highness on the great events which "have been at length announced. As a pledge of the joy "of Lord Wellington and my country, I am eager to offer "the liberty of 300 officers and soldiers now in my power. "I beg your Royal Highness to be pleased to send them "to their homes, that they may be the happy messengers "of the restoration of the Bourbons, and the happiness of "France. This step, the responsibility of which I take "upon myself, animated by the example of the Conquerour "of Paris, cannot fail to be approved of by him, whose con- "stant study has been, in the midst of his victorious career, "to alleviate the miseries of war."—Now remark how really good intentions are buried, in the awkwardness and coarseness of this epistle. In the first place, he is addressing a *French* prince, and in the genuine style of an English newspaper, talks of his "truly *English* heart," as a distinguishing excellence; and then with still more exquisite

"*mûr, que les pommes cuites, et de poli que l'acier.* 'Tis the strangest place you "can conceive. They have twenty religions, and but one sauce. All their "liquors are sour, except the vinegar. They have no ripe fruit but baked "apples, and nothing polished but steel."

refinement, reminds the same prince, not of the victorious, or magnanimous Alexander, but of *the conquerour of Paris.*

The next example is an extract from a despatch of Lord Castlereagh, dated Paris, April 13th, 1814—"I have the "honour to acquaint your Lordship, that Monsieur made "his publick entry yesterday, and was received with the ut- "most cordiality by the whole population of Paris. It was "deemed more expedient that the solemnity should be pure- "ly French, the allied Sovereigns did not therefore attend, "nor did any of their troops join the cortege; but, as the "Bourbon family had been so long resident in England, I "thought I should neither incur the displeasure of the Prince "Regent, nor give occasion to injurious comment, by meet- "ing his Royal Highness at the barrier, and accompanying "him into Paris. The whole of the British mission here "present attended, and with the Field Marshals of the em- "pire, were close to his person, whilst he traversed the town "amidst the applause of the people."—It is evident from the tenor of this letter, that his Lordship doubted the propriety of what he had done. It is difficult to imagine a more extraordinary blunder; and which nothing but the habitual arrogance of his nation, that renders them absolutely regardless of the feelings of foreigners, could have betrayed Lord Castlereagh, who is really one of the most accomplished and polite men in England, into committing. The emperour of Russia, the king of Prussia, and their ministers and generals, with the most obvious policy, and just knowledge of human nature, and, we may add, the most amiable refinement, refrained from this triumphal entry. But the English should have been the last to obtrude themselves; their very apparition must have awakened the hatred, which twenty years of exasperated misfortune had nourished, and converted at once the grateful return of the Bourbons into a scene of humiliation to France, and offensive triumph to their inveterate foe. The unfortunate Count d'Artois, whom the admirable policy of the allied sovereigns left to enter the capital, accompanied only by the Marshals of France, and his own friends and countrymen, was doomed to be "met at the barrier" by Lord Castlereagh and suit, and obliged to drag these unlucky Englishmen in his train. Surely there was not a subaltern of any other nation at Paris, who would not have shrugged his shoulders at this procedure of the British minister.

The next example will carry us a step higher. Every one has heard of the royal fêtes that were given in the Parks for the amusement of the people, to which the publick attention was long directed, and the newspapers filled with puffing and describing, though in the end they sadly disappointed expectation, after the great expense and time that had been devoted to their preparation. They were managed by Colonel Congreve, under the particular control of the Prince Regent, with whom they were a favourite project, and by whose particular will they were given. One of the most prominent objects was the representation of naval engagements on the Serpentine river; this consisted of two parts, the capture of two American frigates, and the destruction of a French fleet. We extract from the Courier, a part of the description.—"Thus ended the first part of the "engagement," (the capture of the two American frigates) "and so much *a matter of course* was the result, that the "spectators did not allow their exultations to exhibit itself in "a single cheer." (This turn at least was ingenious.) "—A "French fleet of six sail of the line, the admiral's ship a "three decker, lay at anchor; a British fleet of equal force "was in sight; it did not require the spirit of prophecy to "foresee the consequences."—As to the *American* part of it, we have nothing to object; we have perhaps been sufficiently recompensed for the disasters we suffered in this engagement, by the fame we have acquired in some others, by the uncourtly sullenness of the mob who refused to cheer this royal success, and by the sarcasm of the Liverpool merchant, that if his Majesty's ministers could strike the American flag on the ocean, as well as on the Serpentine river, they would give greater pleasure to the country. But the *French* fleet. The Regent had just conducted Louis 18th with much parade from the capital, and parted with many embraces on the beach at Dover—a long and bitter contest had just closed; the impassible barrier which vigilant despotism had placed between the two nations was at length removed, they were all anxious to visit each other, to examine scenes from which they had been long excluded, to renew ancient intimacies, and to indulge the hopes of future peace and amity. Every circumstance that took place at London, was speedily known at Paris; every movement was watched to judge of the feelings and intentions of each other. The peculiar situation of the French king made

even trifles of consequence to him. What then must have been his feelings, what would be the impressions of the French, respecting the magnanimous and conciliatory sentiments of their new friends, to find in this grand fête of princely invention, and whose details were described in all the papers of Europe, that a prominent part of it, was a deliberate insult to the national honour, in the first moments of gayety and joy, at the restoration of peace?

We shall make copious extracts from the pamphlet that has given occasion to these long, perhaps *lengthy* remarks. It would have been better, if the author had railed at Mr. Southey less, even if he were certain that he wrote the Review. We doubt whether the calling Dr. Franklin Jupiter tonans will bear a strict examination. The allusion, in page 98, to an adventure attributed to the Regent is unfortunate. The ballads indeed were sung, and the caricatures were exhibited, but the event was equally fabulous and absurd, and only calculated for the "vary vulgar," the mere populace. It afforded a striking instance of the excessive licentiousness of the English press, which goes all lengths in abusing themselves, as well as the rest of the world.

"Thus much with respect to the fairness of this writer's "mode of reasoning, from a single fact, which is brought for- "ward in such a way as to render it impossible to refute it, "even were it worth the trouble. A circumstance which "takes place in no particular town or district, which is charg- "ed upon a man without a name, and which was committed "at no time that we know of, may forever elude the test of "inquiry, and baffle the world to demonstrate that it never "happened. For this reason it is, that fraud always deals in "loose generalities, and in this way does shuffling malignity "not only escape detection, but evade the consequences of "its falsehoods and misrepresentations.

"It sometimes happens, however, that in an evil hour, a "writer, in his unwary zeal to criminate or condemn, is be- "trayed into an assertion that subjects him to the unpleasant "consequence of being convicted on the statute. Thus it has "happened to the unfortunate laureat, who roundly asserts, "that, 'every freewoman in the United States is a voter,' an "assertion which bespeaks either a total ignorance of the "subject on which he ventured to remark, or an uncontrolla- "ble propensity to misrepresent. In the state of New-Jersey "alone the right of suffrage was formerly extended to unmar- "ried females of the age of twenty-one years, and possessing

"property to the value of fifty pounds.* Yet the writer who "pretends to give a comprehensive analysis, of our political "institutions and government, is either ignorant that the state "of New-Jersey formed an exception to a general rule, or "else studiously falsifies his knowledge for the purpose of "supporting an argument, that is of no consequence whatever "to the subject. We have occasionally met with men pos- "sessing such a decided vocation to falsehood, that they told "untruths for the mere pleasure of the thing; but we have "too great a respect for the laureat, to insinuate that he be- "longs to this disinterested class of dealers in hyperbole.

"It was merely to expose this writer's want of accuracy, "that we remarked upon the subject at all, for really it does "not appear to be a matter of the least consequence to the "character of a nation, whether free women vote or not. "The fact is one of those which arises from some peculiar "or local circumstances, and neither indicates corruption of "manners, or an abuse of rational liberty. If it does, how- "ever, we can give an instance extracted from a work, which, "having been often attributed to the laureat, and never, so "far as has come to our knowledge, denied by him, may be "fairly charged to his account. Though not exactly a paral- "lel case, it will serve to show that even in England the right "of suffrage is not only exercised in fact, but grossly, inde- "corously, and blasphemously, abused by freewomen. The "laureat, speaking in his assumed character, gives the follow- "ing curious information concerning an election in the an- "cient and respectable city of Bristol, renowned in early "ages for dealing in white, and in latter days for dealing in "black slaves.

"'In Bristol,' observes the writer, 'a freeman's daughter "conveys the qualification of voting by marriage. Women "enter into the heat of party even more eagerly than men; "and when the mob is more than usually mischievous, are "sure to be at the head of it. In one election for the city "of Bristol, which was violently contested, it was common "for the same woman to marry several men. The mode of "divorce was, that as soon as the ceremony was over, and "the parties came out of church, they went into the church- "yard, shaking hands over a grave, and repeating, 'Now "death do us part;' after which the bridegroom went to ex-

* "This privilege has since been withheld by an act of the Legislature."

"ercise his right of suffrage, and the bride to confer it on "other husbands.'*

"A more bitter mockery of a sacrament;† a more wicked "insult to the dead; a more wanton violation of principle, "feeling, and delicacy, was never ascribed to that sex, which, "however it may be libelled, is ever the last in the train of "national corruption. When the unmarried daughters of "freemen, who, it is presumed, have been brought up in the "habits of decorum, thus prostitute themselves to become "the instruments of a mere electioneering deception, what "must be the standard of morality and decency among the "unmannered and ignorant? Such a mockery of a sacred "rite involves every characteristick feature of moral depravi- "ty; and when the laureat can bring forward its parallel in "the elections of this country, let him, if he will, provoke a "comparison between the state of society in the United States "and England.

"As a natural consequence of this extension of the right "of suffrage among the people, the writer next infers the "ignorance and barbarity of their representatives from the "famous story of Matthew Lyon, who, being a 'turbulent "Irishman,' as he truly affirms; and furthermore, as he "affirms, not truly, 'the representative of a keg of whiskey,' "every member of the house, according to his improved "manner of drawing conclusions, must of course be exactly "in the same predicament. That Matthew Lyon was an "Irishman we believe is most true; but so is Lord Welling- "ton and Mr. Grattan, one a peer, the other a member of "the lower house. No decisive argument against the char- "acter of any legislative body can, therefore, be drawn from "that fact. That Matthew Lyon fought with 'one Roger "Griswold,' as the writer, with his characteristick and vul- "gar insolence, affects to call him, is equally true; and so "far as this single circumstance can go to justify the gene- "ral invectives of the laureat, we are willing to give it "full weight.

"In the course of this most disagreeable undertaking, the "necessity of which we deplore, we have had occasion al- "most at every step to lament the want of authorities, to "which we might resort for those little domestick facts, that "do not generally become matters of record, are only pre-

* Espriella's Letters.

† This expression would imply, that the author of the *United States and England*, is a Roman Catholick.

" served in the fleeting productions of the times, and escape " the research of those who, like ourselves, have but little " appetite for national scandal. Unluckily for us, no second " Janson, possessing the irritability, without the talent of " Smelfungus; no systematick libeller; no thorough Ameri- " can 'Grumbler,' stuffed full of ignorance and prejudice, and " irritated at the loss of his 'fifteen per cent.' ever travelled " over England with a bailiff at his heels, collecting high-way " tittle-tattle for the edification of his countrymen. We have, " consequently, been obliged to consult grave lawyers, sage " magistrates, and antiquarians, 'with spectacles on nose,' " and to trust our heads (being batchelors) in the dangerous " precincts of Doctors' Commons, in order to come at au- " thorities. It was, therefore, by the merest accident in the " world, that we obtained a record of the following case, " which is fairly entitled to a comparison with that of the " 'valiant Lyon,' and which did not occur in the persons of a " 'turbulent Irishman' and 'a representative of whiskey,' but " in those of a knight of the shire, and an honourable baronet. " Whether this valiant knight of the shire was of the order of " chivalry, or whether the honourable baronet belonged to " that of the 'Spinning Jinny,' as the 'man that called him- " self Peter Porcupine,' ycleps it, we cannot positively say. " The account of this desperate engagement is taken from " the English newspapers, which are, at least, equal in au- " thority to the gossipping of a fugitive from justice, or a " tenant of Newgate.

" Fracas Extraordinary.

" 'In the committee upon the new post-office bill, yester- " day, a curious fracas took place between a city baronet and " a county member, who exchanged inkstands, but fortu- " nately without hurting each other, although with some annoy- " ance to their neighbours from the contents of these missiles. " The committee room was immediately cleared, and con- " siderable discussion took place with a view to adjust the " dispute.'

" *Morning Chronicle.*"

[Page 32—37.]

" Having despatched, in this summary manner, the exe- " cutive, legislative, and judicial branches of our govern- " ment, the laureat proceeds to attack our general system

" of toleration, as leading to a thousand extravagancies of " opinion, and ultimately to a total indifference to gospel " truths. 'It is almost needless to add,' he observes, 'that " this divorce (of church and state) has been productive of a " pretty numerous crop of illegitimate sects, all equally thriv- " ing under the salutary and fostering neglect of the parent " state. To recount them would be endless; Presbyterians, " Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, Moravians, Quakers, " Dunkers, and Shakers, with a multitude of others whose " names it would be as unprofitable to enumerate, as it would " be difficult to assign their characteristick differences of doc- " trine or belief, exhibit altogether as satisfactory a view as " can be desired, of the fanatical extravagance, to which the " bulk of mankind would be driven by the raptures of vision- " aries, or the arts of impostors, or by the mere necessity and " craving of the human mind for some intercourse with its " Creator, in the absence of a national church and an estab- " lished worship.'

" We should be better disposed to assent to the argument " contained in this extract, were not the reasoning contradict- " ed by the simple fact, that in England, where there is 'a " national church and an established worship,' a greater " diversity of religious sects is to be found than in the United " States, where nothing of that nature exists. We are sorry " to quote the authority of a writer against his own assertions, " inasmuch as it seems like wounding the eagle with an arrow " feathered from his own wing. But this is a catastrophe " which often befalls men who change their opinions from " motives of interest, or convenience, or even a sense of con- " viction. In the work from which we formerly extracted, " we find the following copious list of the different religious " sects which had sprung up in England, under the fostering " patronage, not of universal toleration, but of a national " church, and an established religion.

" 'Arminians, Socinians, Baxterians, New Americans, Sa- " bellians, Lutherans, Moravians, Swedenborgians, Athana- " sians, Episcopalians, Arians, Sabbatarians, Trinitarians, Uni- " tarians, Millenarians, Necessarians, Sublapsarians, Supra- " lapsarians, Antinomians, Hutchinsonians, Sandemanians, " Muggletonians, Baptists, Anabaptists, Poedobaptists, Me- " thodists, Papists, Universalists, Calvinists, Materialists, De- " structionists, Brownists, Independents, Protestants, Hugue- " nots, Nonjurors, Seceders, Hernhutters, Dunkers, Jumpers,

"Shakers, and Quakers.' 'A precious nomenclature,' ob-
"serves the laureat, 'only to be paralleled by the catalogue
"of the Philistines, in Sanson Nazareno; or the muster roll
"of Anna de Santiago, under Aquias, Brum, and Acuta,
"lieutenant generals to Lucifer himself.'*

"It would seem from this extraordinary catalogue of reli-
"gious sects, that we must look to some other cause than
"mere toleration, for the source of that diversity of opinion
"which prevails in the United States. If, under the salutary
"restraints of an established church, holding forth in one hand
"rich bishopricks, fat stalls, and comfortable deaneries, and
"the full exercise of civil rights, and in the other brandishing
"tests and disqualifications, such a vast variety of sects have
"taken root in England, it must be obvious to the most su-
"perficial reasoner, that this latitude of opinion is not to be
"attributed, to what the writer is pleased to call the divorce
"of church and state. What the real causes of these divi-
"sions in the church are, we do not feel ourselves inclined to
"inquire, because our object is already attained, in having
"refuted the position, that a unity of belief in religious mat-
"ters depends upon the establishment of a national church.

"That such a union in mere points of ceremony, is a mat-
"ter of very great consequence to the enlarged and universal
"interests of religion, seems to be a position difficult to estab-
"lish. So long as mankind agree in the belief of the funda-
"mental principles of the christian faith, a difference in cere-
"monials appears to be of no very great consequence, either
"to their present or future state, provided they possess the
"virtue of charity. We do not mean that which consists, in
"merely relieving the necessities of our fellow creatures, but
"that charity, which is said to be even greater than faith;
"which prompts us to deal gently towards those who differ
"with us in opinion, to pity them if they are wrong, and re-
"frain from persecuting them for those speculative doctrines
"which, having no natural approximation either to virtue or
"vice, require not to be lacerated by the scourge, or purified
"at the stake.

"It has, unhappily we believe for the interests of true
"piety, become of late the practice of certain political wri-
"ters in England, to associate religion in almost every
"inquiry, whatever may be its nature. The author of the

* Espriella.

" abusive article now under consideration, having followed " the fashion, and mixed eternal truths with temporal false- " hoods, we were obliged, contrary to our feelings, to repel " his charges here as elsewhere. But we cannot forbear " expressing a belief, that this practice of combining religion " and politicks for ever together, is injurious to the inter- " ests of the former. Religion is like the white flake of " driven snow, descending untouched from the skies, and " cannot come in contact with any earthly matter without be- " ing soiled and polluted. It communicates directly from " the universal intelligence to the intelligence of man, and " requires not the intervention of mortal institutions to im- " plant or foster it in his bosom. It is degraded by being " associated in the paltry struggle of ambition ; and to place " its fate upon the decision of a battle, or the existence of " any worldly establishments, is to impeach the divinity of " its origin.

" This extreme anxiety in the English politicians to con- " nect the interests of church and state, indicates pretty " clearly, we think, that the latter wants a little propping to " prevent its fall. Finding their political system no longer " able to stand alone, they have cunningly endeavoured to " sustain it by establishing a family alliance, and connecting " its interests inseparably with those of religion, nay, making " the latter entirely dependent on the former. Connected " they may indeed be, but to say that the existence of the " true religion depends on political institutions, is to affirm " that the oak is sustained by the ivy which entwines about " its self-supported trunk.

[Page 43—46.]

" Another and a most serious charge is made by the " Quarterly Review, involving the reputation of that sex " which, we should suppose, none but a worthless recreant, " whose crimes had banished him the society of virtue, " would insult by a general imputation of a want of respect " for the marriage vow. This charge is introduced by an " advertisement of ' my wife Betsey' by ' one John Bolton,' " and is supported entirely on the authority of a most inge- " nious, as well as satisfactory, calculation of the witness " from Newgate. ' I once,' says this libeller of both worlds, " cut out of all the newspapers we received for one month, " the advertisements of all the runaway wives, and pasted

" them on a slip of paper, close under each other. At the " end of a month, the slip reached from the ceiling to the " floor of a room more than ten feet high, and contained " one hundred and twenty-three advertisements. We did " not receive, at most, more than one twentieth part of the " newspapers of the United States. If a calculation be " made from these facts, it will be found that there were " about twenty-five thousand separations and elopements in " a year; a calculation which I am certain is far within " bounds.' Was ever the reputation of womankind sub- " jected to the criterion of such a calculation? It reminds " us, by an irresistible association, of that ingenious problem " proposed by honest Jack, to ascertain the value of a cart- " load of turnips by the price of a pound of butter. The " premises of the witness from Newgate are pretty much of " the same kind, and we have no doubt that his conclusion " is of equal accuracy with that, which would have been the " result of our honest tar's mode of comparison. There is " something so grossly ludicrous, such a broad and vulgar " grin on the face of it, that we cannot prevail on ourselves " to treat it seriously. For the amusement of our readers " we will try what would be the result of such a calculation " as it respects England.

" From the records of Westminster-hall, and the peri- " odical works, newspapers, &c. published in England with- " in a single year, we have been able to collect fifty-two " cases of what used to be politely termed in former times " a *tête-à-tête*, eighteen of which were of titled ladies; sixty- " eight elopements, and thirty-nine instances of wives ex- " posed to publick sale, like cattle at Smithfield.* We are " well assured that of the law cases, we saw not (being " no lawyers) one in twenty; of the periodical works, not " one in five hundred; and of the newspapers, not one in " five thousand. Now, if the calculation be made from " these premises, it will incontrovertibly appear, that at " least eight hundred and eighty thousand women in Eng-

* " Here follows an account of the manner in which these sales are per- " formed, extracted from a late British publication:

" ' Shropshire. The town of Ludlow lately witnessed one of those scenes *to* " *which custom has attached the character of lawful transactions in the minds of* " *the lower class.* A well-looking woman, wife of John Hall, to whom she had " been married only one month, was brought by him in a halter, and sold by " auction in the market for two-and-sixpence, with the addition of sixpence for " the rope with which she was led. In this sale the customary market fees " were charged—toll, one penny: pitching, threepence.'—*New Monthly Maga-* " *zine*, for Sept. 1814."

" land are divorced, run away, or are sold by their husbands " at publick auction! Admitting there are one million of " married females in that country, it will result that rather " more than eight tenths are in one or other of these pre- " dicaments; a calculation, we think, very much within " bounds! We beg forgiveness of that sex whom it is in " our nature to reverence and admire, for the levity with " which we have treated this subject. But there are pro- " positions so absurd, that they can only be exposed by " others still more extravagant; and imputations that men " would only render their characters questionable by conde- " scending to refute."

[Page 58--60.]

" It may not, however, be altogether idle to inquire into " those peculiarities in our situation, which have, as we " conceive, occasioned the human mind in this country to be " diverted in so very uncommon a degree, from what may " be termed the business of literature. The principal cause " heretofore assigned by writers well acquainted with the " state of our country, is the facility of acquiring wealth and " distinction, by a thousand other means less laborious and " more certain. That this is of powerful and extensive " operation we are well satisfied, but it appears to us that the " want of habits of study may be traced to a cause much " deeper and more remote.

" Among our adventurous and determined forefathers, " who left their native climes to battle with the unknown " dangers of an unknown world, were undoubtedly many " learned men, especially clergymen, habituated to study " and contemplation. But from the moment they set foot " in this new world, they encountered a series of obstacles " that demanded every exertion of mind and body to sur- " mount. Their days were consumed in providing against " cold and famine, or in guarding against the fury and the " wiles of the jealous Indian. Many years of danger and " hardship elapsed, before they could sit down quietly, and " resume their usual habits of life; and when that period " arrived, these habits were lost irrecoverably in the long " struggle for existence, It is well known how tedious, " slow, and lingering is the approach of a people to learning, " and in how short a period they relapse into other pursuits. " A few years of active and dangerous employment, are " sufficient for the creation of a hardy and warlike race,

" but generations must pass away, and ages of peace elapse, " before a people, once drawn from the habits of study and " contemplation, will probably ever resume them again. An " active life, and one which associates danger with almost " every step, is altogether incompatible with the nature and " pursuits of the scholar, and it will be found that though " in a few rare instances a man may retain his acquirements " in such a situation, his posterity will never succeed to " them.

" A close inspection of the history of this country, from " its first colonization to the revolution, which threw an " everlasting barrier between the United States and Eng- " land, will show that at no period whatever were the scat- " tered people exempt from an actual state of warfare, either " against savage men, or savage beasts. The first settler, " in addition to his implements of labour was obliged to " carry his musket or his rifle, and his employment was " always a combination of labour with danger. It is easily " to be supposed, that this was no period for learning to " flourish, or for the human mind to take a direction towards " literature, or the arts, except such as were necessary to " subsistence or security. Men now living in the city of " New-York can recollect the period, when the inhabitants " were under continual apprehensions of Indian hostility. " Yet such is the elasticity, and such the capacity, of young " nations, as well as young children, to recover the effects " of adverse accidents, that the genius of our country rose " against the pressure of these obstacles; literary institu- " tions began to spring up every where, and every year " assumed new consequence, and a taste, at least, for polite " literature gradually appeared wherever there was personal " security. At the commencement of those disputes be- " tween this country and England, which at once monopo- " lized, as it were, the minds of men, we had many elegant " and accomplished scholars. They did not, it is true, write " books, for every man was not then his own writer, but " they had acquired stores of science and information that " would have placed them high in any country.

" At this point of time the stormy indications of a revolu- " tion appeared in the firmament, and drew the attention of " the colonist from every other object. The questions " which then agitated the minds of men, were such as in- " volved considerations of sufficient magnitude to occupy " them all, and to combine every energy in the pursuit of

" one single object. It will be perceived that there is a " vast difference, and one materially affecting this inquiry, " between a war carried into the territory of an enemy, and " one that is brought home to ourselves. In one case it is " only felt remotely, and is little more than a rumour of " war ; it endangers the personal safety, and interferes " with the pursuits, only of those actually engaged on the " side of the invading party. But in the other, it comes " home to the bosom and business of every man ; it howls " at his door, invades his home, and forces him from his " ordinary occupations to the defence of every object dear " to his affections. For centuries past, though England " has been almost continually engaged in hostilities, her " wars, with the exception of the civil commotion which " converted a very indifferent monarch into an illustrious " martyr, have been carried on at a distance, and, conse- " quently, did not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of a " time of peace. During a lapse of ages she has seen but " one hostile army, and in all that time, with the exception " just made, the cultivators of literature as well as of the " soil, have remained undisturbed in their occupations. But " it was otherwise with the people of America. Their " wars have hitherto been wars for their altars and their " hearths, waged, not for foreign conquest, but for defence " against savages, or enemies exasperated into a fury, that " gave their incursions the character of an irruption of " barbarians. Our struggle with England in the revolution, " was hand to hand, foot to foot, and heart against heart. " Every limb and sinew was strained almost to agony, and " every vein of the country bled at different times. There " was not an asylum in all the land where the student " could retire to pursue his studies, free from the appre- " hension of danger, or out of hearing of the din of war ; " and if he studied at all, it was, like Archimedes, how to " defend his home.

" This 'tug of war' lasted seven years ; and in seven " years, habits that have not taken deep root are totally " eradicated. Those who are young, adopt new ones ; " and those who are too old to change, die. During this " stormy period another race sprung up, and it is obvious " that their pursuits would receive a direction from the " circumstances of the times. The war ended at last in the " establishment of our independence, but not in the imme- " diate restoration of a state of things favourable to the

" revival of learning. It was followed by a long and inter-
" esting contest, with respect to the adoption of a constitu-
" tion, that was to form a bond of union between thirteen
" separate and independent republicks. The different lo-
" cal partialities, the diversity of opinions prevailing among
" men equally eminent for talents and virtues, the mutual
" sacrifices necessary to be made, and the difficulty of ac-
" commodating this opposition of interests and opinions,
" delayed for a long time the settlement of this most im-
" portant question, which agitated every heart with anxiety.
" During this interesting period, it is not to be supposed
" that the minds of that class of men, which usually fur-
" nishes the materials for scholars, would be sufficiently
" abstracted from the object on which, in their opinion,
" depended the good or evil result of their seven years'
" labours, to admit of pursuing any studies, but such as
" would qualify them to support their political opinions.
" Accordingly, we find this period fruitful in orators and
" politicians, equal, perhaps, to any of the age; but very
" few, if any writers on subjects distinct from this great con-
" stitutional question.

" Hardly had the minds of men become calm and set-
" tled after this struggle, when the revolution of France
" began to draw the eyes, to absorb the attention, and ex-
" cite the passions of mankind in both hemispheres. It
" brought the democratical and monarchial principles into
" a dreadful contest that shook them both, alternately, to
" their centre; it divided the human race into two great
" parties, and converted the world into a coffee-house for
" political discussions. In its progress, it brought into ac-
" tion, and gave a stimulus to every turbulent passion of our
" nature; men, women, and children, every where whirled
" about in its vortex; individual and national antipathies
" acquired increasing bitterness; those who might have
" grown to be scholars became only politicians; and those
" who had already began to emerge from the current, fell
" back into the whirlpool to rise no more; or, if they re-
" gained the surface, appeared in some new form, like the
" Virginian rail, which is said to go down a bird in autumn,
" and come up a frog in the spring.

" This rapid sketch of the history of our country may,
" perhaps, serve to account for the few specimens of lite-
" rature and the fine arts to be found in the United States,
" without resorting to the mortifying confession of a want

" of original genius. The peculiar situations in which we " have been placed during the short period of our existence, " have drawn the mind continually from that calm and " quiet self-possession without which few, perhaps we might " say none, can ever hope to enter into the deep re- " cesses of learning, or sport in the fair fields of poetical " inspiration. Such pursuits and amusements require a " mind abstracted from the labours of active life, and free " from the apprehension of personal danger, as well as the " temptations of worldly ambition. The allurements of " knowledge are gentle, quiet, and unassuming: those of " glory, wealth, and pleasure, glittering and obtrusive. It " is the choice of Hercules; and as few men have the " strength of body, so still fewer have the firmness of mind, " or the judgment, to make a selection equally judicious " with that of the hero. The business of a scholar is in- " compatible with any other excitement than the love of " knowledge, and the hope of a pure and spotless immor- " tality. To him, a mind undisturbed and free to pursue " the object of his peculiar contemplation, is indispensably " necessary; and the nation that does not already possess " men who have acquired a decided vocation to study, must " never expect them to be the product of a long succession " of dangerous labours, fearful apprehensions, and bloody " invasions."

[Page 86—91.]

We hope that the indignation which this libel has excited among men of all parties in America, may create some sensation in England, and that it may there be treated eventually with the scorn it merits. It is indeed time, that some generous writer should volunteer on their side, to counteract the tendency of national prejudices, to nourish implacable hatred between the two nations. The abuse of the daily papers we disregard; it is their vocation; and the publick generally make allowances for their misrepresentation and violence. The writings of a man like Cobbet afford us no satisfaction; because, if he espouses our cause now, it is not to make compensation for former abuse; but, the mere restless ebullition of factious opposition to his own government; nor have we any security, that he will not return to-morrow to his primitive doctrines, and again stimulate the mob with every species of calumny, to wish our utter destruction. In this country, many of the most eminent citizens, in the fear

that France would have attained universal power, that was almost within the grasp of the madman, from whose tyranny she has escaped; with a keen perception of the mischievous political consequences that often follow strong, national antipathies; and from a generous respect and esteem for the illustrious character of the land of their ancestors, have long and fearlessly stemmed the torrent of party and popular passion. From the splendid eulogy of Mr. Walsh, down to essays in a newspaper, in orations and sermons,* no opportunity has been neglected to allay irritation, to soften the keen sense of injuries, to do the utmost to preserve an honourable neutrality, or, if they were forced into the war, that it should be, on what seemed the weakest side, against the tyrant who aspired to the despotick control of the world. Disdaining the easy and ignoble course of rousing the passions of the people, to profit more securely by their delusion; they have bared their breasts to encounter the most natural direction of publick feeling, till ordinary, though honest minds, have in numerous instances, given way to believe the base imputations that party rancour has suggested. Such efforts, to be continued, must be met; to be useful, must be mutual. Believing, as we do, that there is nothing essentially conflicting in the permanent interests of the two nations, that a state of social and commercial intercourse is advantageous to both; we trust some efforts may be made on the side of England, to remove prejudice, and to cultivate esteem and good will towards us; if not, it is in vain to expect that such exertions can be sustained on one side alone; and we may at once apprehend, and prepare for a constant succession of future wars, founded not in policy, but in passion. Venerating many of their institutions, admiring their progress in all the useful arts; contemplating, with delight, the high and refined education, and the enlarged sphere of charity, which their wealth and publick spirit have given them, and which adorn the whole surface of their island; appreciating the high degree of civil liberty they enjoy; and knowing that a large portion of the superiour classes, in that country, are well disposed to regard ours with a friendly eye, we deprecate every thing that can tend to alienate our respective good will.

* These productions are generally received with dignified complacency, as a sort of feudal homage, sometimes complimented for their style, frequently reprinted, and cited as unequivocal proofs in support of their own moderation and justice, and there, on the part of England, the exertions to conciliation usually terminate.

Since we are again fortunately at peace, perhaps a plan to do away misapprehensions of each other might be devised, that would be attended with salutary effects. A species of cartel might be arranged, to exchange a few individuals annually, who could devote one or two years, to learn the true state of things in the countries of each other; and thus dissipate illusions, and eradicate notions of very opposite tendency, but which create much trouble and embarrassment to both governments. They might send us a certain number of those, who think, that the citizens of a republick must be all vulgar and factious, with some of another class, who indulge the romantick idea, that republics are in every thing pure and spotless. We will return an equal number, selected from those who imagine kings and nobles to be monsters; and a few others, who believe, that in England, the statesmen are all dignified, liberal and honest, that great titles make great men, and that there is nothing hypocritical, paltry and corrupt, under the gorgeous decorations of aristocracy and royalty. In addition to these, a few Americans, who are confident that England may be starved by embargoes and non-importations, and some Englishmen, who are convinced, that the United States must perish without their "razors and mousetraps," might be shipped in the steerage.

After the preceding article was sent to the printer, we received a volume of 176 pages octavo, entitled, *Remarks on the Review of Inchiquin's Letters, published by the Quarterly Review, addressed to the Right Honourable George Canning, Esquire, by an inhabitant of New-England.* We have hastily perused this elaborate answer, and regret not having seen it sooner, that we might have given it the attention it deserves. Much knowledge is discovered on most of the points in discussion; on several of them, an unanswerable reply is given to the protegeès of Mr. Canning. We regret two or three things which are unfortunately dwelt upon, and which, as they have not the same weight in England, as in the mind of the writer, may prevent the book from being read with so much interest, as it would otherwise have inspired, because it contains many

just and incontrovertible statements, relating to our own country.

The writer relies on the authority of *Colquhoun*, for the account of the various descriptions of crimes, and the numbers who practise them. *Colquhoun* published a valuable work, but he had seen so much of the population particularly obnoxious to the police, that his mind was in a degree jaundiced, and his opinions distorted; he has furnished a list of 119,500 criminals, of various descriptions, living in London alone. This list is a curiosity, but is, in many parts of it, ludicrously absurd. The author of the letter would have been less credulous, to be consistent, if he had read what is said of Mr. C.'s computation, in the "*Picture of London;*" or he would not have devoted eighteen pages of his book, to a most stupid caricature extracted from the same work. This "Picture of London" is an annual publication of Sir Richard Phillips, of whom we have already spoken; who, after becoming a bankrupt, partly from publishing a number of very foolish books in a splendid manner; with the aid of some of their luckless authors, "*got up*" this most malignant and extravagant account of the English Reviews, to whose agency they attributed their misfortunes. Yet nothing is more contrary to experience, than that any criticism can long depreciate a work of merit, or give more than a momentary reputation to one without it. That these reviews have many of them been shamefully prostituted, there can be no doubt; no more, than that the existence of such reviews has either been destroyed, or their circulation greatly restricted by such conduct. The author's abuse of the Edinburgh Review is rash and ridiculous. In religion and politicks there are some points, on which its soundness may be doubted, and many where its authority will be denied. But on most subjects of science, taste, morals, and literature, its strongest political enemies magnanimously admit its accurate knowledge and sagacious judgment. Even if this were not notorious, it would savour of indecency, to call that work "*a nuisance,*" which has long been supported by the talents of some of the most eminent men in England. From the want of temper on the score of reviews, we cannot help thinking, that the writer has at some former period been a victim; and here he will not accuse us of personality, for we can form no probable conjecture who he is; but when he calls Sir R. Phillips

or his garretteer, "*a judicious writer*," and exclaims, "*How greatly are mankind indebted to this frank, honest-hearted writer*," we must presume, that there is a feeling of personal gratitude towards this redoubtable ally, against a common enemy; and his petulant ill humour recalls to mind the scene between Beaumarchais and the physician: "*Peut etre Monsieur, a-t-il ecrit une tragedie dans sa jeunesse.*"

We will further notice a trifling errour, in speaking of the "*Marchioness of Yarmouth.*" There is no such person. The Marchioness of Hertford is the mother-in-law of the Countess of Yarmouth, and we presume his allusion is to the intimacy of the former with the Prince of Wales. In collecting his specimens of eloquence, from the "*thunder and lightning*" class of orators, in the British parliament, the writer should not have overlooked the more recent effusions of General Mathew and Sir Frederick Flood.

We have heard, that there is a third answer, which we have not been able to obtain. We are glad of it for reasons already given. We hope these answers will cross the Atlantick, and though none of them are calculated for the meridian of England, yet, as they will serve to shew the indignation that has been so widely excited in this country, by the foul calumny of the Quarterly Review, it may be hoped, that some manly Englishman may come forward to investigate the subject.

A Few Weeks in Paris during the residence of the allied Sovereigns in that Metropolis. First American edition. Boston, Cummings & Hilliard, pp. 168, 12*mo.*

In contemplating the history of the last thirty years, we can with difficulty preserve the sobriety of thinking, necessary to historical reflections. We are intoxicated with the passions of the period; our blood is heated with the contagious violence of an era of subversion. The French revolution in itself, the mere mechanical part of it, is incomparably more vast, than that of any other on record; but when we consider the relative situation of the rest of the world, the wide spread of refinement and intelligence, the intimate social relation between different countries, the promulgation of

particular tenets, the preservation of actual privileges, the political sympathies that engaged the feelings of every man as well in Europe as in America, in the events of the day; we may liken the interest inspired by this revolution, compared with any other, to a volcano that should suddenly arise to devastate the luxuriant plains of Flanders, or Lombardy, with a smoking crater in Iceland. The regular and minute knowledge of passing events, which the freedom and multiplication of gazettes gave to every individual, seemed to shorten distance and approximate nations, till all mankind were excited by the same curiosity, flattered by the same hopes, roused by the same fears, and collected in one grand assembly where all were engaged in the same collision. If we recall to mind that seemingly auspicious epoch, when

> " O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France,
> " The day-star of liberty rose,"

and from thence dawned on all the countries of Europe; the gladness of heart and shouts of exultation that burst from awakened nations; the clouds that soon began to rise above the horizon, till all the elements were thrown into commotion; the howlings of the hurricane that menaced indiscriminate ruin; the lightnings that scathed every power in Europe; and when the tempest subsided, left them involved in the most lurid night of tyranny; we hardly realize the picture in fancy, of what we have so often shuddered at in reality. When this night, which seemed destined to be of polar duration, was unexpectedly dispelled, and light again appeared to gild the scattered ruins that survived: we imagine ourselves seated to witness some grand, romantick drama, where, after the most horrible succession of tragical scenes, the denouement unfolds with all the splendour of decoration, and all the grandeur of retributive justice, the last act occupied with the restoration of legitimate rule, in presence of the deputies that vengeance has brought from the remotest regions of the earth, to witness the prostration of the usurping despot; and the gorgeous finale* concludes with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, in a united chorus of triumphant Europe. Here indeed was realized the enthusiasm of the poet:

* Recent events have shewn that this was not the finale. *P. S. note.*

A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.

There is one point of view in which retrospection to the epoch of the French revolution is peculiarly grateful. It elevates our opinion of mankind. It shews one of the periods, when the enthusiasm of generous feelings was universal; when every man rejoiced at the melioration of human condition; when the brightest visions of general felicity were fondly cherished; when the disposition to compromise was predominant; when the peasant who acquired was not more eager and happy than the noble who surrendered: all the feelings were fervid, all the principles liberal; a political millennium was thought to have arrived, privilege stooped, monopoly expanded, rank condescended, avarice relented, and poverty was consoled; national and individual selfishness gave way to general benevolence, and mankind were nearly persuaded, that perpetual peace, political virtue, popular reason, self-denying privilege and national magnanimity, were something more than splendid illusions. It is really solacing to look back at this evanescent period, because the general tone of feeling was pure, beneficent and honourable to humanity. How these prospects were overcast; where the errours originated that blasted the hopes of mankind, are not within our present intention to inquire; we wish only, in a hasty survey, to see if any thing has been saved from the wreck; whether so many disappointments have been fruitless, all these calamities utterly without compensation.

A different division of property is a favourable result, though a very inadequate compensation for the intense sufferings and extreme disorder that produced it. Innumerable estates belonging to the church, many that had enormously accumulated in the hands of the great noblesse, have been distributed among a large number of small proprietors, who form a class between the peasantry and the nobles, that was almost wanting formerly in France. The influence of this order of men, when their property becomes stable, will form a principal pillar in the social edifice. They do not, like the great, live in the capital, where their property is dissipated, and their independence sacrificed to the favour of the court; but their incomes are spent in their own neighbourhood, in improving their estates, and employing

the industrious about them, by which means the whole country is enlivened and adorned. The value of this class of men is remarkably shewn in England ; and in France they will become more and more important, if their situation and rights are confirmed by time.

The destruction of the monastick system, the consequent diminution of mendicity, and increased number of active men for agriculture and the useful arts, by adding to the means of supporting a greater population, and thus multiplying marriages, is a very considerable advantage ; for though a disposition to invigorate and protect it is shewn by Spain, yet we consider that government an exception, whose example cannot be followed, nor even rendered permanent. The country of Don Quixote must eventually yield to the pervading spirit of melioration, though it appears to be the legitimate and unalienable territory of romance ; the country above all others, where the follies of the fathers are lost upon the children, where the dignity of indolence is the limit of ambition : where novelty and change have neither power nor attraction ; where perseverance in ancient customs, prejudices and barbarism were strongly depicted in the fable of Count Oxienstern ; that Adam having been permitted to revisit the earth, travelled over every country, without finding any thing to recognise, till he came to Spain, when he exclaimed, Ah ! this country I know ; nothing has been changed here since my departure, every thing is just as I left it.

Another advantage which may be permanent, is the removal of some national and religious prejudices, and the introduction into various countries of the improvements of others, that are susceptible of being transferred. The chaos of war and revolution, that has carried Spaniards to Holstein, and Russians to Lombardy; Englishmen to Sicily, Spain and Portugal, Italians into Poland, and Frenchmen and Poles, as soldiers or exiles, into every part of the world, has served to eradicate many gross and absurd prejudices. It has given an opportunity to witness improvements abroad, that might afterwards be advantageous at home. The effect of these may be perceived in France, in outward objects, in their villages and country houses particularly, though much indeed remains to be done. This exchange of friendly or warlike visits, has made nations acquainted with each other, and their laws and manners subjects

of mutual observation, which is rapidly communicated by gazettes. A spirit of rivalship in improvement is excited; gross tyranny and injustice partially checked, by some fear of the reproaches of other nations, when a bad sovereign or minister can trample with impunity on his own. Many marks of this anxiety for the good opinion of the world might be pointed out; and its tendency is to increase and to produce the best effects. Formerly, nations had the same barbarous contempt for, and ignorance of each other, that the Turks now have for the rest of Europe. In the present day, a brutal prince who is dreaded in his own, may be denounced with impunity in a foreign land. The victim of injustice in one, may fly to other countries, and securely stigmatize oppression.

A great benefit will be derived from the partial elevation of the lower classes of society; which, like clearing away from foundations the rubbish in which they were buried, renders the whole fabrick stronger. In all countries, even the most despotick, some shackles are removed; talents and virtue have some chance of rising from the lowest station to the highest. The police of social watchfulness is better organized: men are less skreened by their situation from ridicule or censure: they are not so much raised above, or degraded below the operation of opinion. The feudal system was still in full force at the period of the French revolution; though its prominent features were obliterated, or polished by the increase of wealth, of education, and the spirit of improvement. Mankind, however, were still divided into *noblesse* and *canaille*. The ferocious baron, and the chivalrick knights were no longer the haughty tenants of gloomy castles, and the unrestricted tyrants of miserable vassals; but the partition walls remained the same, while the exteriour was changed. The first were now the dissolute retainers of a court, reveling in luxury, and the latter a wretched peasantry, reduced to the minimum of subsistence. The events of the last thirty years have corrected this barbarous state. The condition of society is still imperfect; the weakness and passions of men must forever keep it so. But there is a fundamental melioration; some good has necessarily disappeared with evils that have been remedied, because good and evil are never pure, unmixed, but always in some degree blended. That respect on one part, and condescension on the other, the favourable aspect

of this marked separation, has vanished, and with the age of chivalry is gone forever. In doing away these illusions, these courtesies of society, it may be difficult to decide which party has lost most; yet the solid condition of mankind is improved. They are now, at least, of the same species,* and merit may carry an individual through every gradation. They are all subject to the same general laws, and exposed to the same elements. The sun does not shine for one eternally, while the other is irremediably doomed to perpetual gloom: all have a chance to be sheltered from adversity: one may not be able to cover himself with both great-coat and umbrella against the rain, but the same shower falls on his more fortunate neighbour. Honesty, industry and frugality may eventually give him the comforts of competency, if not the splendour of opulence; and knowing this, he meets the pitiless pelting of the storm without despondency.

One of the most obvious advantages attending the restoration of the Bourbons, is the circumstance of its having been so long delayed. This has in a great degree prevented France from becoming the theatre of endless civil wars. The ancient line of sovereigns was restored through necessity, not by their own adherents, but by the powerful chiefs of the recent government. Their partizans therefore will influence, but not monopolize or control the policy of the future government. War, misfortune, and time had thinned the ranks of the emigrants, before the amnesty granted in the early part of Napoleon's career, brought back the great body of the remainder from exile. Those who remained, were personally attached to the proscribed family, or had obtained distinction in the service of foreign countries. A few steadily persevered through almost a generation, nearly devoid of hope, in their inflexible loyalty. This rigid pertinacity of principle, in spite of the establishment of different systems, would perhaps be hurtful to society, if the instances were numerous. But how few in comparison to the whole number, how many in regard to

* There is no need of citing facts, in support of these remarks, but a singular instance occurs in the memoirs of Grimm, and which draws no reflection from him. He gives an account of a pilot of Dieppe, who with the greatest heroism, and most arduous exertion, had saved several men from a wreck. The action was so remarkable, that he was rewarded by Mr. Necker, then minister, with a pension. The man came to Paris to return thanks for this favour, and was taken to court, that the king might see him, as he passed, but *his majesty could not speak to him, because it was contrary to etiquette.*

the infirmity and corruption of men, have thus persevered! In rendering justice to this small band of unyielding knights, we must not forget another class of directly adverse principles, yet equally meritorious, and still fewer in number. These were the men who vainly hoped that France was capable of maintaining republican institutions, and who, when this illusion was dissipated, never would yield to the threats or seduction of the usurper. How few indeed were these!* How many have we seen, who, after participating and promoting all the extravagance of the revolution; nay more, who were engaged in perpetrating its most atrocious crimes, decorated with the cap of liberty; have since proved themselves to be the most supple and profligate agents of despotism, tricked out in all the gaudy display of the imperial livery.

The position of the French king is one of great difficulty. He came back to a country, loaded with heavy burthens, with cities decayed, industry circumscribed, active capital diminished, the publick feeling almost exclusively directed towards war, which, after twenty-five years of conquest and calamity, had left it a population of soldiers and invalids, accustomed to war as a trade, estimating military glory alone, and inclined to seek for prosperity, not from industry, but victory. In this state of publick feeling, he arrived to take command, when the madness of his predecessor had terminated his disastrous career, by abandoning all the aggregated conquests of the republick, and the allies in possession of Paris, and the finest provinces of France. As peace was to be concluded, the inevitable cession of the conquered territories was obvious, but a mortified soldiery attributed, however absurdly, this sacrifice to the new sovereign. The marshals of France had nothing more to hope from their old master; they were tired of his eternal wars, more anxious for repose than action, his heartless, selfish and brutal character repelling affection, and sure that their rank and consideration would make them necessary to the restored family, and secure their present influence. The feeling was different with many of the generals and officers of a

* One of them, a member of the National Convention, who gave his vote to save the unfortunate Louis 16th; who has always resisted the sordid temptations offered by circumstances, and remained steady and consistent with his first principles, has long resided among us. Retired and unobtrusive, neither meddling nor intriguing, he has kept "the even tenour of his way." Should this sentence meet his eye, he will excuse the allusion of the writer, which long respect for his character has extorted.

lower rank, who naturally apprehended that they should be sacrificed to make room for the individuals of ancient families; and as they had promotion and fortune to expect, they regretted the leader, under whom they might still look for plunder and advancement.

To the discontent of the military, might be added the apprehensions of the purchasers of national property; though the most solemn assurances were given, that it should be respected. A number of royalists, who sought compensation for their fidelity and misfortunes, swelled this list of dissatisfied individuals, which the reforms in various departments had created. To these sources of uneasiness might be added the inquietude, which reflecting men, and all the principal proprietors felt, lest the superannuated clergy, who were entirely opposed to the modern feelings of France, and ignorant of their extent, should effect the re-establishment of ancient abuses. These men were violent and bitter, for we sometimes perceive in old men a rancour of feeling, and extravagance of views, more extensive and disgusting, than the wildest impetuosity of youth, which last often carries its own antidote, a warm and susceptible heart. All good men in France wanted a revival of rational religion; at the same time, they loathed the idea of the puerilities and corruptions, that had formerly degraded it. A part of the family, the presumptive heirs to the crown, were well known to be absorbed in devotion; and the attempt to revive publick processions, the hunting after relicks, the ostentatious commemorations of past calamities, inspired distrust of the magnanimity of the sovereign, and the most serious alarm at the renewal of abolished evils. These were the apprehensions, which were the deepest and most generally felt. If the court should lean definitively to this course of policy, if instead of correcting the lax habits of modern France, by the solid, useful, and beneficent part of religion; they should attempt with the scattered and obscure leaven of superstition, that still exists in some of the provinces, to ferment the publick mind, and again encumber and humiliate France with ancient abuses, useless ceremonies, idle festivals, and monkish absurdities, they will infallibly create fresh disturbances.

The clamour raised by the unfortunate proprietors of St. Domingo was very embarrassing to the government. They would listen to nothing, but the conquest of that island, the

extermination of the blacks, and the repeopling it with Africans; which would be the labour of years, and the expense of hundreds of thousands of lives, if indeed it could be effected at all. By the most odious perversity, one of the first schemes of commerce in the French ports, was to plunge into all the infamy and horrours of the slave trade, after having been driven from it, upwards of twenty years. The enemies of this trade are sure however to triumph eventually. The laws of England have, after a long struggle, adopted the feelings of humanity and sound policy, and this trade is now stigmatized and punished as felony; several merchants, as they were called, in spite of their infamous wealth, have been sent with other convicts to Botany Bay; and when national law thus unites with the common sense and generous feelings of mankind, the base and the sordid must give way to publick opinion, or suffer from publick justice.

It is time to speak of the work before us, which is given as a journal, addressed to a friend, by an Englishman; though little pains are taken to support this fictitious character. The author has, we believe, since avowed the production; and the publick are certainly indebted to him for having given some account of those most interesting scenes, which it was his good fortune to witness: many of these are described with vivacity and discernment. It is evidently the production of an unpractised author, hastily composed, and describing events, whose rapid succession, as well as the tumultuous emotions they excited, it was difficult to relate without confusion. There are some inaccuracies in the composition, and a perpetual intrusion of French words, where no peculiarity of expression is obtained by it. It is written in a lively manner, and discovers marks of observation and reflection, sufficient to make us wish for more laboured efforts from the same pen. Our first extract will suggest a few remarks.

"June 9. The king has made an ordinance, by which "the gay old fellows of sixty and seventy feel themselves "particularly affected. 'We, &c. decree, that all shops, "caffés, restaurateurs, and places of amusement, be shut "on Sundays,' &c.; and it also makes it unlawful to work "on Saints' days, as well as on the Sundays. I have not "seen the act, but I am told this is included. One can "hardly conceive it possible for any king in Europe to issue

" a more tyrannical mandate;—by a single blow, to deprive " his subjects of their most precious rights, the only rights " that they think of any value;—to prohibit leures contre " danses de Dimanche, their petits promenades in the jar- " dins du Turque, and those places, that one sees on Sun- " day evening, crowded with the merriest, happiest faces " that can be imagined. The French people esteem Sun- " day sacred, not to their religion, but to their pleasures. " This is a melancholy consideration enough; but every " body knows, that it is the universal idea upon the conti- " nent. They have no political liberties; and for centuries " the lower orders have consoled themselves with the single " liberty of meeting on the Sunday, putting on their best " clothes, dismissing all their cares, carrying bouquets to " their mistresses, dancing and singing, and having a thou- " sand little amusements. I confess, it does give one a " feeling very much like horrour, to come from a country, " where the Sunday is observed, and see in Paris most of " the shops open, and more gayly arranged, the streets and " caffé's better filled, and more merriment and laughing. " This is certainly very revolting and hateful; but the " custom does exist, and it is not the fault of this generation " or the past. The only questions we ask are, if the govern- " ment has power enough to stop these amusements, and " if, by commanding the people not to work on Sundays " and Saints' days, they have taken the best step to check " the immorality of the country? Though the French have " stooped to humiliation and mortification, from their own " government, that no one conceived it possible any human " creature could endure, I am not quite persuaded, from " what I hear and see, that they are yet prepared for this " last blow.

" Nothing that has happened since I have been in France, " has excited so much real indignation, and such universal " complaints. These are ideas, they say, that the king has " received in England. Why oppress and harass a gay " and lively nation, fond of pleasure, and possessing every " charm of climate, soil and disposition, with the heavy, " gloomy habits of a melancholy, unsociable people? We " do not say, that we are happier than the English; but " nature evidently made us to furnish the world a different " example of human felicity, as well as greatness; and, un- " til we have their fogs, and their spleen, it is cruel, and

" perhaps impossible, to make us renounce our gayety and " amusements. It is thus that the French defend them- " selves; and if they are to be rescued from their melan- " choly, corrupt condition, one must hope that force is not " the only instrument that is to accomplish it. However, " while the king is making ordinances in support of the " Christian institution, it may be as well that his own court " does not overlook one of the most conspicuous precepts of " that religion, ' Thou seest the mote,' &c. I mean, that " in the very week, and hardly twenty-four hours before " the commencement of the Sunday, when he dates his de- " cree forbidding the ordinary pleasures of the people, he " allows and proclaims on that day, a publick levee in his " own palace ; so that after his majesty trés chrétienne has " hobbled before twenty thousand people to mass, and back " again, he amuses himself the rest of the day, in receiving " and greeting several hundreds of the most immoral and " unprincipled men in Europe. It is notorious, that since " the restoration, there has been every Sunday, a levee at " the palace ; and it is quite as notorious, that they have " been the most crowded and fashionable. This he never " learned in England, where, I undertake to say, there has " been no publick levee on Sunday, since the days of " Charles II. Such gross inconsistency is disgraceful and " criminal. Since the decree, there has been a levee at " court, and the usual levee among the people.

" As it regards not working on Sundays, and days of the " Saints—there is a natural impossibility that the last part " can be observed, because the Saints' days are so nume- " rous in the Catholick system, that the poor people would " not have time to get a subsistence. The amount of this " argument is contained in the conclusion of a very piteous " harangue, that ' Une Pauvre,' who is, no douht, as " good a Catholick as any in France, made to day in the " streets upon this very subject.—' Jái dix enfants, qui de- " mandent tous les jours quelque chose a manger ;' jái quart " jours par semaine pour en chercher. Qú-est-ce qúil faut " qúils sont devenus le rest? Il faut que la moitié mourût " et la moitié pillât.' Now provided this consideration ef- " fects nothing with those humane persons, who think it is " better that even the whole should die, than the half steal ; " it may be possible to find some objection in the law itself " against the observance of Saints' days. This decree

" throws the whole population of France into a state of " complete idleness, at least eighty days in the year, includ- " ing the Sundays; and, in the present depravity, and " want of all religious and moral ideas, there can be no " more effectual way of introducing eighty days of every " species of vice and wickedness. Every man, who has " been on the continent, knows perfectly well, that the " most immoral day in the week is the Sunday, because it " is the most idle day. And how will a government pre- " vent this? By forcing people to go to church, to worship " an 'unknown God,' by inquisitions, 'auto da fe.' No- " body ever heard yet, though many governments have " acted on the belief, that persecution made a people either " moral or religious; and, therefore, provided the govern- " ment had the power, (which is certainly doubtful,) of " stopping all the publick amusements of the people, it does " not strike me, that they have thrown the first stone against " their immorality, by making them idle. Is it not a speedier " and surer remedy to keep them employed? to guarantee " to these poor Frenchmen, a security for their industry, a " free commerce and a market for their manufactures? " One would think, that if the government could find this " opportunity of introducing these regular and steady habits, " of convincing them as much as is possible, that industry " is the only protection against poverty; they would sooner " see in France, in all probability, that delightful and profit- " able employment of the Sunday, which is witnessed in " almost every country that is not Catholick.

" But in this zeal for morality, why does not the govern- " ment send some of its myrmidons, to break up those " maisons des jeux in the palais royal, particularly the one, " where the common people assemble? It is a suit of six " or seven large rooms, handsomely furnished, in each of " which there is some sort of gambling 'machine,' but ge- " nerally, a 'rouge et noir' table, which is usually surround- " ed by fifty or sixty persons, who play twenty or forty " sous at a hazard. They are persons of all ages and " sexes; interesting girls of twelve and thirteen, decently " dressed, who commence in these rooms, the first act " of their profligacy, and at their side, women of fifty or " sixty who here make an end of their wealth and depravi- " ty; labouring men, who work for fifteen sous a day, and " are, in a moment, driven away poor and wretched, and

" prepared to commit any crime. It is impossible to con-
" ceive any scene so confined, more odious, disgusting, and
" frightful, where corruption assumes a more silent, melan-
" choly aspect, or where the heart can be more depraved,
" and fitted for the most ferocious acts. It is an eternal
" round of the most horrid iniquity and wickedness. At
" sun rise, at sun set, at twelve o'clock of the night, at
" every hour of the day, and every day of the year, you
" see the same crowds round these tables,—the same an-
" guish, and despair, and villany, and every diabolical pas-
" sion in the faces of the players,—the same gruff, dismal,
" constant sound from the man who deals the cards. 'Mes-
" seurs, faites votre jeu, rouge perd et couleur,' these with
" the noise of the money on the table, are almost the
" only sounds heard in these gloomy, frightful places,
" where one cannot enter at a late hour of the night, without
" shuddering, and trembling for his situation. It is from
" one of these houses, that St. Leon was escaping, after
" having lost the fortune of his wife; when the idea of him-
" self, he says, was so dreadful, that even the midnight
" robber in the streets shrunk from him in dismay. Be-
" sides this, there is, in the palais royal, two other maisons
" des jeux, large and splendidly arranged, which respecta-
" ble people frequent; and I believe, they are scattered
" about in all the publick places. Why is it, that the license
" is not taken away from one at least of these houses? Or
" why this decree against the publick gardens being open on
" Sunday, which will only make the maisons des jeux more
" crowded on that day? Is it because they pay a revenue
" to government?" P. 127—137.

The best mode of passing the Sunday is, perhaps, still a desideratum, and must be different in different countries, modified by the character of the inhabitants. The same horrour that we feel in France, at seeing the French dance, they have felt in this country, on being precluded every species of amusement, and condemned to the most austere gravity, so long as the sun was above the horizon. We confess we shudder at the recollection of the manner in which we were obliged to pass the Sabbath in our early youth. Placed in a town, remarkable for its bigotry; when in a long summer's day, besides family prayers, we had gone through two services, the second of which terminated between 3 and 4 o'clock, we returned home, and under the

watchful control of some sour, narrow-minded farmer, immured in a suffocating room, we were obliged to hear another endless sermon read, while we longed to bound over the fields, envying every bird that flew, but so long as the sun cheered the earth, were retained in confinement; a system well calculated as a preparatory course for a Carthusian friar, but destructive of some of the best and most innocent feelings of boys intended for the world, and admirably contrived to disgust them with all religion. A proper degree of relaxation connected with devotion, is the nice and delicate point to be ascertained. The observance of the Sunday must vary according to the character of nations, and in some circumstances, of individuals. It is important to the interests of religion, that the associations with the Sabbath should be grateful and desirable. To men of reflecting habits and mature minds, seclusion and meditation through the day may be most congenial; but would the same course be useful to children, to servants, to the vast majority of society, who, chained through the week, look forward to one day in it, for religious duties, and for repose and enjoyment? In striving to make these act like men of grave and serious habits, do we not overshoot the mark, and, in attempting too much, produce a reaction both mischievous and permanent? Compare the mode of passing the Sunday in England, with that in France. The upper ranks in the former go to church in the morning, and then prepare for an airing (when in London) in the parks, where, from three to five o'clock, all the brilliant equipages of the town are displayed in the rides, and tens of thousands of pedestrians throng the walks. The dinner at a late hour, is generally prolonged on account of some customary amusements being prohibited: in some houses, the evening is occupied with a stated conversazione, and, in a few, with musick. The middling ranks stroll out into the country, to visit their friends, or some accustomed inn. The labouring class resort to the innumerable ale-houses, and in those filthy receptacles pass the day and night, in smoking and drinking. More drunken men might probably be collected of a Sunday evening, in a large town in England, than could be found over the whole surface of France. The wives of these last are in the mean time, occupied in making themselves and children as decent as possible, gossiping together, going to some fanatical meeting of Methodists, or waiting with anxiety and

fear the return of a brutal, inebriated husband. In France, the upper classes, though not so generally as in former times, go to mass, then to court, and in the evening to some party. The middling classes go in the evening to the theatre; the poorer ranks to the theatre also, and to little gardens, where they drink weak wine or lemonade, while the younger ones are dancing. In the country, the people of a village assemble about sunset, near the house of the Lord of the Manor, which is also commonly close by the church, and there dance on the green for three or four hours, and then retire cheerful and happy to their homes.* Now, to our minds, this French mode of passing the Sunday, among the people, is much better than the English practice. We do not wish, however, to force upon one nation the customs of another. The French are a dancing people; they have an habitual gayety and frivolity, that makes their amusements less turbulent, and more innocent. A dance with us, or the English, is an unusual exertion, a serious undertaking; and by the men is accompanied with very frequent draughts to rouse their spirits; it is therefore, among the lower classes, a scene of rude and noxious merriment. The manner of passing the Sunday in the eastern states, does not perhaps require any change; it is in most places natural, and suitable to the general manners. The habits of the puritans of New England, in this respect, have often been the theme of very shallow ridicule. These were, in a high degree peculiar, rigid, energetick, and adapted to the circumstances in which they were placed—the whole character of their descendants is tinctured, if not imbued with them; but their renewal now would be as impossible, as the attempt would be injurious.

We shall make one more extract, to give a further idea of the work before us.

"May 12. There has always been a violent prejudice in "France against the Austrians. And the two last queens

* We had an opportunity of seeing a curious instance of attachment to this practice of dancing on a Sunday. The government, in trying to force the observance of their absurd decimal calendar, ordered that the people should not be allowed to dance on the Sunday, but encouraged to dance on the Decadi. Being on a visit to a friend, a few leagues from Paris, and walking one Sunday evening to see the village groupe in their dance, he related, that the people of this village being very religious, had been excessively averse to dancing on the Decadi; and when the revolutionary terrour had begun to subside, the Sous prefet being a benevolent, tolerant man, had made a compromise with them, by which it was agreed, that they should dance on the Decadi and the Sunday alternately.

"taken from that family have increased in the first instance "the hatred, and in Napoleon's choice, the disgust of the "French. They used to call, during the revolution, Marie "Antoinette, l'Autrichienne, and this word excited every fe- "rocious feeling which a Frenchman had. Marie Louise was "a real mauvaise allemande; she was cold, graceless, ex- "cessively ugly and silly, and had that sort of manner and ap- "pearance which made all France hausser les epaules. At "this moment the French feel still more enraged, both by "the boastings and contributions imposed by the Austrians— "And if the bon enfant Louis XVIII. chooses to indulge his "subjects with any wars, the most popular will be with Au- "stria. The troops of this nation are the most miserable "looking, the worst clothed, the worst armed, and the worst "disciplined of all the allies; and they are the least feared "by the French. One word of their general.—Every where "in England the people have an extravagant idea of the "military character of Schwartzenburg, and are disposed to "give him a great share of the merit of the campaign; "but I find the allied officers think differently of him; they "have no idea that he deserves to be so much lauded. He "was made captain-general of the armies—this was a neces- "sary compliment to Austria; but after they crossed the "Rhine it is quite obvious, that, however much he influenced "or participated in the councils of the allies, it fell to his "share of the combination to act a timid, equivocal, myste- "rious part in the field. He suffered Blucher and the Rus- "sians to give all the brilliant coups, and contented himself with "advancing or retiring as the Prussian or French eagle rose.* "Schwartzenburg is about fifty, a tall man, very corpulent, "with a great head, and a red, fat, bloated, stupid, face.

"The Crown Prince is another of these '*equivoques;*' "he left Paris one or two days since, I understand, though "he came here incog., lived so, and went away so. He "fought one battle at the beginning of the campaign, and "after that he amused himself by writing bulletins; but "with all his tender addresses and manifestoes, he could "not persuade the French to like him. He seldom gets "any thing better than '*scelerat*' or '*perfide.*' Neither do

* "Schwartzenburg was quartered at St. Cloud, and used to give dinners "while the imperial wine lasted He served, I understand, in the Duke of "Brunswick's army during the French revolution."

" they like or forgive Moreau, though many of them believe " he was a virtuous man. One ought certainly to pardon " Frenchmen for having lost their attachment to Moreau, " which once was certainly very sincere, though I do not " think that this makes it a less difficult question of morals. " However, there is one thing to be said, that provided " Moreau was an honest man, he must have known there " was a possibility, nay, a probability, that the allies might " not only overthrow what he calls the 'coquin Bonaparte,' " but also conquer France, and really make the situation of " the country as deplorable as it certainly would have been, " if the French had continued to detest the Bourbons. " Moreau was a victim on his own altar. He planned the " battle of Dresden, in which the allies lost thirty-five " thousand men. It was a grand blow; but he ought to " have known that Bonaparte had returned with his guards " from the south. They give various reasons why the " Crown Prince did not advance his army from Cologne. " I think the most probable, and one the most just to him " is, that he felt himself treated with great injustice, because " he was not invited to have an ambassador at the confer- " ences in Chatillon.

" I have asked all the allied officers that I happened to " meet, to whom they attributed the system they pursued " in their campaigns; who is the man that used to project " and combine; and I think that the majority of voices is " for Barclay de Tolly. He is the author, they say, of the " plan of the campaign of Moscow. Langeron they call a " good officer; he is a Frenchman, and served in the re- " volutionary wars of America; a gentlemanly looking man, " and has none of that dirty, barbarous appearance, rather " common among the Russian officers. Then they have " Winzingerode, and Winginstein who seems to be thought " the best officer for execution in the Russian service. " Barclay de Tolly is a jolly good-natured looking man, a " brave garcon, entété comme le diable pour tout ce qu'il y " a de beau et de belle.—And von Blucher? What do they " say of him? A perfect 'crane,'—the moment he sees " the enemy, he can manœuvre, and attack, and fight as " fine a battle as possible. This is his grande pensée, but " this is all. He has not the faculty of combining a long " campaign, and reducing the operations of an army to a " system: No! He is too fond of gambling to distract his

" head with such distant speculations. The chief of Blu-
" cher's staff is an officer of very great 'means'—a real mil-
" itary genius. It is said that he first suggested the advance
" upon Paris. At this moment I cannot recollect his name ;
" but he has always been mentioned by the Prussian officers
" as perhaps the first man in their army.

" May 13. The Champs Elysées, the jardins des Tuil-
" leries, of the Luxembourg, those beautiful and enchanting
" places, in which, a few years since, such a splendid popu-
" lation was constantly seen, the best dressed and the best
" bred women and men in Europe—Yes :—it is with reason
" that the French said, il n'y a qu'une Paris et cette Paris est
" divine—But the scene is changed. If you go and stand
" upon the terrace, over *les vieux politiques*,* you will see
" Cossacks, with their long lances, galloping about on their
" little ugly horses among these groves—Calmucks from the
" banks of the Wolga and the Black Sea, the heirs of the
" dominions of Mithridates—Scythians from the inhospitable
" and unknown regions of Tartary—hordes that have not de-
" scended into Europe since the last taking of Rome. They
" have the dress and arms described by one of the Roman
" historians—tribes from beyond the great wall of China,
" never before seen or heard of in Europe, of all faces and
" dresses and shapes and complexions—Modern barbarians
" from the Greek islands, with long beards and a simple
" great coat tied round their waist with a leather thong—men
" whose ancestors called themselves the only civilized nation
" in the known world. These are some of the innumerable
" tribes brought into Europe to assist to conquer and plunder
" a nation of whose name they never heard, or of whose ex-
" istence they had no conception. So far have the con-
" quests of the French shaken the countries of the world.
" For fourteen hundred years they have wandered undisturb-
" ed upon those boundless plains of Asia, which are not
" known to any European. Here they sit at the foot of trees
" smoking—some wander about among the crowd—one
" stands to be examined by a French lady—' *Oh ciel ! quel-*
" *les tournures*'—and in the evening one could have seen in

* " *Les vieux politiques* are a race of old men, who have survived every
" thing. They are poor, and when the weather is good, they go and bask
" upon the circular bench, near the gate, leading into the place Louis XV.
" formerly *de la concorde*. They have been seen there every sun shining day
" for fifty years."

"the Champs Elysées* little groupes of these barbarians sitting round their fires, and acting such scenes as are always witnessed upon the borders of the Black Sea and the countries of Asia. One sometimes thinks that he finds himself in the time, when Attila and his Huns took Paris.

"It is this extraordinary assemblage, their remote and unknown countries, the astonishing difference of manners—the dreadful, and in some respects, similar irruption of their ancestors—the unexampled causes which have brought them to the most interesting city of the world—their perfect discordance and strangeness from every object around them—their own insensibility to the novelty and splendour of their situation—their innumerable and horrid jargons and confusions of tongue—It is all these, which give birth to feelings and associations not to be described, and which it is scarcely possible to conceive ever can exist again, or be excited in any other place." P. 29—38.

We cannot close this article without saying a few words on the present prospects of Europe. One great advantage seems a certain result; the world must, in some degree, be regulated as formerly, by a balance of power. The most prominent evil of the times, in which we have lived, has been the constant tendency of events, to throw the whole power of the world into the hands of two nations. France obtained the land, and England the sea; till at length the former was engaged in a direct attempt to undermine the power of the latter, by destroying the intercourse of nations, and cutting off the commerce of the continent, when a succession of wonderful events utterly subverted her plans, and reduced her at once to her ancient limits, which twenty years of successful war had so widely extended.

In the new arrangement of Europe, Russia and Prussia act in unison, Austria and England second each other's views; France opposes them all; on some questions joining with Austria and England against Russia; at others with Russia and Prussia against England. Prussia accedes to the wishes of the Russians for Poland; on having her support in acquiring part of the Saxon territory, and stretching her arm to the

* "These barbarians began to cut off for their horses the bark of the trees in the Champs Elysées, by which they have killed some of the finest trees there. General Sacken had the wretches put out instantly at the point of the bayonet."

Rhine. England having no jealousy of Austria on the water, assists her schemes of aggrandizement in Italy, she giving a quitclaim of Flanders, to the Prince of Orange,* who uniting this to Holland, makes a considerable kingdom in appearance, but a weak one in reality, as the Dutch and Flemings have long had a strong, mutual animosity, founded in part on a difference of religion. The country having very little natural strength on the French frontier, is defended by the largest fortresses in the world, but which require enormous expense, and large armies for their support. Unless Holland could recover her monopoly of commerce, which seems impossible; it would hardly be politick for her to maintain such enormous artificial works; on the one side her dykes to defend herself from the fury of the ocean; on the other these Flemish fortifications to oppose the ambition of France, as restless, turbulent, and encroaching as the waves of that ocean. The Poles, the Saxons, the Dutch, the Flemings and the Italians are all dissatisfied, and all protest against these arrangements.

There is apparent in these plans, a total disregard of the rights of the weaker people, and a general spirit of extending, rather than of improving the dominions of the larger powers. If the smaller states are doomed to be swallowed up, the monopoly of four or five will not insure tranquillity, and after having devoured others, there will be new contests for the destruction of one another. After all that may have been gained, by the wide spread of intelligence, and the removal of some abuses, Europe may perhaps be incurably diseased. Loaded with impositions, crippled with debts, either actual bankrupts, or on the eve of becoming so; devoured with enormous standing armies, polluted with the desires and habits of war, there is no solid hope that the miseries of its inhabitants can have any termination.

* The policy of having a direct share in the government of the continent, is now more confirmed than ever in England. As they must soon lose their German possessions, they have provided this new connexion. The Salick law prevails in the government of Hanover, and by the act of settlement of the Brunswick family, when they were promoted to the English throne, it was stipulated, that, on the crown devolving to a female, that the *youngest* son of the preceding monarch should succeed to the electorate of Hanover, which should then become an independent sovereignty. The Duke of Cambridge, who is now the Governour of Hanover, will therefore assume the sovereign power whenever the Princess Charlotte of Wales comes to the crown. The hereditary Prince of Orange is destined to marry her; he was educated at an English university, is a general officer, and has a regiment in the English service. How much is wanting to make him an English prince?

Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse. By Lydia Huntley. Hartford, 12mo. pp. 267.

The mass of poetry is constantly accumulating in the world. The English have of late years furnished a larger quantity than any other nation, but we have not been idle. We however consume less paper, and absorb less capital. Our contributions are generally in modest duodecimos, with small type, and narrow margin; in England, large types, wide margins, and black-letter ornaments, decorate the pompous volume of quarto dimension. The only difference is, that dulness here is attired with plainness and frugality, and there, accompanied with ostentation and expense. We are strongly inclined to believe, that when four or five of their candidates for fame are withdrawn from the lists, that those who remain, would not be found superiour to ours, except numerically. Indeed, if the number of those, who busy themselves with the composition of poetical trifles, for few of our versifiers attempt any thing else, were once ascertained, the publick would be as much surprised at the extent of the lists, as they were in England, at the report made by Mr. Whitbread, to the proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre, on the crowd of dramatick authors.*

The volume before us contains a mixture of prose and poetry, of which, the latter we think the best. Many of the pieces are given as compositions, addressed to young girls under the writer's charge, and are well adapted for that purpose, though they do not appear to much advantage in this collection. Miss Huntley, we have been informed, is a most deserving and interesting young woman, who in the most adverse circumstances, has educated herself; and, by constant exertion, providing for the support of some relatives, as well as for her own, has emancipated herself from the humblest penury, and still

* But it was said that there was a great scarcity of writers as well as of actors. Of good writers and of good actors there might not be a great number. In what age were there ever many? They all knew that there was one most distinguished dramatick writer now living, if they could only prevail on him to write; but that there was a scarcity of writers he begged leave to deny. They had received no less than 176 new dramas. Their judgment might be disputed, but they had bestowed on them the most patient attention. Of these they had been forced, in the exercise of their discretion, to pronounce against 141 of the number, which had been returned. Several had been brought out, eight were now under discussion, and eleven they knew not were to deliver.—*Extract from Mr. Whitbread's report.*

found leisure at a very early age, to compose this volume. Worth of this kind would have been a strong motive for subscribing to the book, but not sufficient to have noticed it here, if the verses themselves had not possessed very considerable merit. Our opinion of them will, we think, be confirmed, by our readers, when they have perused the following extracts from the collection.

INTRODUCTION.

"A damp and dewy wreath that grew
Upon the breast of Spring,
A harp whose tones are faint and few,
With trembling hand I bring.

"The clang of war, the trumpet's roar,
May drown the feeble note,
And down to Lethe's silent shore,
The scatter'd wreath may float.

"But He, who taught the flowers to spring
From waste neglected ground,
And gave the silent harp a string
Of wild and nameless sound;

"Commands my spirit not to trust,
Her happiness with these:
A bloom that moulders back to dust,
A musick soon to cease.

"But seek those flowers unstain'd by time,
To constant virtue given,
And for that harp of tone sublime,
Which seraphs wake in Heaven."

ON THE DOVE'S LEAVING THE ARK.

"Still did an unseen Being guide
The lonely vessel o'er the tide,
And still, with steady prow, it braves
The fury of the foaming waves.
While fierce the deluge pours its stream,
The thunders roll—the meteors gleam,
When Ocean's mighty cisterns broke,
And earth like a rent cottage shook,

And slowly as its axle turn'd,
The wat'ry planet mov'd and mourn'd;
Though trembling at the tempest's ire,
Or scorching in the lightning's fire,
While holding in her firm embrace
The remnant of a wasted race,
Still o'er the waves the wandering ark
Roam'd like some lone, deserted bark.
But now the storm has hush'd its ire,
The warring elements retire;
And from his curtains dusk and dun
Look'd forth, once more, th' astonish'd sun.

"What saw he there? Young Nature's face
With smiles, and joy, and beauty fair;
No! not one feature could he trace
To tell him life was ever there;
Save when that little bark was seen
To show him where her pride *had been.*

"But now from that secure abode
A winged stranger went,
And from the casement open'd wide
A joyful flight she bent;
High mounting seem'd to seek the sky
With forward breast and sparkling eye,
Like captive set at liberty.

"So went the dove on errand kind,
To seek a mansion for mankind,
Though scarce her meek eye dar'd to trace
The horrours of that dreadful place.

"The waves with white and curling head
Swept above the silent dead,
The heaving billows' dashing surge
Hoarsely swell'd the hollow dirge;
The heavy weight of waters prest
The mighty monarch's mouldering breast,
The giant chief, the sceptred hand,
The lip that pour'd the loud command;
The blooming cheek—the sparkling eye,
Now shrouded in the sea-weed lie.

"But still the pensive stranger spread
Her white wing o'er that Ocean dread,
And oft her anxious eye she cast
Across that dark and shoreless waste.

For evening clad the skies in gloom,
And warn'd her of her distant home.
The stars that gemm'd the brow of night
Glanc'd coldly on her wavering flight,
In tears, the moon with trembling gleam
Withdrew her faint and faded beam,
And o'er that vast and silent grave
Was spread the dark and boundless wave.
With beating heart and anxious ear,
She strove some earthly sound to hear,
In vain—no earthly sound was near.
It seem'd the world's eternal sleep
Had settled o'er that gloomy deep,
Nor slightest breath her bosom cheer'd,
Her own soft wings alone she heard.

"But still that fearful dove preserv'd,
With unabating care,
The olive leaf—the type of peace
All fragrant, fresh, and fair.

"With pain her weary wing she stretch'd
Over the billows wide,
And oft her panting bosom dropp'd
Upon the briny tide.

"The image of her absent mate,
That cheer'd her as she strove with fate,
Grew darker on her eye;
It seem'd as if she heard him mourn,
For one who never must return,
In broken minstrelsy.

"Yet ere her pinions ceas'd their flight,
Or clos'd her eye in endless night,
A hand the weary wanderer prest,
And drew her to the ark of rest.
Oh! welcome to thy peaceful home,
No more o'er that wild waste to roam.

"When from this cell of pain and woe,
Like that weak dove my soul shall go,
And trembling still her flight shall urge,
Along this dark world's doubtful verge,
O'er the cold flood, and foaming surge,
Then may the shrinking stranger spy
A pierc'd hand stretching from the sky,
Then hear a voice in accents blest,
'Return—return unto thy rest,'

Long prison'd in a wayward clime,
Long wounded with the thorns of time;
Long chill'd by the wild storms that pour
Around that dark, deceitful shore,
Enter—where thorns shall wound and tempests rage
no more."

THE SUSCEPTIBLE MIND.

"Hast thou seen the Mimosa within its soft cell,
All shrinking and suffering stand,
And draw in its tendrils, and fold its young leaves,
From the touch of the tenderest hand?

"Hast thou seen the young Aspen that trembles and sighs,
On the breath of the lingering wind?
Oh! these are but emblems, imperfect and faint,
Of the shrinking and sensitive mind.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR. WASHBURN, OF FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT, DURING A STORM AT MIDNIGHT, WHILE ON HIS PASSAGE TO SOUTH-CAROLINA, FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS WIFE.

"The southern gale awoke, its breath was mild,
The hoary face of mighty ocean smil'd;
Silent he lay, and o'er his breast did move
A little bark that much he seem'd to love;
He lent it favouring winds of steady force,
And bad the zephyrs waft it on its course;
So on its trackless way, it mov'd sublime,
To bear the sick man to a softer clime.
Then night came on; the humid vapours rose,
And scarce a gale would fan the dead repose;
It seem'd as if the cradle storms did rest,
As infants dream upon the mother's breast.

But when deep midnight claim'd his drear domain,
And darkly prest the sick man's couch of pain,
The prison'd winds to fearful combat leap,
And rouse the wrathful spirit of the deep,
Th' impatient storms arose—their sleep was past,
The thunder roar'd a hoarse and dreadful blast,
The troubled bark was tost upon the wave,
The cleaving billows shew'd a ready grave,

The lightnings blaz'd insufferably bright,
Forth rode a spirit on the wing of night;
An unseen hand was there, whose strong control,
Requir'd in that dread hour the sick man's soul,
It struggled and was gone! to hear no more
The whirlwinds sweeping, and the torrents roar,
The rending skies, the loud and troubled deep,
The agonizing friend, that wak'd to weep;
No more to shrink before the tempest's breath,
No more to linger in the pangs of death;
No more! no more! it saw a purer sphere,
Nor surging sea—nor vexing storms were there;
Before his eye a spotless region spread,
Where darkness rested not—or doubt or dread,
And sickness sigh'd not there, and mortal ills were fled."

AN EXCUSE FOR NOT FULFILLING AN ENGAGEMENT.

WRITTEN IN SCHOOL.

"My friend I gave a glad assent
To your request at noon,
But now I find I cannot leave
My little ones so soon.

"I early came, and as my feet
First enter'd at the door,
'Remember' to myself I said,
'You must dismiss at four.'

"But slates, and books, and maps appear,
And many a dear one cries,
'Oh, tell us where that river runs,
And where those mountains rise;

"'And where that blind, old monarch reign'd,
And who was king before,
And stay a little after five,
And tell us something more.'

"And then my little A* * * * *† comes,
And who unmov'd can view,
The glance of that imploring eye,
'Oh, teach me something too.'

† A child deprived of the powers of hearing, and of speech.

"And who would think amid the toil,
(Though scarce a toil it be,)
That through the door, the muses coy
Should deign to peep at me.

"Their look is somewhat cold and stern,
As if it meant to say,
'We did not know you kept a school,
We must have lost our way.'

"Their visit was but short indeed,
As these light numbers show;
But Oh! they bade me write with speed,
My friend, I cannot go."

MORNING THOUGHTS.

"Awake! Awake! the rosy light
Looks through the parted veil of night;
Awake! arise! short space hast thou
On earth, and much thou hast to do:
Another morn to thee is given,
Another gift from bounteous heaven
Is lent to thee, while many sleep
To wake no more on earth again;
Is sweet to thee, while many weep,
Deep sunk in grief, or torn with pain.
Oh, spring to life! with joy renew'd,
And pour the strain of gratitude,
On bended knee, with holy fear,
With humble hope, with faith sincere.

"Before the sun shall raise his head
To smile upon the blushing day,
Or from his chamber rush to lead
The young and thin-rob'd dawn away.

"Before the morn with tresses fair
Shall sail upon the waveless air,
Oh, let thy soul ascend as free,
Thy heart be tun'd to harmony,
And meekly to thy Maker bear,
The early vow, the early prayer,
Unstain'd with shades of earthly care.

"Kneel like a suppliant at his feet,
Yet like a child address his throne,
And let an hour so calm, so sweet,
Be sacred to thy God alone."

THE QUEEN OF NIGHT.

" The queen of night rode bold and high,
Her path was white with stars,
Her cheek was sanguine, and her eye
Glanc'd on the blood stain'd Mars.

" No word she spake, no sign she made,
Save that her head she bow'd,
As if a cold, good night she bade,
To some departing cloud.

" A fleecy robe was loosely cast,
Around her graceful form,
She hid her forehead from the blast,
Hoarse herald of the storm.

" But soon she staid her rushing car,
And check'd her rapid rein,
For morn beheld her from afar,
And frown'd upon her train.

" The queen of night, and rosy morn,
Together might not dwell;
One came to rouse the slumbering dawn,
The other sought her cell."

TWILIGHT.

" I saw, ere the landscape had faded in night,
The slow-moving twilight with gesture sublime,
As I pensively watch'd the decline of the light,
And listen'd, absorb'd to the foot-fall of time.

" And I said to my heart, as it rose in my breast,
' What wakes thee to sorrow, what moves thee to mourn?
And my heart answer'd quick, with emotion opprest,
' I grieve for the hours, that must never return.'

In the pale hand of twilight, a tablet appear'd,
Though veil'd in her mantle, and muffled with shade;
That this had recorded my errours I fear'd,
And I knew that its traces were never to fade.

VICTORY.

" Waft not to me the blast of fame,
That swells the trump of victory,
For to my ear it gives the name
Of slaughter, and of misery.

" Boast not so much of honour's sword,
Wave not so high the victor's plume;
They point me to the bosom gor'd,
They point me to the blood-stain'd tomb.

" The boastful shout, the revel loud,
That strive to drown the voice of pain,
What are they but the fickle crowd
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain?

" And ah, through glory's fading blaze,
I see the cottage taper, pale,
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays,
Where unprotected orphans wail:

" Where the sad widow weeping stands,
As if her day of hope was done:
Where the wild mother clasps her hands,
And asks the victor for her son:

" Where the lone maid in secret sighs
O'er the lost solace of her heart,
As prostrate, in despair, she lies,
And feels her tortur'd life depart:

" Where midst that desolated land,
The sire lamenting o'er his son,
Extends his weak and powerless hand,
And finds its only prop is gone.

See how the bands of war and wo
Have rifled sweet domestick bliss;
And tell me if your laurels grow,
And flourish in a soil like this?"

One great negative merit of these poems is, that they are almost wholly free from any false taste, from any thing either in thought or style, that is turgid or vulgar. There is much freedom and facility in the manner, a correctness

and harmony in the features, though generally tinged with melancholy; that make us strongly wish, that the writer would devote herself to some work of greater scope and higher character than any of these occasional verses. We think there are one or two passages in the poem *on the Dove's leaving the Ark*, which partake of the sublime. The description of the deluge,

> " And slowly as its axle turn'd,
> The wat'ry planet mov'd and mourn'd;

the whole of the passage ending with these two lines,

> " Nor slightest breath her bosom cheer'd,
> Her own soft wings alone she heard,"

If not sublime, which we think it to be, will at least be allowed by all, to be exquisitely beautiful and pathetick.

After considering the indications of genius, afforded by these disconnected poems, the variety and facility of versification they discover, joined to what we have heard of the fair author's solid acquirements, and her power and habit of severe application, we should, if our advice were a little more imposing, earnestly counsel her to devote her mind to some more considerable undertaking. We have in the way of subjects, a rich and various mine that has hardly been opened. Let it be remembered, how much the genius of Scott has struck out from his Scottish highland chiefs, and the border warfare with England; where both men and events are almost beneath the dignity of history; from what rude materials has he constructed and polished his most successful productions! How much more important, how much more varied, how vastly superiour in picturesque effect, the events that took place on our frontiers, in the course of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth century! The contest between the English and French, and the intermixture of their savage allies; the splendour of the epoch in the history of those two people at home, was reflected on their distant contests in Canada; the important part played by the various Indian tribes, particularly the Six Nations, whose history is abundantly interesting; the share we took as colonists in these events; the vast revolutions that have since happened among these different nations; all furnish materials at once interesting and grand. There

are so many contrasts involved, that might be rendered highly poetical. The polished French nobleman from the court of Lewis XIV. the dignified British governour, the hardy American colonist, the distinguished chiefs of the Six Nations, the insinuating Jesuit missionary, all present very striking details; and then the magnificence of the scenery,—the cataract, in its gigantick magnificence, that might receive all the waterfalls of Europe united, without perceiving the addition; the lakes whose shores for a century and a half, have been rendered illustrious by so many memorable combats of different nations, all give dignity to the theme. Many romantick adventures of individuals would furnish interesting episodes. The martial events are highly interesting. A peculiar fatality has attended all the combats on the plains of Abraham under the walls of Quebec; at distant periods, three commanders in chief of three different nations have been slain; the French Marquis de Montcalm, the English General Wolfe, and the American General Montgomery. A perusal of Colden's History of the Six Nations, the Baron de la Honton's travels, and several works in the early history of Virginia, New-England and Canada, would be found replete with characters, incidents, and actions of the most diversified, animated, and picturesque description.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Latitude of Bowdoin College, 43° 53′ N.

The Thermometer employed in the following observations, was constructed by Mr. Six, and registers the maxima of heat and cold. The gradation is according to the scale of Fahrenheit. The instrument has a northern exposure, and is elevated about six feet, being exposed to the influence of no object, excepting that to which it is attached. I have marked degrees above and below the zero by the signs (:) and (-).

FEBRUARY, 1815.

	Thermometer.					Barometer.			Winds.		Weather.	
	h. m. 7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	Maximum of cold.	Maximum of heat.	h. m. 7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	h. m. 7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	h. m. 7 30 A. M.	15 minutes after sunset.
1	: 7	:22.7°	:22°	-15°	:23°	29.68	29.76	29.82	N.W.	N.W	N.W.	Fair	Fair
2	14	26.5	26	:6.5	27	29.82	29.77	29.81	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.	Sno.	Clo.
3	8	26.5	24.5	.7	27	29.85	29.68	29.62	N.W.	S.W.	S.W.	Clo.	Clo.
4	19	27.5	21	17.7	28	29.75	29.75	29.71	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.	Fair	Clo.
5	14	20	17	12	21	29.68	29.70	29.76	N.E.	N.E.	E.	Clo.	Fair
6	15	21	18	12	21	29.80	29.79	29.79	N.E.	N.E.	N.	Sno.	Sno.
7	12	24	17.5	8.2	25	29.90	29.86	29.84	N.W.	N.W.	S.W.	Fair	Fair
8	- 9	26	19	-14.5	27	29.71	29.63	29.60	W.	S.W.	S.W.	Fair	Fair
9	: 8	30	23.5	: 1.2	32	29.55	29.50	29.52	S.W.	N.W.	N.W.	Fair	Fair
10	4	26	20	- 5.7	30	29.69	29.73	29.76	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.	Fair	Fair
11	3	29	19	9	30	29.79	29.77	29.81	N.W.	N.E.	N.E	Clo.	Fair
12	8	30	23	8	30.5	29.71	29.65	29.60	N.E.	N.E.	N.W.	Clo.	Clo.
13	14	14.5	11	:12	15	29.70	29.75	29.79	N.W	N.W.	N.W.	Clo.	Fair
14	- 9	18.5	16.5	-15.5	19	29.86	29.77	29.70	W.	S.W.	S.W.	Fair	Fair
15	:13	28	22	- 6	30	29.60	29.62	29.67	N.W.	N.W.	N.W.	Fair	Fair
16	14.5	33.5	24	: 1.7	35	29.69	29.60	29.59	N.W.	S.W	S.W.	Clo.	Clo.
17	15	29.2	24.5	9.5	31	29.90	29.87	29.87	N.W.	N.W.	S.W.	Fair	Clo.
18	8.5	13	10	7.7	13.5	29.78	29.67	29.68	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.	Sno.	Clo.
19	5.5	30	23.5	5	32	29.80	29.81	29.86	N.E.	N.E.	S.W.	Fair	Clo.
20	- 3	31	30.5	- 9	32	29.90	29.80	29.69	N.W.	S.	S.	Fair	Sno.
21	:32	39	33	:28.5	40	29.46	29.39	29.35	W.	S.	N.E.	Clo.	Sno.
22	17	24	19	12	24	29.90	29 99	30.05	N.W.	N.E.	N.W.	Fair	Clo.
23	- 4	20	17	-14.2	21	30.25	30.24	30.27	N.W.	S.W.	S.W.	Fair	Fair
24	: 1.5	20	19	9.7	21	30.50	30.52	30.43	N.E.	E.	N.E.	Clo.	Sno.
25	19	35	28	:16	35	30.03	29.95	29.85	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.	Fair	Sno.
26	26	40	33	24	41	29.72	29.87	30.	W.	N.W.	N.W.	Fair	Fair
27	10.5	37	34	- .5	38.5	30.14	30.08	30.	S.W.	S.W.	S.W.	Clo.	Clo.
28	35	41	34	:23.5	42	29.66	29.60	29.60	S.W.	S.W	S.	Clo.	Clo.
Means	10.5	27.2	22.4	3.2	28.2	29.81	29.79	29.78					

Mean temperature deduced from three observations each day 20.06°
ditto maxima of heat and cold 15.70
Mean pressure of the atmosphere - - 29.79 in.
Greatest monthly range of barometer - - 1.17
Snow reduced to water - - - - 1.50

The total absence of rain, during this month, is uncommon.

MARCH, 1815.

	Thermometer.					Barometer.			Winds.			Weather.	
	h. m. 7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	Maximum of cold.	Maximum of heat.	h. m. 7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset	h. m. 7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	h. m. 7 30 A. M.	15 minutes after sunset.
1	32°	46.5°	36.5°	21°	47°	29.70	29.76	29.80	SW	SW	SW	Fair	Fair
2	35	45	36	24.7	46.5	29.94	29.94	29.92	SW	SW	SW	Fair	Fair
3	33	49.5	41	26.5	50	29.97	29.91	29.87	NE	SW	SW	Fair	Fair
4	33	44.5	39	23.5	47	29.83	29.74	29.70	SW	SW	SW	Fair	Clo
5	41	49	44	37	50.5	29.79	29.69	29.58	SW	SE	S	Fair	Mist
6	44	51	45	35	51.5	29.68	29.71	29.82	W	SW	W	Clo	Fair
7	30.5	35	35	29.5	36	30.09	30.10	30.14	N	NW	S	Clo	Fair
*8	22	37	30	12.5	38.5	30.33	30.35	30.36	W	NW	SW	Fair	Fair
9	32	38	36.5	20	40	30.21	30.11	30.09	SW	SW	SW	Fair	Fair
10	23	47.5	40	17	48	30.13	30.10	30.09	SW	SW	SW	Fair	Clo
11	38	42	40	34	43.5	29.97	29.79	29.76	SW	SW	SW	Rain	Clo
12	33	46	42	25.5	48	29.86	29.90	29.93	W	NW	SW	Fair	Clo
13	34	36	30	30	36	29.99	29.92	29.77	NE	SE	SE	Clo	Sno
14	29	42	34	26.5	45.5	29.95	29.93	29.84	SW	SW	SW	Clo	Clo
15	38	43	33	32.5	45.5	29.24	29.07	29.16	S	NW	NW	Rain	Clo
16	25	30.5	26	22	31	29.59	29.68	29.88	NW	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
17	20	31	27	10	31.5	30.02	29.87	29.50	NW	SE	SE	Fair	Sno
†18						29.30	29.37		NW	NW	NW	Clo	Fair
19	24	36	29	9.7	37	29.71	29.71	29.77	SW	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
20	15	21	16.5	1	22	29.82	29.85	29.91	NW	NW	NW	Sno	Fair
21	3	16.5	20	1	20	30.06	30.02	30.02	NW	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
22	9	21	18.2	7	22	30.30	30.32	30.33	NW	SW	SW	Fair	Clo
23	19	32	29	14	32	30.10	30.02	29.94	NE	NE	NE	Sno	Sle
24	31	41	36.5	27.5	41.5	29.84	29.69	29.43	NE	SW	SW	Rain	Clo
25	34	42.5	33	26.5	43	29.70	29.79	29.92	NW	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
†26	20	30	26	13	32	30.36	30.39	30.37	NW	SW	SW	Fair	Fair
27	33.5	36	34	20	36	30.02	29.30	29.56	SW	SW	SW	Mist	Clo
28	39	43.5	36	29.7	45	29.75	29.90	30.02	SW	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
29	25	35	28	16.5	35	30.34	30.21	30.18	E	SW	SW	Clo	Sno
30	29	35	32.5	26.5	35	29.80	29.72	29.70	SW	NE	NE	Sno	Mist
31	32	35	35	29.5	33	29.46	29.21	29.06	NE	NE	NE	Rain	Mist
Means	28.5	37.9	38.8	21.3	39.1	29.89	29.86	29.84					

Mean temperature deduced from three observations each day 33.06°
ditto maxima of heat and cold - 30.20
Mean pressure of the atmosphere - - 29.86 in.
Greatest monthly range of barometer - - 1.33
Rain and snow reduced to water - - - 1.16

March 17, about 10 o'clock, A. M. there was a most brilliant exhibition of *halos* and *parhelia* in the vicinity of the sun. The number of halos, or *circles* and *arcs* of circles was *nine;* and the number of *parhelia* or mock suns *five.* As it is hardly possible to give an accurate description of the phenomenon without the assistance of a figure, I shall barely remark, that, among the halos, the most beautiful was a very distinct white circle, passing through the sun's disc, parallel to the horizon, about 90° in diameter, and having the zenith at its centre. In this circle were *four* parhelia or mock-suns; two of them being

* March 8, Aurora Borealis.
† March 26, bright halo round the sun, at 12 o'clock, 15° diameter.

by estimation, 45° distant from the sun, and near to the points, where the white circle intersected an irised halo, passing round the sun; and the other two at 90° from those just mentioned. The two former were irised; the two latter perfectly white.

The morning of this day was cloudless, with the wind blowing from N. W.; but during the phenomenon, the vapour in the air was condensed with unusual rapidity in the south. About 30 minutes after 10 o'clock, the southern part of the halos was obscured by the actual formation of clouds; and about 2 o'clock, P. M. snow began to descend very copiously with a S. E. wind. The form of the snow was somewhat peculiar, being that of very long and slender spiculae or prisms.

Two days previous to this phenomenon, a small quantity of rain fell with a south wind; but the day immediately preceding the 17th, was fair, with a N. W. wind, and so cold that the maximum of heat was only 31°; indeed, on the 17th, the thermometer ascended no higher than 31°. 5, and the following day was cloudy, and cold with a N. W. wind. During the nights of the 21st and 22d of March, the thermometer descended a little *below zero*, which has never before occurred so late in the month, since my residence in this place. The phenomenon just described was witnessed at Hallowell, about 30 miles north from Brunswick, and also at places at least 15 miles south. In the course of the month of March, B. Vaughan, Esq. of Hallowell, repeatedly observed, that in the region where the sun was shining, the sky around it exhibited peculiar appearances; the colour seemed to be such, as would result from covering the sky with an extremely thin semi-transparent mist, composed of black and white vapours, illuminated from within, and, at the same time, coated without by a transparent, silvery varnish. In one or two cases the black tint was very conspicuous.

March 31. During most of this day, a fine mist continued to fall; in the former part of the night the wind changed to N. W. accompanied by the fall of one or two inches of very light snow, which, on the following morning, presented a very uncommon appearance. In the fields and roads were to be seen a *vast number* of *snow balls*, varying in size from *one* to *fifteen* inches in diameter, or perhaps, still larger. They were very irregularly scattered, and sometimes collected into little heaps by eddies in the wind. Most of those which I saw, were from four to ten inches in diameter. When small, their form was nearly spherical; but the larger balls were, in general, somewhat oval, in consequence of having rolled so far in one direction. Their texture was homogeneous; they were extremely light, and composed of minute prisms of snow irregularly aggregated. When very small, they would hardly bear examination in the hand without falling to pieces; when larger, they had become more compact. The paths in which they had rolled were, in general, distinctly visible. These balls were observed in Lisbon, Topsham, Durham, Brunswick, Bath, Harpswell, and perhaps in other towns. It does not seem perfectly easy to point out *all* the circumstances which concurred in producing them.

The above journal was furnished by Professor Cleveland of Bowdoin College, Brunswick.

The following are the results of the Thermometer and Barometer for the months of February and March, as communicated by Professor Farrar, of Harvard University, Cambridge.

1815.	Barometer.			Thermometer.		
February.	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.
Greatest	30.64	30.73	30.71	32.	42.	40.
Mean	30.134	30.008	30.110	15.52	35.05	28.20
Least	29.76	29.62	29.67	-2.	2.	4.
March.						
Greatest	30.74	30.73	30.65	47.	67.	49.
Mean	30.211	30.093	30.117	30.79	44.15	33.90.
Least	29.56	29.67	29.33	6.	27.	15.

The quantity of rain and dissolved snow during these two months was 5 inches 52 hundredths.

ALBANY, FEBRUARY, 1815.

	Thermometer.			Barometer.			Winds.		Weather.	
Day.	7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	Morning.	Afternoon.	Morning.	Afternoon.
1	8	22	26	30.00	30.02	30.02	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
2	24	28	28	29.80	29.90	29.90	NW	NW	Cloudy	Fair
3	24	34	34	29.80	29.70	29.65	S	S	Cloudy	Cloudy
4	32	30	26	29 62	29.60	29,50	N	NW	Cloudy	Cloudy
5	24	28	32	29.60	29.60	29 60	N	S	Cloudy	Cloudy
6	32	24	24	29.68	29.78	29.85	S	NW	Snow	Cloudy
7	22	20	14	29·90	29 85	29.80	NW	NW	Cloudy	Fair
8	4	22	26	29.70	29.70	29.65	NW	NW	Cloudy	Cloudy
9	25	32	28	29.60	29.60	29.60	S	S	Snow	Cloudy
10	20	24	20	29.76	29 70	29.70	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
11	18	30	28	29.70	29.70	29.70	SE	S	Fair	Cloudy
12	24	26	20	29.60	29.60	28.80	N	NW	Cloudy	Cloudy
13	14	20	20	29.75	29.85	29.82	NW	NW	Cloudy	Fair
14	14	24	16	29.82	29.74	29.60	SE	SE	Fair	Fair
15	4	30	26	29.60	29.60	29.60	S	SE	Fair	Fair
16	26	38	38	29.60	29.68	29.95	SE	SE	Cloudy	Fair
17	24	28	24	29.90	29.75	29.65	W	NW	Cloudy	Snow
18	24	28	22	29.50	29.60	29.60	N	N	Snow	Snow
19	16	28	28	29.80	29.82	29.85	NW	S	Fair	Cloudy
20	24	36	40	29.85	29.50	29.40	S	SE	Fair	Cloudy
21	36	34	28	29.40	29.30	29.50	S	NW	Cloudy	Rain
22	20	22	20	29.90	30.00	30.05	NW	NW	Cloudy	Fair
23	18	22	10	30.30	30.30	30.30	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
24	8	18	22	30.30	30.25	30.10	NW	NE	Cloudy	Snow
25	25	30	32	29.95	29.72	29.70	N	NE	Cloudy	Hail
26	32	36	24	29.80	29.95	29.90	W	NW	Fair	Fair
27	18	38	38	30.00	29.95	29.80	SE	SE	Cloudy	Cloudy
28	36	40	36	29.64	29.60	29·55	S	S	Cloudy	Fair

ALBANY, MARCH, 1815.

Day.	Thermometer. 7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 A. M.	Barometer. 7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	Winds. Morning.	Afternoon.	Weather. Morning.	Afternoon.
1	32	44	40	29.65	29.70	29.80	S	S	Cloudy	Fair
2	40	46	44	29.80	29.80	29.80	S	S	Cloudy	Fair
3	48	50	44	29.80	29.80	29.80	S	S	Fair	Fair
4	44	58	48	29.75	29.70	29.70	S	S	Cloudy	Rain
5	44	56	50	29.60	29.50	29.75	S	S	Fair	Cloudy
6	48	52	46	29.80	29.90	30.00	W	NW	Fair	Fair
7	38	41	36	30.10	30.10	30.15	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
8	30	40	38	30.25	30.25	30.25	NW	SE	Fair	Fair
9	36	40	40	30.10	30.10	30.10	SE	S	Cloudy	Fair
10	32	52	50	30.10	30.00	30.00	S	SE	Fair	Cloudy
11	46	54	46	29.85	29.80	29.90	S	S	Rain	Fair
12	48	52	48	30.02	30.00	29.90	W	W	Fair	Cloudy
13	40	44	44	29.80	29.60	29.85	W	SE	Rain	Rain
14	34	42	44	29.90	29.75	29.60	NW	SE	Fair	Rain
15	44	48	38	29.10	29.30	29.45	S	NW	Rain	Fair
16	32	34	30	29.70	29.90	29.90	NW	NW	Cloudy	Fair
17	28	34	34	29.90	29.50	29.35	SE	SE	Snow	Snow
18	32	42	36	29.50	29.64	29.65	NW	NW	Cloudy	Fair
19	38	36	32	29.80	29.80	29.80	W	W	Fair	Fair
20	24	24	20	30.00	30.05	30.10	W	W	Fair	Fair
21	14	26	22	30.12	30.00	30.00	N	NE	Cloudy	Cloudy
22	20	26	26	30.10	30.15	30.05	N	SE	Cloudy	Snow
23	28	34	34	29.90	29.90	29.80	NW	S	Snow	Rain
24	38	38	46	29.60	29.50	29.65	SE	W	Rain	Rain
25	40	42	36	29.90	30.00	30.10	NW	NW	Fair	Fair
26	30	36	40	30.38	30.38	30.20	N	N	Fair	Fair
27	40	48	48	29.85	29.60	29.60	SE	SE	Cloudy	Rain
28	40	44	38	29.90	29.95	30.12	W	W	Cloudy	Fair
29	32	32	32	30.15	30.05	30.00	W	SE	Cloudy	Snow
30	34	36	38	29.75	29.60	29.60	SE	SE	Rain	Rain
31	36	38	38	29.30	29.30	29.30	S	NW	Rain	Snow

MISCELLANEOUS AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND.

BASLE, FEB. 3.—The Duke of Holstein-Eutin, (the late king of Sweden) is determined to travel to the Holy Land, and has already received from the Grand Seignour the necessary permission in that respect. He has caused the following notice to be published here in French:—

"We make known by these presents, that the Ottoman Porte has given us permission to visit the Holy City. One of our wishes is now fulfilled—it has been the object of our most ardent

desires from our youth, and at a time when there did not appear any possibility of accomplishing it. We hailed a secret presentiment, that we should one day be destined by divine Providence to undertake this pilgrimage.

"In directing our steps to Jerusalem, we should for ever reproach ourselves if we neglected to inform the christian world of our resolution to visit that Holy City, since we hope to be accompanied by some brethren of our holy religion.

"We propose the following conditions to those who may wish to join us in the journey. We invite among the European nations ten brethren to accompany us to Jerusalem,—that is to say,—an Englishman, a Dane, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, an inhabitant of Holstein-Eutin, a Hungarian, a Dutchman, an Italian, a Russian and a Swiss.

1. Each of them must be provided with a certificate from the diocese or consistory of his country, attesting the purity of his motives.
2. The place of rendezvous shall be the town of Trieste; and the 2d of June next is the day appointed for the general meeting.
3. Those that can play upon any instrument, will take it with them, if it be not too cumbersome.
4. Each one must be provided with 4000 Augsburg florins, or at least 2000, in order to meet the preliminary expenses of the journey, and to form a general or common stock.
5. Each one to have a right to take a servant with him, on condition that he be a christian, or a person of good morals.
6. The brothers to put on a black dress which is neither magnificent or expensive;—they are to let their beards grow as a proof of manly resolution, and to regard it as an honour to bear the name of Black Brethren. The costume, as well as the armament and equipment, shall be definitely settled at Trieste, and also the Holy Convention.
7. The dress of the servants to be dark grey; this shall also be decided at Trieste.
8. The latest period of admission to the union of the Black Brethren is the 24th of June. Afterwards the publick will be informed whether the number be complete or not.
9. Those persons that shall enter into this union are to make it known in the newspapers of their country, and also of those of Frankfort on the Main, and acquaint us with it in writing at the same time, by directing for the Editor of the Frankfort Gazette.

Given at Basle, on the 27th of January, Anno Domini 1815.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.
Duke of Holstein-Eutin.

PROFESSORSHIP OF GREEK LITERATURE IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

In April of the last year, a gentleman, through one of the corporation, made a donation of twenty thousand dollars, to endow a professorship of Greek literature in the University, the statutes to be made, and a Professor chosen and introduced to office within a convenient time. In February last the foundation was completed by the enacting of the statutes, and the Rev. Edward Everett was chosen to fill the Professorship. On the 12th he was inaugu-

rated in the usual form; with prayer, and a Latin address by the President, a reply in Latin by the Professor, an inaugural Oration by the Professor, in the vernacular tongue, and musick by the students. The inaugural Oration exhibited the claims of this department of literature with striking force and eloquence; and, in conclusion, referred to the circumstances and feelings of the author with great delicacy and affecting tenderness. The following are the statutes of the professorship.—

Rules and Statutes of the Professorship of Greek Literature in Harvard College, founded by an unknown benefactor, in the year 1814, and established by votes of the President and Fellows, passed February 7th and 20th, A. D. 1815, and of the Overseers, on the 23d of the same month.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE PROFESSORSHIP.

The sum given as aforesaid, shall be managed and invested by the President and Fellows for the time being, and the income be applied by them for the support of a Professor of the Greek language, and of Greek literature, in the University at Cambridge, who shall be called the "Professor of Greek Literature;" provided that the corporation may give another name to the professor, but not that of the founder, except with his express consent.

CHAPTER II.

ELECTION OF THE PROFESSOR.

Article 1. The first Professor and his successors shall be elected by the President and Fellows, and the election be approved by the Overseers of Harvard College. The Professor shall be a master of arts, of the Christian Protestant religion; and shall bear the character of a learned, pious, and honest man.

Article 2. When, after the election of the first Professor, there shall be a vacancy in the office, a successor shall be appointed and introduced into the office, within one year after such a vacancy shall happen.

Article 3. The Professor, after his election, and before he enters on the execution of the duties of his office, shall make and subscribe a declaration before the President and Fellows, that he believes in the Christian religion, and has a firm persuasion of its truth; and that he is, in principle, a protestant; that he will with diligence and fidelity discharge the duties of his office, according to these statutes, and such other statutes and laws, as are or may be made by the College Legislature, not repugnant thereunto; that he will labour to advance the interests of general science and literature; that by his example, as well as otherwise, he will endeavour to encourage and promote true piety, and all

the Christian virtues; and that he will at all times consult the good of his pupils, and of the College in every respect.

Article 4. The Professor shall hold his office by the same tenure generally, as the other Professors upon foundations; he shall be subject to removal for any just and sufficient cause, by the President and Fellows, the Overseers consenting thereto; provided, that in case of the removal of a Professor on this foundation, for incapacity, arising after his election, and from no fault of his own, the President and Fellows of said College, shall have a right to make such provision for his support, not from the fund, or income of the Professorship, but out of the unappropriated funds of the College, as they shall see fit.

CHAPTER III.

THE DUTIES OF THE PROFESSOR.

Article 1. It shall be the duty of the Professor to cultivate and promote the knowledge of the Greek language, and of Greek literature. He shall give publick and private lectures, as the corporation may determine, on the genius, structure, characteristicks and excellencies of the Greek language, in the purest age of the language, and in the period succeeding, not neglecting the state of it in modern times: on the principal Greek authors, taking notice of the Greek fathers and ecclesiastical writers; and on the interpretation of the Septuagint Version, and of the Greek New Testament, especially so far as such interpretation may be aided by a knowledge of Greek.

Article 2. The Professor shall point out the best course of reading and study, for those who would become versed in Grecian literature.

Article 3. To ascertain and promote the improvement of his pupils, the Professor shall statedly or frequently examine them on the topicks treated in his publick lectures, proposing questions to be answered orally, or in writing, as he shall see fit.

Article 4. The Professor shall give private lectures or exercises to such of the graduates and under-graduates, as may come under his care, in which he shall assign portions of Greek authors, to be studied by the pupils. In these exercises, it will be his duty to explain and illustrate the work under consideration; to observe the sentiments, spirit, style and general execution; the imagery and rhetorical beauties, that the University may send out *alumni*, who possesses a discriminating knowledge of the renowned productions of Grecian authors, and the powers of the Grecian language.

Article 5. The number and order of the lectures and exercises to be given by the Professor, and the description of students, graduates and under-graduates, who shall receive his instruction,

shall be the subjects of particular regulation by the College law from time to time, as occasion may invite or require.

Article 6. It shall be in the power of the President and Fellows of the University, to annex to the Greek professorship, aforesaid, any duties not included in the preceding outline; provided, that such duties shall only extend to instruction in the Greek language, or Greek literature, or in sacred criticism, so far as it is connected with a knowledge of Greek.

The University has been of late years increasing in respectability, in the number and importance of its establishments, and in a general energy and activity among the government and the students. The foundation of this professorship is an advantage that will be fully appreciated by all the lovers of the Greek language and learning. The choice made of the Professor completes the wishes of the publick. Mr. Everett was twenty-one years of age the day of inauguration. This is a very youthful period for a professor; but he had already been for a year the pastor of one of the largest and most respectable congregations in Boston; he had composed in the course of this year seventy or eighty sermons; many of which were discourses of the highest character. He had also written a volume in answer to an attack on christianity, which abounds in argument, and the most learned research. To this power of application, and theological science, he adds a brilliant and playful fancy, and an extensive knowledge of ancient and modern literature. It is unnecessary to enlarge on the value of this acquisition to the University. He went to Europe a few days after his inauguration, where he will examine the most celebrated universities, and learned establishments; and if circumstances will allow it, visit those illustrious shores, which are immortalized in the language that has caused his professorship. It is calculated that he will remain abroad two years.

The exercises of the day were attended by a numerous and brilliant audience, and gave great satisfaction. The College Boards dined together in the publick rooms, and the evening concluded with a handsome ball given by a number of the students.

A great number of publications on the Corn laws, have been made in England. This question has been one of the principal subjects of discussion in Parliament for the last year. They have at last established a *minimum* of 80 shillings per quarter, below which price corn cannot be imported. The decision has caused riots for eight days in London, and great discontent all over the country. The question in reality amounts to this, shall the national debt be paid? To satisfy the publick creditor, the land must be so burthened with taxation, that wheat cannot be raised for less than 80 shillings per quarter, or eight bushels.

And at this price, the manufacturers will find it difficult to compete with those of the Continent.

Louis Bonaparte, late king of Holland, has had a law suit at Paris with his wife, to obtain possession of his son, whom she had refused to give up to him, and the decision of the court was in his favour. He has published a novel in three volumes, called, Maria, or the Hollanders, the scene of which is in Holland. All the virtuous and suffering characters are Dutchmen, all the criminal ones Frenchmen: the chief calamity is the conquest of Holland; the miseries of the hero arise from his having been drawn for the conscription. The prevailing feature of the work is the enthusiasm with which the author dwells on the happiness of private, virtuous domestick life. It has been translated and published in London.

Madame Catalani is established in Paris, and the management of the Italian opera has been given to her for 12 years.

The following items were contained in the documents given to the English Parliament, on the call for papers relating to the war.—

Ships belonging to his Majesty, captured by the Americans, 16 ships and vessels, mounting 266 guns, and with 2,015 men and boys.

Publick ships taken from America:—

34 ships and vessels,	400 guns,	1956 men and boys.
8 on the lakes,	94 ——	340
42 ships and vessels,	494	2296
228 private ships of war	1906	8974
270 ships of war of all sorts,	2,400	11,270

American seamen that have been made prisoners during the war. Total number captured, 18,413

Number detained in ports, 2,548

20,961

Aggregate of merchant vessels captured or destroyed as far as hath been reported to the Admiralty, 1328

Detained in the ports of England, 79

1407 Grand total.

These documents will not bear examination. For instance, in the national ships on their side, the number of guns are put down at their nominal rate—the American ships are stated according to the number of guns they really carried. Is there not some mistake in this number of 20,961 seamen captured?

An historical painting by Col. H. SARGENT has been for some weeks exhibited to the publick. The dimensions are about twenty feet by ten. The subject, "*the landing of the Fathers,*" of New-England, at Plymouth. One of the first points to constitute a valuable picture is a good subject. The artist has been extremely fortunate. It has never before been painted, at least, in an important manner. Independently of the powerful interest that belongs to it, from the consequences that have followed the enterprise of those heroick men; all the circumstances are picturesque. When we consider the character, the impulse, the intentions of the colonists, the season, the scenery, and the savages who attended their landing, there is a harmony, a kind of *moral keeping* in the circumstances of the event, that makes it admirably suited to painting. The artist has treated his subject with great ability. The small band of virtuous men, who were destined to be the founders of a great state, are here represented landing on the rocks of Plymouth in the month of December; the aspect of the coast, and the severity of the season, presenting an appearance as stern and severe, as their own principles and resolution. The groupe consists of men, women and children, who on first debarking among the rocks, are accosted by one of the aboriginal inhabitants, the representative of a race, who was destined to disappear, like the forests which they tenanted, before the descendants of this little band of exiles. The ship in which they traversed the ocean is seen at anchor at a distance, and they are debarking from a boat. In the sky and back ground, the aerial perspective, the grouping of the figures, and drawing of the heads of the men, the artist has been extremely successful. The heads of *Brewster*, the ruling Elder, *Governour Carver*, the valiant *Miles Standish*, and the *Savage*, are full of character and expression. The picture is not without faults, but it has great merits, and the publick and the painter may both be congratulated on this exhibition. It is to be hoped that the applause of the former will encourage the latter to repeat his efforts.

Mr. CORNY is now exhibiting paintings of the memorable contests on Lake Champlain, and at Plattsburg. There are three views; the first represents the American Squadron at anchor, at the moment they are opening their first fire on the British Squadron coming down upon them; the second, the heat of the action between them; the third represents the contest between the land forces for the passage of the river. This is a subject at which an American may look with almost unmingled feelings. The contest in the first place was, on our part, on the defensive; the superiority of the force opposed to us on the water, was considerable; on the land it was overwhelming; the enemy were confident, and it is difficult to calculate what would have been the

consequences of their success. The subject then is full of interest. Mr. Corny is one of the best painters of ships alive; he delineates them with the accuracy and fidelity of a portrait. The fault of his colouring is a general tone of blue or greenish blue that prevails through most of his pictures. Of those before us the first in the series is by far the best. The gentle appearance of the lake, the grandeur of the mountains in the back-ground, the clearness, distinctness, and spirit with which the ships are delineated, make it a beautiful painting; the contrast between the calm, majestick beauty of the scenery, and the deep, powerful passions, that were roused in the breasts, not only of the naval combatants, but of the anxious thousands that formed the two opposite armies who were spectators, excites the highest interest. The artist has made use of a stratagem to flatter the publick, in representing the English frigate, which was commanded hy commodore Downie, of disproportionate size, particularly in the second painting. This is an imitation of the English printsellers, who were a little puzzled in their representations of naval actions with us, and therefore generally gave our ships the appearance of a three decker, and their own frigates that of a corvette.

A plan has been formed, the details of which are sufficiently matured, to calculate on its being soon carried into effect, of giving a miscellaneous course of Lectures at the Boston Atheneum. It is hoped that such an undertaking may conduce to the advantage of that establishment, and procure a rational amusement for the town. It is proposed that these Lectures shall be delivered one morning or evening in the week, perhaps the former in summer, and the latter in winter. The subjects to be treated, will depend on the lecturer—science, literature, morals, government, political economy, the fine arts, &c. &c. Of course there will be no pretension to a regular course on any subject. Such desultory lectures, though not suited to students, will convey amusement and instruction to the audience which it may be presumed will give their attendance. The proprietors and subscribers to the Atheneum will each receive one or more tickets for themselves and families. Already about a dozen gentlemen have agreed to deliver two or more lectures each, and it may be reasonably expected, that the design will promote the interests of the Atheneum and the refined pleasures of the town.

Stereotype Printing.—Of the various arts that, within the last few years, have been introduced into the country, there is no one which the man of science and literature will contemplate with more satisfaction than the *Stereotype Art.* We are highly pleased to observe its rapid progress, and the degree of perfection to which it has already arrived.

We have seen at the Bookstore of Messrs. Collins and Co. more than two thirds of their Quarto Bible complete in Stereotype Plates (executed by Mr. John Watts and his successors in the business, Messrs. B. and J. Collins) in a style of perfection not excelled, as is asserted by competent judges, even in Europe. This edition is enriched with Canne's marginal notes, which, together with the extreme attention paid to its accuracy, will give additional value to Collins' Bible, a work already known as the most correct edition of the sacred volume ever printed in this country.

We understand that the proprietors have determined to embellish this Stereotype edition with a variety of new Engravings, executed by the first Artists of Europe and America.

We have not paid sufficient attention to the benefit of Stereotyping, to be able to ascertain if it be more profitable to the bookseller than the usual mode of printing; but we are sensible that the art will be of the first importance to the publick, in all that relates to correctness and beauty.

A work once made correct, and cast into solid plates, must ever remain so, whatever may be the number of editions printed, and is unexposed to those accidents which often happen in common printing, whereby the utmost care of the compositor and editor is defeated.

We hope ere long to see correct Stereotype editions of those Lexicons and Dictionaries which are indispensable in our schools and colleges, so as effectually to do away the necessity of importing such works from Europe.

There are at the Atheneum three pamphlets in French, printed at *Cape Henry*, one of which, in quarto, is an official publication of the government, a *proces verbal* of the sitting of the council of the nation, on the subject of the letters and intrigues of the agents of the government of France. The other two, in octavo, "a refutation of the letter of the French general Dauxion La-"vaysse, by the Chevalier de Prereau, secretary of his majesty "Henry 1st," and notes addressed to Baron Malouet, minister of the marine and the colonies of his majesty Louis 18th, in refutation of his memoirs on the colonies, particularly St. Domingo, by Baron de Vastey, secretary of the King, and member of the Privy Council. These pamphlets are curiosities; they are well, and eloquently written, and the publick proceedings are in all due form and ceremony. There is as pretty and numerous a collection of Princes, Dukes, Counts, Barons as any country in Europe could produce; indeed England is quite outdone; she has produced only one Black Prince, but in St. Domingo there are many. These titles sound as well as any similar appellations; and may wear as well as older ones. If the colour of the heart be right, that of the skin is of inferiour importance.

The policy the French government were pursuing in regard to St. Domingo speaks for itself; but the stupidity of the agents employed is unequalled. This general Dauxion Lavayssee wrote letters from Jamaica to Christophe and Petion, in which the amount of his proposals, is that all these nobles and proprietors, should voluntarily and peaceably consent to become slaves again, or, as he remarks that this term was offensive, he proposes the pleasing substitute of "*non libres.*" The following extracts from this admirable letter of general Lavaysse, are sufficiently curious to be inserted here. Dated October 1, 1814.

"We are no longer in the time of Bonaparte: all the sovereigns "of Europe were combined to overthrow the usurper; all remain "united, to assure the tranquillity of all parts of the world. At "this moment you see England punishing, at the distance of fif- "teen hundred leagues from home, the United States of America, "who had dared lend their support to the enemy of the order "and repose of the world; already the capital of that new empire "has been delivered to the flames; its chief has flown; till these "same United States profess the principles of the sovereigns of "Europe, England will not cease to crush them with the weight "of her terrible vengeance; therefore, so long as there is a single "point of the universe where order is not re-established, the allied "sovereigns will not lay down their arms, they will remain united "to finish their great work.

"If you doubt this truth, General, your Excellency can consult "by your agents, the disposition of England, formerly the enemy "of France, now her most faithful ally, and they will attest to you "what I have now said.

"The King who wishes to reward merit wherever it can be "found, will act, do not doubt it, like the monarchs of Spain and "Portugal, who, by their letters patent, give to an individual, what- "ever may be his colour, the condition of a white man. His "royal power that has assimilated the Ney's, the Soult's, the "Suchet's, the Dessole's, &c. to the Montmorency's, the Rohan's, "&c. by an act of munificence and equity, which all France ap- "plauded, can equally render a black or a yellow man, the same "before the throne and the law, and in all the social relations, as "the whitest man in Picardy.

"For I believe that you have too sound a head, a mind too "noble and enlightened, not to be satisfied with becoming a great "nobleman and a general officer, under this ancient dynasty of "the Bourbons, which Providence seems pleased, in spite of all "human calculations, to perpetuate on the throne of our dear "France; you will prefer to become an illustrious servant of "the great monarch of the French, to the precarious lot of a "chief of revolted slaves. And if examples were necessary to "engage you to imitate others, look at the generals Murat and

"Bernadotte, chiefs or kings, for so many years, of nations whom "they have rendered illustrious by their arms, nobly descending "from the thrones to which the consequences of the French revo- "lution had elevated them. Look at them, I say, descending "nobly and voluntarily from those thrones, to become great and "illustrious lords, and preferring legitimate and durable honours "for themselves and their posterity, to the odious and precarious "title of usurper."

The English newspapers reprobate the folly of this general Lavaysse.

Proposals are issued for publishing "a statistical View of the "Commerce of the United States, its connexion with agriculture "and manufactures, together with an account of the publick debt, "revenues and tonnage of the United States." There will be connected with the work, "a brief view of the trade, agricul- "ture and manufactures of the Colonies previous to their inde- "pendence." The whole will be accompanied with numerous tables illustrative of general principles and objects. The publick are about to be indebted to the Hon. Timothy Pitkin, a member of the House of Representatives of the United States from the state of Connecticut, for a work so greatly to be desired, and embracing so many particulars of information, useful and necessary to almost every class and description of citizens in the community. From the character of Mr. Pitkin, the opportunities he has possessed for collecting the facts and documents, requisite for such a work; his uncommon industry, precision, patience of investigation and zeal in the undertaking, the public may anticipate with confidence, a volume which will do honour not only to the author, but to the country. It is some relief to the mind, tired with witnessing the temporary effusions of party heat, or personal zeal, to rest his eye upon a production of a general character, which, from the sphere it comprehends, promises to be extensively useful, and from the labour and research bestowed upon it, to be lasting. It is unnecessary to add a reflection, which must occur to every one who is apprized of the publication, and of the auspices under which it is issued, that the reputation of the country will in no small degree be affected by the reception it shall give to proposals for the issuing such a work from the press. An individual, distinguished by his station, and by the intelligence with which his exertions on the floor of Congress have been conducted, offers for the patronage of his fellow citizens the result of the labour of many years of publick duty, and general observation; not to serve any local, or temporary, or party purpose, but to preserve and diffuse a knowledge of details, on subjects of universal concern. It may be reasonably presumed, that the patronage of the publick, will be prompt and extensive.

Among the new works advertised in the late English newspapers, are the following: History of the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1807 to 1814, 1 vol. 8vo. by General Sarrasin.—The Magick of Wealth, by the author of the Winter in London.—Historical Memoirs of my own time from 1772 to 1784, by Sir H. W. Wraxall, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo.—An Inquiry into the nature and origin of Rent, and the laws by which it is governed, by the Rev. T. R. Malthus.

Wells & Lilly, Boston, have lately published,

Sermons by the late Rev. Joseph S. Buckminster. With a Memoir of his Life and Character. Second edition. Price $2, boards.

Sermons, chiefly on Particular Occasions. By Archibald Alison, L.L.B. Prebendary of Sarum, Rector of Rodington, Vicar of High Ercal, and senior minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Cowgate, Edingburgh. Price $1,62 1-2, boards.

Reports of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the First Circuit, comprehending the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode-Island. Vol. I.

Wells & Lilly are preparing for press,

A Dictionary of the English Language; in which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers. To which are prefixed, a History of the Language, and An English Grammar. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D. In 2 vols. 4to.

Samuel T. Armstrong, Boston, has in press,

New England's Memorial, a new, corrected edition, with many original notes. 1 vol. 8vo.

Sermons on some of the First Principles and Doctrines of True Religion, by Nathanael Emmons, D. D. 1 vol. 8vo. This volume completes the set of the Rev. Doctor's Sermons.

The Writings of Miss Fanny Woodbury, an intimate friend and correspondent of Mrs. Harriot Newell, edited and compiled by Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Beverly, 18mo.

Samuel T. Armstrong proposes to publish,

Scott's Family Bible, 6 vols. royal octavo, with Notes and Practical Observations. 18 dollars in boards.

Remains of Henry Kirke White. 2 vols. 24mo. with plates.

Collyer's Lectures on Scripture Facts. Second edition. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Text Book in Geography and Chronology, with Historical Sketches, for the Use of Schools and Academies. By the Rev. John L. Blake, Member of the American Antiquarian Society, and Honorary Member of the New-York Historical Society. Second edition, with an Atlas.

Lemuel Blake, Bookseller, Boston, proposes to publish by subscription, the Holy Bible: containing the Old and New Testaments, together with the Apocrypha; translated from the Original Tongues, and with the former Translations diligently compared and revised. With the Marginal Notes and References of Mr. John Canne. And Arguments, prefixed to each Book; and Moral and Theological Observations, illustrating and explaining each Chapter, by the Rev. Mr. Ostervald. To which are added, a Chronological Index; an Alphabetical Table of all the names of the Old Testament, with their Significations in the Original Languages: Tables of Scripture Weights, Measures, and Coins; of Time; of the Offices and Conditions of Men; of Kindred and Affinity; Passages in the Old Testament, quoted by Christ and his Apostles in the New; Blank Pages for Family Records; and a Corcordance, by the Rev. John Brown.

To be correctly printed on a superfine paper, and on a new pica type; embellished with twenty elegant Engravings and Maps. To be published in Thirteen Royal Quarto Numbers, neatly done up in coloured paper, each number containing about 100 pages, and the Plates and Maps given in the numbers to which they belong. The price to subscribers, *one dollar per number*, payable on delivery. After the first number is published, subscribers who do not approve of the execution of the work, may withdraw their names. With the last number a list of the Subscribers' Names will be given.

Lincoln & Edmands, Boston, have published,

Concise View of the principal Points of Difference between the Baptists and Pedobaptists. By Caleb Blood, late Pastor of the Baptist Church in Portland. 128 pages, 12mo.

Pleasures of Piety in Youth. 18mo.

Lincoln & Edmands, Boston, have in press, the Calvinistick and Socinian Systems compared, as to their moral tendency. In a series of Letters. By Andrew Fuller.

Bradford & Read, Boston, have in press, the Five Dissertations on Fever, of the late Doctor George Fordyce, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c. in one vol. octavo, on a handsome type and fine wove paper.

Bradford & Read, have just published, Continuation of Early Lessons, containing Frank, Rosamond, and Harry and Lucy. By Miss Edgeworth, in 2 vols. 18mo.

Collins & Co. New-York, have in press, a new edition of Thomas' Practice of Physick, from a late London copy, improved edition. It is printing on a handsome type, of a larger size, and will contain about 100 pages of letter press more than their former edition.

S. Etheridge, Jr. Charlestown, has in press, Gregory's Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, to be comprised in 3 vols. or 6 numbers, and contains upwards of 150 engravings. Price $5 per half volume. (1st number published.)

Works of Thomas Reid, D. D. 4 vols. 8vo. 3 vols. printed, 4th will be out of press in three weeks. Price $8 boards.

West & Richardson, Boston, have just published, The History of England, from the earliest period to the close of the year 1812. By J. Bigland. With an Appendix; being a continuation to the Treaty of Paris. By an American gentleman. In 2 vols. 8vo.

West & Richardson, Boston, have in press, The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy. By William Paley, D. D. 8th American edition.

Melvin Lord, Boston, proposes to publish, Brooks' General Gazetteer, in miniature, with improvements.

Cummings & Hilliard, Boston, have lately published,

Fitzosborne's Letters on several subjects. By William Melmoth, Esquire, Translator of the Letters of Cicero.

The Elements of Greek Grammar, with Notes. By R. Valpy.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron.

An Essay concerning the Human Understanding. By Joseph Locke. With a Life of the Author.

Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste. By Archibald Alison, LL. B. F. R. S.

A Treatise on the Membranes in general, and on different Membranes in particular. By Xav. Bichat, of the societies of Medicine, Medical and Philomatick, of Paris; of those of Brussels, and Lyons.

Florula Bostoniensis; a Collection of Plants of Boston and its Environs, with their Generick and Specifick Characters, Synonyms, Descriptions, Places of Growth, and Time of Flowering, with occasional Remarks. By Jacob Bigelow, M. D.

The Elements of Experimental Chemistry. By William Henry, M. D. F. R. S. Improved and enlarged by B. Silliman, Professor of Chemistry in Yale College.

An Introduction to Ancient and Modern Geography, with an Atlas of *eight* modern and *four* ancient Maps; and with rules for projecting Maps. By J. A. Cummings. Third Edition.

The New-Testament, with an Introduction, giving an account of the Jewish and other sects, with Notes and Maps, and the Proper Names correctly pronounced, for the use of schools, academies, and private families. By J. A. Cummings.

The Sylphs of the Seasons, with other Poems. By W. Allston.

A Synopsis of the Genera of American Plants, according to the latest Improvements on the Linnean System. By Obadiah Rich.

A Course of Lectures on the several Branches of Divinity; with an account, both of the principal Authors, and of the Progress which has been made at different periods in Theological Learning. By Herbert Marsh, D. D. F. R. S. Margaret Professor of Divinity.

N. B. The third No. of this work will be published in a few days.

CUMMINGS & HILLIARD have in the press, Hubbard's History of New-England.

A Series of Questions on Latin, Greek, and English Grammar, by the author of the Latin Tutor.

A pamphlet, entited, The Friend of Peace; by the author of "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War."

T. B. WAIT & SONS have just published, State Papers and Publick Documents of the United States, from the accession of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency; exhibiting a complete view of our foreign relations since that time, (1801—15.) 5 vols. 8vo.

T. B. WAIT & SONS propose publishing,

State Papers of Washington and Adams' Administration, (1789—1801,) 3 vols. 8vo.

Works of M. T. Cicero, in English, 16 vols. 8vo. To be arranged and superintended by the Rev. Joseph M'Kean, Professor of Rhetorick and Oratory in Harvard University.

History of Greece. By William Mitford, Esq. "Tracing the Grecian History through all revolutions, till both the country and people became moulded into the Roman Empire." 8 vols. 8vo.

OBITUARY.

DEATHS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS AT HOME.

In Vermont. General Jacob Bailey, a revolutionary officer, aged 89. General John Nixon, aged 90. He commanded the first brigade of the Massachusetts line, in the war of Independence, and was wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill.

In New-Hampshire. Hon. Simeon Olcott, aged 70, formerly a Senator of the United States.

In Massachusetts. In South-Reading, Dr. John Hay, aged 77, a respectable physician and citizen. In Dorchester, Stephen Hall, Esq. In Nantucket, Mr. Peter Hussey. At Plymouth, a young woman in love with a soldier, and being prohibited seeing him by her parents, threw herself from some rocks into the sea, and was drowned. It was necessary to confine her lover to prevent his following her example. At South-Berwick, Hon. John Lord, aged 50, who had filled with reputation many civil employments.

In Boston, John Warren, M. D. aged 63. Dr. Warren was a younger brother of General Joseph Warren, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill; he felt like him the same generous ardour to espouse the cause of his country, when that cause was attended with danger, not with profit. He retained through the war a principal appointment in the Hospital department. He was in the year 1789 elected the first professor of anatomy and surgery on the Hersey foundation, in Harvard University; and first organized a medical school, which has been constantly increasing in usefulness and extent. He possessed great skill in surgical operations, great decision and rapidity. Perhaps no physician was ever more indefatigable, or regardless of his own repose and convenience. Though he seldom meddled with politicks, he came forward on some particular occasions, when the soundness and integrity of his character always had its influence on publick sentiment. He was a citizen pure and incorruptible. His funeral was attended by the whole body of the University, and a most respectable concourse of his fellow-citizens. A eulogy was delivered in the Stone Chapel by Dr. James Jackson, and an appropriate sermon preached the following Sunday by Professor Mc'Kean, both of which are printed.

In Connecticut. A female supposed dead, was nearly buried alive. Animation fortunately returned before the coffin was closed. Such cases seldom happen, but the horror they excite, leads every one to wish, that such severe regulations for the examination of corpses should be established, that it could never happen.

In New-York. Robert Fulton, Esq. aged 48. Mr. Fulton was born in Pennsylvania, and in the commencement of his life intended to pursue the profession of painting, which he studied under Mr. West: but not possessing the kind of talent suited to attain distinction in this pursuit, he wisely renounced it; and devoted himself to the science of civil engineering. This he pursued with great ardour, and under great advantages for many years, in France and England. In the latter country he published a very elegant work on a new mode of navigating canals with small boats, and doing without locks, by having the boats taken from one level to another, by means of inclined planes. This system never met with much encouragement, and General Andreossi, in his history of the canal of Languedoc, considers it as a retrograde movement in the infancy of the art. He introduced into Paris, in the year 1800, panoramas, for which he obtained a patent of importation, which was a lucrative enterprise, undertaken in conjunction with the late Mr. Barlow. It was curious, that though this admirable mode of representing extensive subjects had been for so many years known in England, and even in this country, it was not only unknown in France, but the artists and philosophers were perfectly incredulous about the effect; though when they saw it, they were extremely delighted, and these representations have since become very numerous. In France he first took up his scheme of submarine navigation, for the purpose of destroying ships of war. He pursued this idea pertinaciously for many years, and the only result was the production of a very curious, but nearly useless machine. The French government refused to purchase it; the English government, however, entered into the scheme. A vessel was blown up in the Downs, in the presence of Mr. Pitt, Sir Sidney Smith and others; the expense of these experiments was considerable, and they gave Mr. Fulton, besides a pension, 800 pounds sterling, for which his name was in the red book; though it was said, that he commuted this pension for the sum of 10,000 pounds. It was partly through the friendship of Lord Stanhope, during the ministry of Lord Sidmouth, that these transactions occurred. After this he came back to his own country, convinced of the importance of this Nautilus, Catamaran or Torpedo invention; it bore these names, in the order they stand in France, England and the United States. He did not meet with much success in this plan here. He was engaged in what may be considered a branch of it at the time of his death, which was owing in part to the great exertions he made in getting the steam frigate in readiness. The eventual success of this vessel may be doubtful, but there are many experienced men who are sanguine in the belief, that it will produce a most important epoch in the system of defence for bays and harbours, and in some degree prevent an

anchoring blockade. Certainly, a ball proof battery, firing red hot 32 pound balls, with the power of advancing or receding at pleasure, independent of wind or tide, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, is a formidable engine, and differing in many respects from any at present known. But Mr. Fulton's greatest service to his country and the world, is the improvement, which, when we consider its effects, we may style magnificent, of navigating rivers and lakes, by the power of steam. In this country, where rivers and inland waters are of such immense extent, the advantages can be hardly realized in calculation. Many of the western rivers were before only of use for descent, they were never remounted. Now they are navigated against the current to their source. The *facilis descensus* was given by nature; the *revocare gradum* is owing to Mr. Fulton. He received a very large income from these boats, but all his receipts were devoted to carry his plans more widely into effect. There perhaps never existed a man with more enthusiastick ardour or more extensive views for the internal improvement of his country. The death of such a character in the midst of his career, is a severe national loss.

In Pennsylvania. W. Preston, Esq. aged 78, an active officer in the war of the revolution. General John Rhea of Trenton. Frederick Smith, Esq. aged 83, formerly Chief Justice of New Jersey. Colonel Francis Johnson, aged 66, an officer of the revolutionary war. Richard Soderstrom, Esq. at the age of 72, Consul General of Sweden. He had resided in the United States 32 years.

In Virginia. Hon. David Bard, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania.

In Carolina. General Arnoldas Vanderhorst.

At New Orleans. General Byrd Smith.

DEATHS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS ABROAD.

In Russia. At Zarko Zelo, the celebrated Count Armfeldt. Near Moscow, Mr. Baleschoff, aged 113. At St. Petersburg, the Princess of Tarent, eminent for her virtues and devoted loyalty to the Bourbons.

In Germany. The Langrave of Hesse, at the age of 38. At Geneva, the Marquis of Bute. At Vienna, Baron Scull, minister of the King of Wirtemburg, suicide. The Prince de Ligne, field marshal of the Austrian empire, at the age of 80. The Prince de Ligne, was remarkable for the gayety and sprightliness of his character in very old age. He was known to all the inhabitants of Vienna, by whom he was much admired and beloved. His general character may be gathered from two volumes, extracted from the voluminous collection of his works, and published four or five years since, one of them by Madame de Stael. He had been for a long period one of the most brilliant wits and courtiers in Europe; the companion of Joseph 2d, of Catharine of Russia, and Maria Antoinette. He was a striking example of the virtues and vices of a courtier of the old school. The style of his wit, both in writing and conversation, was a close imitation of the Chevalier de Boufflers. His principality was in the Low Countries, and he suffered much by the troubles in Flanders that preceded the French revolution; since which period he had principally resided at Vienna. At Berlin, General de Lestocq, who was very distinguished in the last campaigns of the late war.

In France. M. Couchery, director of the newspapers, and one of the persons formerly banished to Cayenne. The Princess de Leon; while waiting for her carriage to go to a party, her dress caught fire, and she was burnt to death. General Count Legrand; one of the most distinguished officers of Napoleon. M. Boichat, an eminent sculptor, and member of the class of Fine Arts of the Institute. At Calais, Lady Hamilton, famous for her beauty, her accomplishments and frailty. She was originally taken from very humble life by the late Hon. Charles Grenville, and after some years he sent her to Naples with an introduction to his relative Sir William Hamilton, for a long time the British minister at that court. He married her; she then became intimate

with the Queen of Naples, meddled with the political events that followed the irruption of the French. She seconded the vengeance of the Queen against the unfortunate Pignatelli and the other Neapolitan patriots, and by her influence over Lord Nelson induced him to deliver them over to execution, in violation of a solemn capitulation; an act that must forever stain the character of that great commander. He was so completely fascinated by her, that his reputation has been most seriously injured, and in this connexion the least blame was on her side. The advantage derived from the last glorious action which terminated his life, the English nation in some degree owe to her. It was her persuasion and influence that induced him to go to the Admiralty, when they offered him the command of the fleet that gained the victory of Trafalgar. Her most unpardonable action in relation to his character, was the publication of the silly and contemptible letters, that were given to the publick last year. She pretended that it was done against her will, but there can be little doubt but she was impelled by sordid motives to this disgraceful publication. In Paris, Madamoiselle Raucour, a celebrated actress of the Theatre Francais, and a woman of respectable character, died in January, at Paris, at the age of 60. When the corpse was taken to the Church of St. Roque, to have the last ceremonies performed, they found the doors locked, and all entrance was refused. The old customs of the Catholick Church were revived, that refused christian burial to actors and actresses! The agitation became extreme, more than 20,000 people assembled; a message was sent to the Tuilleries to the King; he returned an answer that he could not interfere with the regulations of the spiritual authorities. The tumult increased; a second deputation was sent to his majesty, and at the same time a unanimous declaration of all the performers on the theatres of Paris, that if the ceremonies were not performed, they would all of them renounce their religion and turn Lutherans. This brought from the King an order to the priesthood to perform the funeral rites over the body of Madamoiselle Raucour. The populace cried out *vive le Roi—à bas les Calotees—à bas les Calotins—au diable les Calotins!* A large number of troops were brought forward to quell the tumult, fortunately no lives were lost. One of the most barbarous and absurd pieces of ancient superstition was here attempted to be revived; the agitation of the people extorted from the government an injunction to the priests, to practise the usual funeral rites, which however were at last imperfectly performed.

In England. Vice Admiral Sir Henry Stanhope. James Kennedy, by trade a tailor, at the age of 106. He could recollect the time when he had made a suit of clothes for *one shilling*. Joanna Southcott, a distempered fanatick, who in this enlightened age, and in that "thinking" country, found more than 100,000 followers; among whom were some clergymen, and several people of wealth and consideration. She was born in Devonshire, and her character in early life was not spotless. She changed her residence to different parts of the country, where the blasphemous extravagance and incoherent absurdity of her writings and predictions, were received with the utmost devotion and respect by her numerous votaries. The newspapers, and indeed many of the rational part of the publick, were urgent for the interference of both the ecclesiastical and civil power; and despicable as the imposture was, it had nearly caused very serious embarrassment. Fortunately those in power acted with good sense and discretion, and though they watched did not interfere, but left the deception to perish of itself, with the miserable creature who had raised it. The extent of this delusion, in a country like England, forms the most wonderful example of the credulity and infatuation of mankind, that has happened in modern times. Henry Thornton, Esq. M. P. a man distinguished for his virtues and philanthropy.

In Ireland, by a fall from his horse, the Duke of Dorset, at the age of 21; a young nobleman of most excellent character. The Rev. Claudius Buchanan; he is well known for his exertions to diffuse christianity in India, and his knowledge of the oriental languages. At the time of his death he was engaged in superintending an edition of the scriptures in the Syriack language. At Cork,

the Right Reverend Dr. Moylan, Catholick Bishop of Cork, at the advanced age of 80. Dr. Moylan enjoyed the friendship of the late Duke of Portland, Mr. Pitt and Mr. Burke, and descended to the grave, venerated by all parties and persuasions.

In Tunis. The Bey of Tunis died suddenly while holding a council.

In Constantinople. Solomon Lipman Dezember, a Jew, one of the most wealthy of his countrymen. He once supported in a time of scarcity 8,000 Jews. His immense wealth, supposed to amount to many millions of dollars, had been seized by the Turkish government.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

No. II.

JULY 1815.

The New Life of Virginea: declaring the former svccesse and present estate of that plantation, being the second part of Nova Britannia. Published by the authoritie of his Maiesties Counsell of Virginea. London, imprinted by Felix Kyngston for William Welby, dwelling at the signe of the Swan in Pauls Churchyard, 1612.

This little work to encourage the publick and private adventurers in the plans for colonizing Virginia, was written about the time of Captain Argoll's voyage. It is dedicated to the Treasurer of the Company, who had the principal management of the undertaking at first, but who afterwards caused them so much trouble; and whose conduct about his accounts, threw doubts at least, on his integrity. An extract from the dedication will give a good idea of the design and style of the book.

'To the right worshipfvl and worthie knight Sir Thomas 'Smith of London, Gouernour of the Moscouia and East Indie 'Companies, one of his Maiesties Counsell for Virginea, and 'Treasurer for the Colony: Peace and health in Christ.

'It is come to passe (right VVorshipfull) with the busi-'nesse and plantation of Virginea, as it is commonly seene

'the attempt and progresse of all other most excellent things, '(which is) to be accompanied with manifold difficulties, 'crosses and disasters being such as are appointed by the 'highest prouidence, as an exercise of patience and other ver- 'tues, and to make more wise thereby the managers thereof: 'by which occasion not only the ignorant and simple minded 'are much discouraged, but the malitious and looser sort (being 'accompanied with the licentious vaine of stage Poets) haue 'wet their tongues with scornful taunts against the action it 'selfe, in so much as there is no common speech nor publike 'name of any thing this day, (except it be the name of God) 'which is more vildly depraued, traduced, and derided by such 'unhallowed lips, then the name of Virginea. For which cause '(right noble Knight) J haue set my self to publish this briefe 'apollogie to the sight and view of all men, not to answer any 'such in their particular folly, but to free the name it selfe from 'the injurious scoffer, and this commendable enterprise from 'the scorne and derision of any such, as by ignorance or malice 'haue sought the way to wrong it. VVhich albeit J am well 'well assured will no way auaile toadmonish or amend the in- 'corrigible looseness of such vntamed tongues, yet shall I hold 'mine endeauours well acquited, if J may but free your selfe, 'and so many right noble, and well affected gentlemen (touch- 'ing the former ill successe) from wrongfull imputation, as also 'satisfie the despairing thoughts, and quicken the zeale of such 'friends and louers to this businesse, as in their remote and 'forraine residence, by the spreading of rumours and false re- 'ports, doe rest vnsatisfied. VVherein (as J hope) not to 'exceed the bounds of modestie and truth, so for order's sake 'J have set it downe in a briefe method of three parts. The 'first is nothing else but a briefe relating of things alreadie done 'and past: The second, of the present estate of the businesse: 'And the third doth tend as a premonition to the planters and 'aduenturers for the time to come.'

It is a sufficient proof of bad management, that with such a soil and climate as Virginia possesses, the early settlers were for so many years exposed to famine.

'And for the last and maine obiection of food, it cannot be 'denied by any one of reason, but with their now diligent 'planting and sowing of corne (whereof they haue two haruests

'in a sommer) the plentifull fishing there, the store of fowles 'and fruits of the earth, their present prouision sent from hence 'at euery shipping, together with the speedy increase of those 'sundrie sorts of tame Poultry, Conies, Goats, Swine and Kine 'landed there aboue a yere agoe with Sir Thomas Dale, and 'since againe by Sir Thomas Gates, that this objection too, 'this maine obiection of wanting food is vtterly remooued: so 'that I cannot see, nor any man else can iudge in truth, but 'that ill and odious wound of Virginea, which settled so deepe 'a scarre in the mindes of many, is so sufficiently recouered, 'as it may now encourage not such alone (as heretofore) which 'cannot liue at home, nor lay their bones to labour, but those 'of honest minds and better sort, which get their bread but 'meanly heere, may seek to mend it there. Captain Samuel 'Argoll, a Gentleman of good seruice, is readie with two 'ships.'

The religious prejudices of the writer constantly appear, and bigotry, either for or against popery, was one of the most universal motives to all undertakings. One or two extracts are subjoined.

'Your first conflict is from your sauage enemies the natiues 'of the Countrie, who as you know are neither strong nor many; 'their strongest forces are sleights and trecherie more to bee 'warily preuented then much to be feared. But as for those 'your other friends, which challenge it all as theirs by deed of 'gift, not from *Alexander* the Great King of *Macedonia*, but 'from *Alexander* of *Rome*, Viceroy of that great Prince, which 'offered at once the whole world to haue himselfe adored, 'which (as is said) doe brute it out in all mens eares to pull 'you out of possession; you know they are but men, and such 'as your selues can well remember, that in all attempts against 'our late Soueraigne, God defeated their purposes, and brought 'them to nothing. But howsoeuer it fared then, (God in 'mercy shielding that gratious Queene, that no attempt could 'touch her little finger, nor worke her least dishonour) yet I 'am no Prophet to warrant now, but God (for causes knowne 'to him) may giue you as a prey into the hands of the weakest, yet herein rest assured, and it cannot possiblie bee otherwise, but that the zeale of this action hath discouered such 'and so many worthie spirits of all degrees in England to be

'vpholders of it, as for their credits sake and reputation, will 'neuer leaue you without conuenient meanes to make defence, 'nor your least indignitie by sauage foes or ciuill friends will 'suffer vnrequited. There is laid vpon you in this worke a 'threefold labour to be done vpon your selues, vpon your Eng-'lish, and vpon the poore Indians. And first vpon your selues; 'for all mens eares and eyes are so fixed vpon Kings and Ru-'lers, that they keepe a register in minde of what euer they 'doe or speake, the better sort of loue to imitate their goodnes, 'and the looser sort of flatterie to applaud their wickedness 'and soothe them in their vices: when your wholesom lawes 'shal haue no execution, when you shall publish and pretend 'for the honour of God, and good of the publike weale, and 'yet shall care for neither of both, but be loose in your own 'course of life, giuing way to ambition, idlenesse, and all vn-'bridled appetite, to your tongues in swearing, to your bodies 'in unchastity, making your owne Courts and houses cages of 'proud, vncleane and all disordered persons, enforcing the 'good to pine away with grief, and aduancing men of bad 'deserts, accounting it happie to doe what you list, when no 'man dares reproue you; miserie and confusion will be the 'end of this, and you shal leaue for your monuments shame 'and dishonour behinde you to all posteritie.'

'The next is dutie towards your Colonie (the common sort 'of English) and that in few words, let them live as free Eng-'lish men, vnder the gouernment of iust and equall lawes, and 'not as slaues after the will and lust of any superiour: discour-'age them not in growing religious, nor in gathering riches, two 'especiall bonds (whether seured or conioyned) to keep them 'in obedience, the one for conscience sake, the other for feare 'of losing what they haue gotten: without the first they are 'prophane, without the second desperate, and apt for euery 'factious plot to bee instruments of mischiefe. Such haue 'alwaies bin the beggarly, ignorant and superstitious sort of 'Irish, and no better were we our English (and Scottish nation 'too) euer vnquiet, neuer constant, readie for insurrections and 'murther, to depose their Kings, and maintaine rebellion, 'before the daies of that renowned *Deborah* our late Soue-'raigne, that shining starre, the splendour of whose bright-'nesse, darkned the glorie of all other Princes in her time (as 'euen popish historians of sundrie forraine Nations tearme her)

'who brought vs to that light, whereby wee liue as men of 'knowledge in due subiection, enioying honour, peace and 'wealth, the handmaids of religion.'

'And if any man aske, what benefit can this plantation be 'to them that be no Aduenturers therein, but only in the Lot-'tery? First, we say, (setting aside their possibilitie of prize) 'what man so simple that doth not see the necessitie of em-'ployment for our multitude of people? which though they be 'our florishing fruits of peace and health, yet be they no longer 'good and holesome in themselues, then either our domesticke 'or forraine actions can make them profitable, or not hurtfull 'to the Commonwealth.

'And as it is vnpossible without this course of sending out 'the ofspring of our families, in so great a bodie of many mil-'lions, which yeerely doe increase amongst vs, to preuent their 'manifold diseases of pouertie, corruption of minde, and pes-'tilent infection, so the burthen thereof in some proportion is 'felt by euery man in his priuate calling, either in the taxe of 'their maintenance and daily reliefe, or in the taint of their 'vices and bodily plagues. And by this meanes only it may 'soone be eased, to the sensible good of euery man, as in the 'greater safetie and freedom from infection, so in the price and 'plentie of all outward and necessarie things.

'And besides the example of our neighbour countries, '(that hauing laid their armes aside, and dwelling now in 'peace, to shunne the harmes of idlenesse at home, doe send 'out fleetes and hosts of men to seeke abroad) experience 'teacheth vs what need we haue to seek some world of 'new employment, for so great a part of our strength, which 'not otherwise knowing how to liue, doe daily runne out to 'robberies at home, and piracies abroad, arming and seruing 'with Turkes and Infidels against Christians, to the generall 'damage and spoile of Merchants, the scandall of our na-'tion, and reproach of Christian name. As also for the 'wits of England, whereof so many of vnsettled bairnes be-'take themselues to plots and stratagems at home, or else 'to wander from coast to coast, from *England* to *Spaine*, to '*Jtaly*, to *Rome*, and to wheresoeuer they may learne and 'practise any thing else but goodnesse, pulling a world of 'temptations vpon their bad dispositions, sorting so farre 'with that inchanting sorts of serpents, and yeelding to their 'lure, till getting the marke and stampe in their forehead,

'they become desperate and despiteful fugitiues abr oorad, 'else returning neutrals in religion, are neuer good for Church 'nor Commonwealth.

'Let the words of that learned Master *Ascham* witnesse in 'this case, who aboue twentie yeeres agone, hauing farre lesse 'cause of complaint than wee haue now, did publish his cen- 'sure of those English Italionate trauellers in these words: *For* 'religion, they get Papistrie, or worse: for learning lesse 'commonly then they carried out: for policie, a factious heart, 'a discoursing head, a minde to meddle in all mens matters: 'for experience, plenty of new mischiefs, neuer knowne in 'England before: for manners, varietie of vanities, and 'change of filthy liuing. These be the inchantments of Circes, 'brought out of Italie, to marre English mens manners, much 'by example of ill life, but more by precepts of fond bookes of 'late translated out of Italian into English, sold in euery shop 'in London, commended by honest titles, the sooner to corrupt 'honest manners, dedicated ouer boldly to vertuous and hono- 'rable personages, the easier to beguile simple and innocent 'wits. Tenne Sermons at Pauls Crosse doe not so much 'good for mouing men to true doctrine, as one of those bookes 'doe harme with inticing men to ill liuing: yea, I say further, 'those bookes tend not so much to corrupt honest liuing, as 'they do to subuert true religion; more Papistes are made by 'the merrie bookes of Italie, than by the earnest bookes of 'Louaine.'

A Trve Declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia, with a confutation of such scandalous reports as haue tended to the disgrace of so worthy an enterprise. Published by aduise and direction of the Councell of Virginia. London, printed for William Barret, and are to be sold at the blacke Beare in Pauls Church-yard. 1610.

This work is a very earnest defence of the design of colonizing Virginia. It was composed at a time when many urged its abandonment. Some accidents, particularly the shipwreck of Sir Thomas Gates, and Sir George Somers on the Island of Bermuda had produced a discouraging effect. The immoral and shiftless character of those who were first sent out as settlers, their idleness and want of foresight, which reduced

them to great misery; joined to the disappointed avarice of those who had expected an immediate return of riches from the first adventure, had raised a great prejudice against the undertaking, and it was owing to the firmness and constancy of a few individuals that it was not at once abandoned.

The author shews the misrepresentations, and ignorance, that had caused the most absurd imputations on the country; and with much zeal and persuasion urges the publick to persevere in the enterprise. The following extract will give an idea of his manner.

'VVhen therefore this noble enterprise, by the rules of Religion is expressly iustified; when the passages by Sea are all open and discouered; when the climate is so fruitfully tempered; when the naturall riches of the soile are so powerfully confirmed: will any man so much betray his owne inconsiderate ignorance, and betray his rashnesse; that when the same Sunne shineth, he should not haue the same eies to beholde it; when the same hope remaines, he should not haue the same heart to apprehend it? At the voyage of Sir *Thomas Gates*, what swarmes of people desired to be transported? what alacrity and cheerfulnesse in the Aduenturers by free wil offerings, to build vp this new Tabernacle? Shall we now be dejected? Shall we cast down our heads like Bull rushes? because one storme at sea hath deferred our ioyes and comforts! VVe are too effeminate in our longings, and too impatient of delaies. Gods al-disposing prouidence, is not compellable by man's violence: Let any wisedome giue a solide reason, why his purpose should be changed, when those grounds which gaue life to his first purpose, are not changed. It is but a golden slumber, that dreameth of any humane felicity, which is not sauced with some contingent miserie. *Dolor & voluptas, inuicem cedunt*, Griefe and pleasure are the crosse sailes of the worlds euer-turning-windmill. Let no man therefore be ouer wise, to cast beyond the moone and to multiply needlesse doubts and questions. *Hannibal* by too much wisdome lost opportunity to haue sacked Rome, *Charles* the eihgth of Fraunce, by temporising, lost the Kingdome of Naples, and the gouernement of Florence: *Henry* the seuenth by too much ouer-warines, lost the riches of the golden Indies. Occasion is pretious, but when it is occasion. Some of our neighbours would ioine

'in the action, if they might be ioynt inheritors in the Planta-
'tion; which is an euident proofe, that Virginia shall no sooner
'be quitted by vs, then it will be reinhabited by them. A dis-
'honour of that nature, that will eternally blemish our Nation;
'as though we were like the furious *Pyrrhus*, or impetuous
'Swissers, who in a brunt can conquer any thing, but with
'wisdome can maintaine nothing. It is time to wipe away such
'an imputation of Barbarisme, especially since the consequence
'is so pregnant, that without this or the like, the state cannot
'subsist without some dangerous and imminent mutation. He
'is ouer blinde that doth not see, what an inundation of peo-
'ple doth ouerflow this little Iland: Shall we vent this deluge,
'by indirect and vnchristian policies? shall we imitate the
'bloody and heathenish counsell of the Romanes, to leaue a
'Carthage standing, that may exhaust our people by forraine
'warre? or shall we nourish domesticall faction, that as in the
'dayes of *Vitellius* and *Vespasian*, the sonne may imbrew his
'hands in the blood of the father? Or shall we follow the
'barbarous foot steps of the state of China, to imprison our
'people in a little circle of the earth, and consume them by
'pestilence? Or shall we, like the beast of Babylon, denie to
'any sort the honourable estate of marriage, and allow abhom-
'inable stewes, that our people may not ouer increase in mul-
'titude? Or shall we take an inhumane example from the
'Muscouite, in a time of famine to put tenne thousand of the
'poore under the yce, as the Mice and Rats of a state politique?
'If all these be diabolicall and hellish proiects, what other
'means remaines to vs, but by settling so excellent a Planta-
'tion, to disimbarke some millions of people vpon a land that
'floweth with all manner of plenty?

'To wade a little further, who euer saluted the monu-
'ments of antiquity, and doth not finde, that Carthage aspired
'to be Empresse of the world, by her opportunity of hauens
'and multitude of shipping? What hindereth the great Mahu-
'metane Prince, from seizing vpon al the territories of Europe,
'but onely the want of skilfull mariners? What created the rich
'and free states of Holland, but their winged Nauy? It was a
'fit embleme that painted death standing vpon the shoares of
'Fraunce, Germany and Spaine, and looking ouer into Eng-
'land: intymating vnto vs, that so long as we are Lords of
'the narrow seas, death stands on the other shoares, and

'onely can looke upon vs: but if our wooden wals were ruina-
'ted, death would soone make a bridge to come ouer, and de-
'uoure our Nation. When therefore our mils of Iron, and ex-
'cesse of building, haue already turned our greatest woods into
'pasture and champion, within these few years; neither the scat-
'tered Forests of England, nor the diminished Groues of Ire-
'land, will supply the defect of our Nauy. When in Virginia
'there is nothing wanting, but onely mens labours, to furnish
'both Prince, State and merchant, without charge or difficulty.
'Againe, whither shall wee transport our cloth, and how shall
'we sustaine our Artisans? Shall we send it into Turkey?
'Some priuate and deceitfull auarice hath discredited our
'merchandize. Into Spaine? it aboundeth with sheepe and
'wooll. Into Poland and Muscouy? the daunger doth ouer-
'ballance the gaine in times of contention. Into Fraunce and
'Germany? they are for the most part supplied by their owne
'peace. VVhen if our Colony were peopled in Virginia,
'*mutabit vellera merces*, we shall exchange our store of cloth
'for other merchandize. Let any man resolue why the Coun-
'cell of Virginia, doe now most earnestly continue their aduen-
'tures? why those that were (eye witnesses) of the former
'supposed miseries, do voluntarily returne with ioy and com-
'fort? why those noble and worthy personages, doe offer to
'make the action good vpon the hazard of their liues & for-
'tunes? And why Sir Thomas Gates longeth and hasteneth to
'go thither again, and the Lord La-ware desireth so earnestly
'to stay there? Are not all these things as deere to them as to
'any other of the adventurers? Haue not their hopes the same
'wings? their feares the same fetters? their estates the same
'rockes? their liues and soules greater gulfes of perill and
'despair? And yet neither the embracements of their wiues,
'nor indulgence to their babes, nor the neglect of their domes-
'ticke fortunes, nor banishment from their natiue soile, nor
'any experimented dangers haue broken their noble resolu-
'tion.' pp. 59—65.

A horrible event that had occurred was made use of by those who wished to injure the Colony, and circulated so widely that it has since been considered by many writers as a fact. An atrocious wretch murdered his wife, cut her in pieces for concealment, and when the deed was discovered, pretended that he had committed the act through fear of starving, and

that he had salted the flesh in order to eat it. This story was eagerly propagated to create disgust and horrour in the publick mind, against an emigrating to a country, where the terrour of famine could lead to the perpetration of such crimes. The author is indignant at this absurd calumny, and after remarking upon the contradictory accounts of those who had published it, quotes Sir Thomas Gates's relation of the affair, as an ample refutation. It is as follows:

'There was one of the companie who mortally hated his 'wife, and therefore secretly killed her, then cut her in pieces 'and hid her in diuers parts of his house: when the woman 'was missing, the man suspected, his house searched, and 'parts of her mangled body were discouered, to excuse him-'selfe he said that his wife died, that hee hid her to satisfie his 'hunger, and that he fed daily vpon her. Vpon this, his house 'was again searched, where they found a good quantitie of 'meale, oatemeale, beanes and pease. Hee thereupon was 'araigned, confessed the murder, and was burned for his hor-'rible villany.' pp. 38, 39.

Babylon's Fall in Maryland: A fair Warning to Lord Baltemore. Or, a Relation of an Assault made by divers Papists, and Popish Officers of the Lord Baltemore's against the Protestants in Maryland; to whom God gave a great Victory against a greater force of Souldiers and armed Men, who came to destroy them. Published by Leonard Strong, Agent for the people of Providence in Maryland. Printed for the Author, 1655.

A just and cleere Refutation of a false and scandalous Pamphlet, Entituled, Babylons fall in Maryland, &c. and, A true Discovery of certaine strange and inhumane proceedings of some ungratefull people in Maryland, towards those who formerly preserved them in time of their greatest distresse. To which is added a Law in Maryland concerning Religion, and a Declaration concerning the same. By John Langford Gentleman, Servant to the Lord Baltemore. Hee that is first in his owne cause seemeth just, but his neighbour commeth and searcheth him. Prov. 18. 17. *Whose hatred is covered by deceit, his wickednesse shall be*

shewed before the whole Congregation. Prov. 26, 27. *London, Printed for the Author.* 1655.

The event which gave occasion to these two pamphlets was one of the most important in the early history of Maryland. Both parties appear to have been in fault. The dissenters who removed from the persecution of Sir W. Berkely in Virginia, after coming under the government of Lord Baltimore, took advantage of the unsettled state of things in England, to get rid of a part of the oath which bound them to acknowledge Lord Baltimore "absolute Lord and Proprietary of the Province." Captain Stone, who was the Governour appointed by Lord B. confiding in his superiour strength, proceeded to acts of unjustifiable violence, and calculating to subdue the refractory by force, would listen to no proposals. The superiour courage and skill of his opponents completely defeated him; and his whole party, with the exception of four or five, were killed, wounded, or taken. The other party had only two killed, and two more died of their wounds. An extract from the beginning of each pamphlet, will shew the state of the question.

'In the yeer 1649, many, both of the congregated Church, 'and other well-affected people in Virginia, being debarred 'from the free exercise of Religion, under the Government of 'Sir William Berkely, removed themselves, Families, and 'Estates into the Province of Maryland, being thereunto invi- 'ted by Captain William Stone, then Governour for Lord Bal- 'tamore, with promise of Liberty in Religion, and Priviledges 'of English Subjects.

'An Oath to the Lord Baltamore, was urged upon this peo- 'ple soon after their coming up, which if they did not take, they 'must have no Land, nor abiding in the Province. This oath 'was very scrupulously looked upon: first, In regard it bindes 'to acknowledge and be subject to a Royal jurisdiction and 'absolute Dominion of the Lord Baltamore, and to defend it 'and him against all power whatsoever. This was thought far 'too high for him, being a Subject, to exact upon such terms 'as it was exacted, and too much unsutable to the present lib- 'erty which God had given the English Subjects, from Arbi- 'trary and popish Government; as the Lord Baltamore's Gov- 'ernment doth plainly appear to be. Secondly, It was exceed- 'ingly scrupled on another account, viz. That they must swear

'to uphold that Government and those officers who are sworn 'to countenance and uphold Antichrist, in plain words express- 'ed in the Officers Oath, the Roman Catholick Religion. And 'for these people to own such by an Oath, whom in their hearts 'they could by no means close with; what could it be account- 'ed, but Collusion?'

'Yet nevertheless the people that were then come up to 'Providence, considering Lord Baltamore to be Lord of the 'soil, and willing to acknowledge him, and pay him his due 'Rents and Services; upon that account took an Oath which 'was much qualified and moderated from its former rigour: 'but this, though it was accepted by Captain Stone the Lord 'Baltamore's Lieutenant, yet utterly rejected by his Lordship, 'who gave order, That the Oath absolutely should be urged; 'and gave special instructions and charge to his Lieutenant to 'proclaim, That all that would not take the Oath within three 'Months after publication, and pay Rents, and sue out Patents, 'should be expulsed the Province, and the Land seized to his 'Lordships use; who required his officers to see the contents 'of the Proclamation executed.' pp. 1, 2.

Thus far Mr. Strong. Mr. Langford's defence of Lord Baltimore's party commences as follows:

'Having lately met with a Pamphlet, entituled, Babylons 'Fall in Maryland, &c. which lays many false and scandalous 'aspersions upon the Lord Baltemore, his Government, and 'officers in Maryland, put forth by one Leonard Strong and 'attested by William Durand, pretending to be Secretary of 'that Province, It was thought fit in regard I have beene ac- 'quainted with, and imployed by my Lord Baltemore in his 'affairs relating to that Province, both heere and there, for 'above twenty years last past, That I should publish this brief 'Refutation therof, to undeceive such as may be deluded by it.

'Captaine Stone (who is well known to be a zealous and 'well affected Protestant) being Governour of Maryland under 'the Lord Baltamore, did receive and protect in Maryland 'those people and their families mentioned by Mr. Strong 'when they were distressed in Virginia, under Sir William 'Berkley, among whom it is to be noted that Mr. Richard 'Bennet (afterwards Governour of Virginia) was one and 'thereupon a Commission was granted by Charles Stuart

'the eldest Son of the late King to Sir William Davenant, constituting him Governour of the said Province, alleadging 'therein the reasons to be, because the Lord Baltemore did 'visibly adhere to the Rebels in England (as he terms them 'in that commission) and admitted all kind of Secretaries and 'Schismaticks, and ill affected persons into that Plantation.

'These people seated themselves at a place by them called 'Providence, but by an act of a Generall Assembly there called 'Anne-Arundell in Mariland, and there was nothing promised 'by my Lord or Capt. Stone to them, but what was perform-'ed, they were first acquainted by Capt. Stone, before they 'came there, with that Oath of Fidelity which was to be taken 'by those who would have any Land there from his Lordship, 'and the Oath which was required of them to take before 'they could have any Patent for Land there, was ratified by 'an Act of a Generall Assembly of that Province, wherein 'those very men had their Burgesses, there being an express 'Clause in it, That it should not bee understood to infringe or 'prejudice Liberty of Conscience in point of Religion, as will 'appear by the Oath itselfe, nor had they any regrett to the 'Oath till they were as much refreshed with their intertain-'ment there, as the Snake in the Fable was with the Country-'mans breast, for which some of them are equally thankfull.

'But it is now, it seems, thought by some of those people 'too much below them to take an Oath to the Lord Proprie-'tary of that Province, though many Protestants of much bet-'ter quality have taken it, and [which is more than can be 'hoped for from some of these men] kept it.' pp. 3, 4.

There are added to this defence several documents, a letter from Mr. Barber to Cromwell, giving an account of the action between the two parties, a letter from Governour Stone's wife to Lord Baltimore, the form of the oath to be taken to the Lord Proprietary, an act of the assembly of Maryland concerning religion, and a declaration of the Governour, Council and Burgesses, that they enjoyed "all fitting and convenient liberty and freedome in the exercise of their religion," dated April 17, 1650, and which is signed by the principal persons on both sides, who were afterwards engaged in this quarrel.

The following extract is the conclusion of Mrs. Stone's letter to Lord Baltimore, speaking of the detention of her brother and others, who had gone to Anne Arundel, she says :—

'The occasion I conceive of their detainment there is, be-
'cause they should not go home, to informe your Honour of the
'truth of the businesse before they make their owne tale in
'England, which let them doe their worst, which I do not
'question but you will vindicate my Husbands honour which
'hath ventured Life and Estate to keep your due heere, which
'by force he hath lost. And they give out words, that they
'have won the Country by the sword, and by it they will keep
'the same, let my Lord Protector send in what Writing he
'pleaseth. The Gunners mate of Hemans, since his coming
'down from Anne-Arundell to Patuxent, hath boasted that he
'shot the first man that was shot of our Party. All this I
'write is very true, which I thought good to informe your Lord-
'ship, because they will not suffer my Husband for to write
'himselfe : I hope your Honour will be pleased for to looke
'upon my Sonne, and for to wish him for to be of good com-
'fort, and not for to take our afflictions to heart. And nothing
'else at present, I rest Your Honours most humble Servant,
Virlinda Stone.'

Post-script.

'I hope your Honour will favour me so much, that if my
'Sonne wants twenty or thirty pounds you will let him have it,
'and it shall be payd your Honour againe.'

'Hemans the Master of the Golden Lion is a very Knave,
'and that will be made plainly for to appear to your Lordship,
'for he hath abused my Husband most grossly.' pp. 21, 22.

When we find religious feuds so often occurring in the early history of our country, how must we admire that wise and beneficent toleration, under which all the bad passions of sects are harmless, and however diffeerent their tenets, are all protected by the laws, and can only be distinguished for their virtues!

The history and present state of Virginia in four parts, I. The History of the first settlement of Virginia and the government thererof to the present time. II. The natural pro-

ductions and conveniences of the country, suited to trade and improvement. III. The native Indians, their religion, laws and customs, in war and peace. IV. The present state of the Country, as to the polity of the government and the improvement of the land. By a native and Inhabitant of the place. London, printed for R. Parker, at the Unicorn, under the piazzas of the Royal Exchange, 1705, 8*vo. pp.* 320.

This work brings the history of Virginia down to the year 1702; it seems to be a fair though not very minute account of civil transactions to that period. The author seems to have most admired the administration of Sir William Berkely, who was undoubtedly a warm friend to the country; though he attempted many things that were premature, and established none of his projects firmly. Manufactures of silk, flax and hemp, were among the number which originated from the impolitick exactions of the merchants in England, who sold their own goods too high and obtained the tobacco of the planters too low; or in other words, as there was but little commerce, there was no competition, and these colonists vainly thought to correct the evil by making their own linen and silk. The author, like many of his countrymen, is not partial to the cultivation of tobacco, the principal staple at all times, and, in early ones, the only product for exportation in that province. To counteract some oppressive laws that were made in England, a remedy was resorted to in 1664 by consent of Virginia and Maryland, which was to cease planting tobacco for one year; the agreement however was not carried into effect, owing to the governour of Maryland whose salary would have been affected by it—'But he took advantage of this nice punctilio, because of 'the loss such a diminution would have been to his annual in-'come; and so all people relaxed again into the disease of 'planting tobacco.'

He accuses Lord Colepepper, of being actuated by the most sordid motives, and 'on his refusing to return in the year 1684, 'Francis Lord Howard of Effingham was sent over Governour. 'This noble Lord had as great an affection for money as his pre-'decessor, and made it his business to equip himself with as much 'of it as he could, without respect either to the laws of the 'plantation, or the dignity of his office.' He is better satisfied

with Sir Edmond Andros who succeeded, though he complains of him, that he 'brought an innovation into their courts, 'which was a great hardship on the country.' This was his making all the statutes of England 'to be the sole rule of his 'judgment.' Sir Edmond was followed by Colonel Nicholson, who had been previously governour of Maryland, and who had acquired his science in the art of governing during a long residence in Morocco. Something may be allowed for animosity in a contemporary, but, the following among other anecdotes shews what kind of man was entrusted with the powers of government. In answer to Mr. Fowler the King's attorney, who objected to one of his orders as being illegal, he, 'in a fury 'took him by the collar, and swore, *that he knew of no laws* '*they had, and that his commands should be obeyed without* '*hesitation or reserve.*' 'On other occasions he has been 'heard to reply to those, who objected to him the illegality of 'his proceedings; '*That they had no right at all to the liberty* '*of English subjects, and that he would hang up those who* '*should presume to oppose him, with Magna Charta about* '*their necks.*' In a quarrel with the government of the Col-'lege, he vouchsafed to tell them, *that they were dogs, and* '*their wives were bitches: that he knew how to govern the* '*Moors, and would beat them into better manners.*' The author accuses him of having told one of the assemblies, 'that he 'knew how to govern the country without assemblies, and if 'they should deny him any thing, after he had obtained a 'standing army, he would bring them to reason with halters 'about their necks.' The same notions though in different language from people in later times, who had never even been in Morocco, produced the 4th of July, 1776.

The first child born in the Colony, was on the 18th of August, 1587. It was a girl whose father's name was *Dare*, rather an ominous one, she was christened Virginia after the country.

The author relates the principal facts in the life of the celebrated Pocahontas, whose story is the most interesting episode in the history of Virginia. Her father, Powhatan, and the Sachem who succeeded him, Oppechancano, held the same rank in their contests with the Virginians, that the famous sachem Philip did with the people of Massachusetts.

These three distinguished chiefs appear to have had more profound views, than any others in North-America; and to have contended with the greatest skill and courage against numbers and events by which they were confounded, and a destiny, that it was probably impossible to have averted.

In a paragraph in the 2d part, when speaking of ecclesiastical affairs, after remarking that the Church of England was established by law, he says,—'They have no more than five 'conventicles among them, namely, three small meetings of Quakers, and two of Presbyterians. 'Tis observed, that those counties where the Presbyterian meetings are, produce very mean tobacco; and for that reason cant get an orthodox minis- to stay among them; but, whenever they could, the people went very orderly to church. As for the Quakers, 'tis observed that by letting them alone they decrease daily :—The maintenance of a minister was appointed by law to be 16000 pounds of tobacco annually. The fee for a funeral sermon was 400 pounds of tobacco; for a marriage license 200, &c. &c.

His account of the natural productions of the country, does not profess to be that of a naturalist, but is however that of an accurate observer. He mentions different successful attempts at making wine from the natural grapes of the country, which were afterwards abandoned. His account of the Indians is fair and without exaggeration of their good and bad qualities. The volume has 14 plates descriptive of the dress and customs of the Indians, which are very well executed.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Travelling the last autumn in the District of Maine, I was one day induced to stop, by seeing a large concourse of people very busily engaged in digging, in a barren spot, in the town of Dresden. With great difficulty I learnt the object of pursuit. One of the party had dreamed three nights successively, that gold was concealed at this spot. As a large portion of every community have ever believed this kind of evidence indubitable, there was no difficulty experienced in forming a company, to search for and share the hidden treasure. They had toiled several days to no purpose, when one of the party proposed

sending for a philosopher, who lived about fifty miles distant, and who possessed a stone, in which he could see every thing that existed, or was transacted in any part of the world. The proposal was acceeded to, and a messenger was despatched to the philosopher. Having examined his talisman, he at once perceived the treasure, and accurately and minutely described the spot where they were digging; which he declared he had never before seen. He was entreated and consented to go, and direct their labours in person. His presence gave animation and vigour to their exertions. No one doubted, as he pronounced, that they were near the object of their pursuit;—but alas! it constantly eluded their grasp. At length worn with fatigue, they were obliged to abandon their golden dreams. They kindly charged the devil with their disappointment, and the philosopher returned with the satisfaction of knowing, that the belief of the people in his supernatural powers could not be shaken, even by their failure.

The digging for money is renewed at intervals in every part of New-England. The magick hazle wand usually directs the exertions of the labourer. The treasure is almost within his grasp, when the devil unkindly snatches it from him, and puts it in some new place of concealment. The philosopher with his wonderful stone is an unusual character. There exists however a number of them in the country. They are distinguished at their birth by being born with a veil* over their face, and kind nature provides a talismanick stone for every child thus born. To common eyes these differ not from other pebbles, but to the gifted, they discover every thing at the spot to which he directs his attention.

We have boasted in this country of being more enlightened, than the nations of the old world; and of being freed from the bondage of superstition, to which they have been subject from the remotest periods of antiquity. But laying aside the stories of ghosts, which in the country still enchant the trembling auditors, instances of imposture, though less impudent perhaps than in Europe, are sufficiently common to attest the credulity of the people. Two or three years since, a man in Vermont undertook to cure almost all manner of diseases by prayer to

* This is an accident attending the birth of some children, very familiar to surgeons and midwives, and which gives rise to this piece of superstition.

heaven. It was only necessary to state the name and disease of the sick person in a letter, the prophet prayed and gave an immediate answer from heaven. Multitudes flocked to him from all the New-England states; and unopened letters are said to have accumulated upon him by bushels, before he could get time to read their contents. Many instances of a like kind might be mentioned. There are various superstitions respecting the weather. One man believes the twelve days succeeding christmas, to regulate the twelve months in the year; another supposes the weather of each month to be governed by that of the last Friday of the preceding; a third judges by the moon; a fourth by the stars. The prognosticks shall all be different, but the event will confirm each more strongly in his belief. Whether the horns of the moon are up or down, whether she is on the wane or increase, in what part of the body the almanack places her, are all important particulars to the farmer, regulating his sowing, his treatment of his domestick animals, and many of his operations in husbandry. Credulity seems to be a natural principle in the human mind. Reason was given us to regulate it, but reason can only have its full effect in those minds that are accustomed to trace effects to their causes, and to perceive that God governs the world by second causes operating by immutable laws. G.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

A COLLECTION of Theories, from the most ancient times to our own, classed under different heads, would be very amusing, and perhaps not unprofitable. I have collected a few items, and if the plan be agreeable, will furnish you with others occasionally; and if some of your readers would contribute toward it, a concise account of any theories they may have met with in the course of their reading, that are remarkable for wildness and extravagance, it may serve to form an amusing if not an instructive series.

Herodotus accounts for the overflowing of the Nile, and the Etesian winds, in the following manner:

'But as I have mentioned the preceding opinions only to 'censure and confute them, I may be expected perhaps to

'give my own sentiments on this subject. It is my opinion 'that the Nile overflows in the summer season, *because in the 'winter the sun driven by storms from his usual course, as- 'cends into the higher regions of the air above Libya.* My 'reason may be explained without difficulty; for it may be 'easily supposed, that to whatever region this power more 'nearly approaches, the rivers and streams of that country will 'be proportionably dried up and diminished."

Beloe's Her. Euterpe, s. 24.

The following theory of Sir John Dalrymple in his memoirs of Great Britain, has lately appeared in the newspapers. It is certainly a grand idea to suppose that we shall become a race of pirates, because our territory is bounded by the Atlantick and Pacifick oceans. The local position, as well as the general history of the nations to which he alludes, and all the reasons he brings forward in support of his reverie, do, it is true all act directly against it, but this is not an uncommon case with theorists.

'Stationed thus in the middle, and on the east and on the 'west sides of the world, the English Americans will form not 'only the most potent, but the most singular empire that has ever 'existed; because it will consist, not in the dominion of a part 'of the land of the globe, but in a dominion of the whole ocean.

'To all nations their empire will be dreadful;—because their 'ships will sail wherever billows roll or winds can waft them; 'and because their people, capable of subsisting either almost 'wholly on the produce of the waters by means of their fishe- 'ries, or on the plunder and contributions of mankind, if they 'choose to do so, will require few of their numbers to be em- 'ployed in manufactures or husbandry at home; and therefore, 'like the ancient Spartans, who defied all the power of Per- 'sia; or the roving Normans, who pillaged the sea-coasts of 'Europe, from Jutland to Dalmatia, the occupations of every 'citizen will lie, not in the common employments of peace, but 'in the powers of offence and defence alone.

'Whether they may have arts and letters, will be a 'matter of chance. But if they shall be blest with arts 'and letters, they will spread civilization over the uni- 'verse. If, on the other hand, they shall not be blest with 'them, then they will once more plunge it into the same 'darkness, which nations have thrown upon each other,

'probably much oftener than history can tell; and when that 'happens, England, with her glories, and all her liberty, will 'be known only as a speck in the map of the world, as ancient 'Egypt, Sicily, Pontus, and Carthage are now.'

The Port Folio for March last, solves the difficult problem, respecting the first peopling the Continent of America, in a manner which has at least the merit of novelty.

'We think there is sufficient reason to believe, that land 'once connected America to the old world, in place of which 'now roll the Atlantick and Pacifick oceans. Over this con- 'tinuous land men and animals passed. This land, which it is 'probable was of very considerable extent, was all submerged, 'except in those parts of it which now appear as islands in 'those seas.'

After assuming as a fact that land once occupied the places of the Atlantick and Pacifick oceans, there is much ingenuous modesty in suggesting that 'it is probable' that this land 'was of very considerable extent.'

AN AMATEUR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN your first No. a correspondent with the signature of C. G. desired that 'the principal features, and the present practice of the laws respecting Tythingmen' may be given. As his reflections, however, regard only the powers exercised by those officers, in enforcing the due observance of the Lord's day, I will confine my answer to that subject.

The statute of 8 March, 1792, providing for the observation of that day, is our only positive rule in Massachusetts. The preamble of the act is especially marked with simplicity and discretion; and the whole is drawn with great judgment. Its first section forbids all labour, business, and work, (of necessity and charity only excepted,) and any sport, game, play, or recreation. The second prohibits travelling, except from necessity or charity. By the third, tavern-keepers are forbidden to entertain any persons, not being travellers, strangers or lodgers, in their houses. The sixth provides, that persons shall not

absent themselves from publick worship, unless necessarily prevented, for the space of three months together, provided there be any place of worship at which they can conscientiously and conveniently attend. It is by the tenth section made the duty of tythingmen to inquire into, and inform of all offences against the act. They are authorized to enter any room of a tavern, and, also, to examine all persons whom they shall have good cause to suspect of unnecessarily travelling, and to demand of such persons the cause thereof, together with their names and places of abode. If the reason given is not satisfactory, they shall enter a complaint against the person travelling before a justice of the peace, in the county where the offence is committed, if such person lives in such county; otherwise they shall give information to some grand juryman.

Such, Sir, are the principal regulations; and I know not how any sober person can complain of the spirit of any of them. If either be impolitick, it may be the sixth section, which is, however, so agreeable to the habits of our people, that I have never heard of the imposition of the fine since its enactment.

Your correspondent complains of some curious cases of oppression by tythingmen, whom he honours with a very hard name. But the mistake of officers in their duty is not an objection to a law; and tythingmen are liable to be punished for oppression as well as sheriffs and constables. I fear that your correspondent dislikes the law, and would represent the cases of abuse as an argument for its repeal. If it is not attempted to make the law stricter, I hope we may proceed as we have done for so many years.

Some instances of overzealous execution of this official duty may have occurred; and it is natural enough, as the cases of necessity and charity, in which travelling on that day is permitted, are so numerous, that some should be thought fictitious. As the tythingman is not permitted to examine any but such as he suspects of unnecessarily travelling, his discretion will generally preserve him within legal bounds. He would be liable to an action for false imprisonment, if he detained a person for any other purpose than demanding his name, place of abode, and cause of travelling. Of course the detention need not, without folly in the traveller, last more than three or four minutes; and any oppression is not to be expected to pass with impunity. I

believe there is a sufficient alacrity in our country to punish the abuse of office. Perhaps the provision, that complaint shall not be made to a justice, if the traveller live in a different county from that in which the tythingman's town lies, is a sufficient protection in most cases. The magistrate may be supposed to be acquainted with people in his own county, but not those of another. If complaint is made to a grand jury, their knowledge of the character of the person accused would, in many cases, prevent a prosecution.

Whether any traveller on Sunday has the legal justification, is not to be ultimately judged of by the tythingman or the neighbouring justice of the peace. In all cases a trial by jury may be had on appeal. The exceptions in the statute for cases of necessity and charity do not seem very difficult to be settled, though perhaps greater latitude may be used in one quarter of the country than another. Here the barber's shop is open on Sunday morning; in another town, it is closed. Perhaps in each place the rule is correct. It would be a grievance to deny a gentleman the right of employing the same hand to shave him on one day in the week that does it every other. It would not, with my regard for the law, exercise the same strictness in manner in all places. To be impracticably rigid, is the most effectual way of defeating any regulation. Nobody will deny, that it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day.

But as to the propriety of the travelling, in any given case, some diversity may exist in the judgment of the tythingman and the passenger, and a serious controversy arise. Perhaps some mode might be devised to prevent all difficulty on this score. By a statute in addition to the above cited, the owner or driver of a hackney carriage belonging to Boston is required to obtain a certificate of permission from some justice in that town, for himself and each passenger to be carried into, or from, town on the Lord's day. Though this restriction applies to no other town, I have never heard it complained of, and instances of forfeiture are very rare. Now, if similar certificates were provided for persons travelling in other conveyances, every man who feels the necessity or charity of his journey might be protected from the apprehension of injury. But, until such passes are exhibited, the officer must satisfy himself with the passengers's relation of the cause of his travelling;

and I cannot easily bring myself to believe, that the true relation will ever be disregarded.

Your correspondent inquires whether towns may act as they choose on this branch of police. I presume, there is no obligation on towns to choose tythingmen, where they are not needed for the enrofcement of law, more than there is for cullers of fish, in places where such officers would have no employment. Perhaps a majority of the towns in this commonwealth do not suffer from travelling through their roads on Sunday; but many are so situated that their publick worship may be greatly interrupted unless the law is enforced. Nor is this the only proper case, in which the officers should act.

As much is entrusted to the discretion of tythingmen, they ought to have enlarged views of the duties of charity, and the obligations which are necessarily imposed on the different situations of society. It is well known, for instance, that the Judges of our Supreme Court are obliged to travel two or three Sundays in every year, in passing to places of the next session of the Court, when far distant from those where they were last holden. A similar necessity, perhaps of inferior degree, may apply to many other passengers. On our sea board, two or three hundred vessels arrive every Saturday or Sunday; and a thousand calls of charity will require indulgence from officers or security by law, in permitting passengers to return to their friends from whom they may have been long separated, even on Sunday. To prevent imposition, the certificates would be sufficient; but perhaps the remedy would be in many cases overlooked.

I have written much more than I designed on this subject; but hope it may have a tendency to quiet your correspondent's fears of tyranny. The proverbial wisdom from the Italian, with which he concludes, is worthy of consideration; but there is no fear of the enactment of new laws on this subject, when the old ones are amply sufficient. Wishing that the statute may be enforced, whenever it is necessary; and that your miscellany may be occupied with more interesting subjects, I confess that nobody would be more pleased to see 'oppression' punished, than,

Sir, yours,

J. Ctus.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN answer to the inquiry in your last number respecting Sheep, it appears by the official returns made in 1810, that there were 431 full blooded Merino, 6,133 mixed blood, 759 broad tailed, and 726,330 common sheep, in all 1,584,652. But these returns are only from six states, and very imperfect even from those; as for instance, there was no return from Connecticut of any Merino sheep, although from the flock of general Humphrey's alone, many thousands had been derived. Mr. Coxe estimates the quantity of wool sheared in the United States in 1812, to have been 20 or 22,000,000 of pounds.

GREVILLE'S MAXIMS.

THE following extracts are from a book entitled 'Maxims, 'Characters and Reflections, critical, satirical and moral,' the first edition published about the year 1756. Though a modern work and possessed of very considerable merit, it is not often to be met with. It was written by Mr. Greville, a man of rank, fortune and fashion. It is interesting as it gives a picture of the upper classes of society in England, at that period, their dress, manners, and opinions, all of which are now very different. The copy, from which these extracts are taken, was purchased at the sale of a large library belonging to a clergyman, and contains some manuscript notes, and the names of some of the characters described by the author.

'True delicacy, as true generosity, is more wounded by an 'offence *from* itself, if I may be allowed the expression, than '*to* itself.'

'The art of making yourself considerable in the great and 'gay world, is neither to be defined, nor learnt.'

'The great fault of the human understanding, is not the not 'going well, but the not stopping well.'

'Meron* is a man of quality, and though young, has a con'siderable office in the government: he is a member of parlia'ment, and has often distinguished himself in it. He has ——

* Charles Townsend.

'about three quarters of a good understanding, and—about 'three quarters of an amiable disposition.——He is noble and 'generous, but he is not free from pride and ostentation: he is 'determined in his party, and resolute in his purpose; but then 'he is obstinate and overbearing: as a companion he is frank 'and agreeable, but he is supercilious and contemptuous to his 'inferiors; nay, as he is not very exact, he sometimes mistakes 'those inferiors. He has certainly what may pass for elo-'quence, a fine choice of words, and an agreeable flow, but 'then he wants taste: his subjects are sometimes ill-chosen, 'and his eloquence ill-tim'd. Meron has been known to in-'dulge this flow of elocution at social entertainments, which, 'though it may possibly come within the circle of taste and 'propriety in Britain, would certainly be thought every where 'else extreamly absurd. The habit of political business, and 'political speaking, has encouraged him to *speech it* at dinners, 'at suppers—nay, where there were women as well as men. 'Then he will sometimes tell you one thing is *premature*, ano-'ther is what he won't *opiniatre*, a third is something to which 'the parties will not *accede*. Then he is too apt—and that 'indeed is hardly consistent with the rest of his character, or 'within the circle of Britannic taste—he is too apt to be pro-'lix on a trivial uninteresting subject. He is circumstantial—'I had almost said pathetic—about the regulation of the last 'year's opera, or the less interesting concerns of a common 'acquaintance. Meron has these excellencies, but he has also 'these imperfections: he seems to have made a discovery—I 'know not whether you will subscribe to it—but he seems to have 'found out, that the common opinion which places the beauty 'of conversation in *compressing* our thoughts, is a vulgar error; 'and that, on the contrary, they should be *dilated* and *spun* '*out*.'

'Penetration seems a kind of inspiration;—it gives me an 'idea of prophecy.'*

'Praxiteles† is one of those rare geniuses, which, like some 'plants, rise, bloom, and arrive at perfection almost at once, 'though they are of the first class. He had scarce entered

* 'By penetration is meant a natural instinctive sagacity, independent of all that can be acquired by study and experience: it is a gift of foreseeing, in some instances, what shall be; and, therefore, in its nature, as well as in its operations, has some remote resemblance to inspiration and prophecy.'

† Mr. Pitt.

'the world as a man, before he made his way to the top of it; 'he took his seat in parliament, and he rose up an orator: 'penetration supplied him with all the advantages which expe- 'rience bestows upon others. Nature seemed to have anima- 'ted and adorned the wisdom of age, with all the fire, the 'the gaiety, the lustre of youth, and thus to have produced a 'being of a new species. When he rose up to speak, all was 'silence and expectation; nor was this expectation ever disap- 'pointed: all the beauties of poetry, all the delicacy of senti- 'ment, all the strength of reason, united in that torrent of elo- 'quence, which, as it flowed with irresistible force, sparkled 'with unrivalled lustre, and was admired even by those who, 'having in vain opposed its course, were in a moment borne 'down before it. If he was attacked, no matter by how many, 'he not only avoided the weapon of his adversaries, but turned 'the edge of it with double force upon themselves, always 'directing it with unerring skill to that part where it would 'most easily enter. It is, methinks, difficult to speak of Prax- 'iteles without a metaphor, because common language can but 'ill express uncommon excellence: it may however be said, 'that Praxiteles has the art of uniting the elegance of a courtier 'and the accuracy of a scholar with the keenness of a dispu- 'tant, and will pay the politest compliment to the person, while 'he exposes the sophistry of the speaker. Praxiteles has such 'command over elegance, grace, and taste, that he has been 'able to carry them even into a society of politicians, and to 'touch the breasts of those, whose imaginations have wanted 'vigour to push them beyond the frozen virtues of industrious 'regularity, with something of that elevating delight, inspired 'by the striking superiority which nice discernment and true 'taste can so ill define, and so well conceive. In a word, 'Praxiteles is in every respect truly great: that ambition which 'is in some men so apparently a vice, was in him evidently a 'virtue. It was a principle implanted in him by nature, to 'place him in a conspicuous station, that a work which did her 'honour might not be hid.'

'Some men mistake talking about sense, for talking sense.'*

* "The man who only relates what he has heard or read, or talks of 'sensible men and sensible books in general terms, or of celebrated passages 'in celebrated authors, may talk *about sense*: but he alone, who speaks the 'sentiments that arise from the force of his own mind employed upon the 'subjects before him, can *talk sense*.'

'There is a certain author* who produces perpetual paradoxes in my mind; I am at a loss to decide whether he charms or offends me most, whether to call him the *first* of writers or the *last:* and this one would think a difficulty likewise with other people; for he has written what has had merit enough to get into all hands, and defect enough to be flung out of all. It is his great praise, his honour, that he is condemned by sensible men, and applauded by weak women, for the first are often as ignorant of the powers of the heart, as the last are of those of the understanding. He is in many particulars the most minute, fine, delicate observer of human nature I ever met with, the most refined and just in his sentiments; but he often carries that refinement into puerility, and that justness into tastelessness: he not only enters upon those beautiful and touching distinctions which the gross conceptions of most men are incapable of discerning, but he falls also upon all the trivial silly circumstances of society, which can have attractions only for a nursery. This writer possesses infinite powers both of delicacy and reason, but he possesses not the judicious faculty of directing those powers; he is deficient in TASTE; hence he is irregular and false in his notions of the manners he treats of; he plainly shews that he has neither from nature nor education the kind of intelligence, which should guide him in the pursuit he attempts: his understanding seems to be hampered and confined; it wants enlargement, freedom, or, to say all in one word, TASTE: his men of the world are strange debauchees; his women ridiculously outrees, both in good and bad qualities: parts there are, not only of the most refined, the most elevated, I had almost said the most celestial delicacy, but even of gaiety, ease, and agreeableness; but you see plainly that the writer is not A MASTER: deficiencies, stiffness, improprieties, break in upon you at times, and shock you; and you grieve that he does not please you more—or less.'

'Possession without right, is, in most cases of property, a much surer title than right without possession: is it not so also in most cases of consideration, respect, and admiration of the world?'

'If you meet young Torismond† at the opera, and ask him how he does; he will answer you, "his dam was got by

* Richardson. † The author

'Whitefoot, his grand dam by Julius Cæsar, his great grand 'dam by Chimney-sweeper, his great great grand dam by 'Silly Tom out of the old Mouna barb mare."——Have you 'any running horses to sell?—or match?—you may do either 'with young Torismond, *quite upon an agreeable footing;* 'three or four hundred pounds are with him but as so many 'farthings. Torismond has seldom fewer racers in his string 'than thirteen or fourteen; most of them first formed nags, 'and all Torismond's intimate friends. Torismond is none of 'your half bred jockeys; he improves in *training;* and if he 'goes on improving till he is an old man, he will certainly be a 'jockey *in an exceeding high form.* If you meet Torismond 'on the road—whether on horse back or in his chariot, its all 'one—it will be full gallop: his out-riders indeed may be 'trotting behind, for they ride coach horses, he drives running 'horses—in order to have a race before his eyes wherever he 'goes. O! *they have all six won many and many a king's 'plate!* You ask whither he is going in such a hurry? What 'a question! to see *his friends* to be sure: and the next day, 'if you go the same road, you will perhaps see him coming the 'same pace back again after having seen them. You don't 'comprehend the pleasure resulting from looking at beasts?— 'Well, if you are so dull I cannot help it: it will be in vain to 'recommend to you the contemplation of this beautiful string; 'you will never comprehend the grace of their jutting walk, 'the charm of their ungain gallop, the delightful whisk of a 'long, ragged, and ugly tail, much less the beauty of a horse's 'stopping short, bolting his tail straight up, and—But it would 'require the pen of a Swift to describe all the *deliciæ* of those 'dear Houyhnhnms, which that great man had the penetration 'to see, and the taste to enjoy. Torismond enjoys them all; 'and next to the horses, he enjoys their feeder: if you was to 'meet that same feeder and Torismond together, they would 'put you in mind of the two kings of Brentford—they always 'whisper—no matter whether any one is near, or whether 'there is any secret, they are always cheek by jowl—and whis-'pering: nay, if there was a secret, and you were near, and 'were to listen, you would get nothing by it; their language is 'that of a jockey, and you would find it about as intelligible as 'that of a horse. Torismond is an adept you see, he is deep 'in the mystery,—he is indeed a jockey. You ask why he

'does not rather think of being a politician, and making a figure 'in public life—indeed I do not know: whether it be that he 'has any *party prejudices*, or what it is indeed I do not know, 'but he does not think of it. Well then, say you, as he is 'young, some gallantries with the fine ladies might be a cleverer 'employment—Bless me, but suppose he has no taste for any 'of these things! I tell you, Torismond is a jockey, a very 'jockey: and every time he wakes out of his sleep, he says—"Give me another horse."'

'Adrastus* is neither a polished man of the world, nor a 'scholar; nay, he has not the smallest pretensions to the char- 'acter of either, and yet he is often acceptable to both: he is 'not the least acquainted with books, not even those in his own 'language, and he is equally ignorant of the elegancies of life: 'his breeding does not extend an inch farther than civility; his 'dress is always after his own fashion, nor is he less singular in 'his pleasures and tastes; and yet there are twenty little things 'that Adrastus understands better than any man, and not one 'but he will take pleasure in doing for you: do you want to 'have a carriage made, a landau, or a post-chaise, he will or- 'der it for you, and it will be made just as you wish it; its *fort* 'shall be either convenience or *jemminess*, or a proper mix- 'ture of both, just as your character requires it. He will him- 'self see the stuff it is made of, and above all he will take care 'you shall not be cheated; he knows every particular of every 'one of the various trades the whole must pass through. 'Would you buy two or three horses for this post-chaise? he 'will even do that for you; and not a splint or a spavin, or 'bad eye, or old broken knee, or pinch't foot, or low heel, 'escapes him. He will choose any sort of horse equally 'well, from the thorough English black up to the best bred 'bay. Adrastus is the best humour'd fellow in the world, and 'however distant from every thing that is French, is always 'acceptable to the most fashionable people, unless they are 'very much pinched and precise indeed; nay, he likes the 'company of ladies that are good-humoured and free, and 'will readily make one with them at a Vaux-hall party, and 'when there, will not fail to get them the best box; and the 'best things of all sorts; he has but to give Mr. Tyers a

* John Wilkes.

'wink and all is done; they have drank many a bowl of punch 'together, and smoaked many a pipe. By the way, do you 'love punch? he'll get you such rum as perhaps you never 'tasted.—You may send Adrastus about at your Vaux-hall 'parties like a waiter if you will, he desires no better sport; 'nay, after supper when the chief of the company is gone, he 'will take a French-horn, and, give him a good second, he 'will delight you. If you love hunting, he will clang you the 'hunting notes till the gardens ring again; you will, like Alex-'ander "fight all your battles o'er again, and slay again the 'slain." However, don't mistake me, Adrastus never in his 'life hunted with a French-horn, he knows things better; he 'only practises it as a genteel amusement. O! Adrastus is 'an excellent sportsman in every branch of it. But Adrastus 'is indeed a most general man as far as modern things, me-'chanical things, and useful things, go.—Would you show your 'hounds to a good judge? get Adrastus to your kennel; the 'best shaped ones will not escape him; and his hints may be 'worth listening to if you want to make any new crosses: 'then if he attends you in the field, and you know and love *the* '*truth*, you'll be delighted with Adrastus; he never rides 'much, but yet he is always first in at the death; you'd swear 'that either he had whispered the fox which way to go, or the 'fox him which way he intended to go. Adrastus is indeed a 'most manly character; all exercises are familiar to him: few 'men beat him formerly at a hop step and jump; he now 'flings a cricket-ball with most men, is a tolerable back-hand 'in a tennis-court, and very few men indeed excel him at a 'cudgel. Some people of rule instead of taste might object 'to Adrastus as having something odd in his appearance, car-'riage, and dress, and not being gentleman-like: but if you 'are not of the number you will hold them very cheap; nay, 'it will be that very oddity that delights you and makes your 'connection with him more pleasing, as different notes of mu-'sick make a more striking concord than the same. No man 'makes a worse bow than Adrastus, or perhaps looks less like 'a gentleman; and that is his perfection. His conversation 'too is like no other person's, and yet few other person's please 'you as much as Adrastus: you ask me why?——ask nature.'

'There are men in whom you would spoil all by reducing 'them to what *you call* regularity, they are born and designed

'to be otherwise; and while vulgar eyes look upon them, as 'they do on comets, as unnatural and monstrous, those of su- 'perior discernment only admire in both the uncommon yet 'true direction of nature.

'Clitander seems to have said, or rather nature seems to 'have said to him, "you shall not be old." He is now three 'or four and forty, yet he looks like a young fellow, and acts 'like a *very* young fellow, nay, and what is still more extra- 'ordinary, acting like a very young fellow becomes him. Most 'men of four and thirty are much too old for him, he keeps 'company only with very young fellows—like himself. In one 'word, not to disguise his character by palliative terms, he is a '*rake*—genteel, easy, soft, even modest with ladies, he is a 'reveller and a rake: late hours, free living, I confess, are 'his favourites; but—I know not how, they scarce disgrace 'him. Brave as Cæsar, he is yet as peaceable as Fribble; it 'is almost impossible to quarrel with him. He is always good 'humoured, and the chief and almost the only thing he re- 'quires of you is to set up with him. Every one blames 'Clitander aloud, and yet tacitly and involuntarily absolves 'him. Nature is too strong for reason, and Clitander forces 'you (unless you are a very dull dog indeed) to smile even 'while you shake your head at his irregularities. Ay—there 'he is walking along on the other side of the way: you see 'his dress is the most careless in the world, and yet how ele- 'gantly genteel he is in it! as if he was elegantly genteel whe- 'ther he would or no. What a pretty figure too!———its now 'two o'clock, and depend upon it, he is but just out of his bed '—or the round house. "Its a pity, however, he does not 'take to another sort of life." That is certain; and who knows, 'when he is a middle aged man of a hundred, perhaps he will? 'It is odd; yet this very life which you almost approve in Cli- 'tander, you despise in Valerius, who is near twenty years 'younger. What think you, if Clitander was to cut off his 'hair, wear a tie-wig, and go into the house of commons, 'would you be charmed with the decent dignity of his new 'character? Clitander is a comet.

'The language of Gelon is—"It is—you must—I know," 'and no man knows *less* than Gelon: the language of Lælius 'is—"It seems—You may—I believe," and no man knows '*more* than Lælius.'

'Nothing so different as envy and contempt; and yet nothing so common as to endeavour to persuade others, nay nothing so common as really to persuade ourselves, that we despise those whom we envy.

'"*O Tempora! O Mores!* O! the profligacy, the luxury, the venality of this age!"—cried the unvenal Misanthes, who sold out declamations on virtue, honour, and patriotism, for bread and cheese; and he wrote, and wrote, and wrote, till he had persuaded himself that all the rants of his abusive and injurious pen were precepts of equal authority with those of the twelve tables: he dealt about him, he thundered like a little God of this nether world, and all in the cause of greatness of soul. Nay, I would not swear that there were not certain moments of enthusiastic rapture, when he really mistook the elevated situation of his garret, for a station superior to that of the vile nobility whom he so particularly honoured with his distinctions. Then there was a certain house, a certain rendezvous near the palace, which even raised his humourous contempt. O! the wretches that haunt it are one and all infamous scoundrels, thinks Misanthes; and gives them a sneer, a something of a witty stroke of contempt. It happened that a certain very profligate frequenter of that certain house, a great man, had some business with Misanthes, and appointed him to attend on the morrow at his *hotel*. At the very moment of appointment, he appeared at the noble's study door—and behold Misanthes! Have you ever seen a dog walk about a room on his hinder legs, keeping with difficulty from crawling on all four, and still bending forward all the way he went? as like as two peas—I mean the patriot and the dog. If the noble spoke, the answer was ready long before the question was asked,—and the sweetest humility! Did you ever hear a certain loose, but humourous French song, in which a capuchin fryar is supposed to die, and travel to not to the most desirable of the two other worlds, where, as soon as he arrives, he is accosted by the black monarch, with *Capucin?—Plait il*, in great humility says the capuchin, '*plait il Monseigneur?*'

'Says Philintus, "What can be the meaning of it? 'tis certainly so—the world is not fond of me; and yet God knows I do all I can to please every body; I study the humour of every body, and endeavour to indulge it; I omit no opportunity of doing pleasure or service, and yet I see it plainly,

'the world does not like me—its very ungrateful though after 'all—D———n the world!—rot me if ever I bestow another 'moment's attention or thought upon it." Thus Philintus re-'solved: from that moment every body was delighted in him.'

'Nothing is a stronger proof of the prejudice of education, 'than that men, who are born in despotic governments, will 'stretch their imaginations to devise arguments against those 'that are free, since in that instance prejudice is stronger even 'than self interest.'

'The opinions of men of great abilities are respectable *before* 'they have given their reasons for them, but *afterwards* they 'are upon a level with the opinions of other men; for they 'will *then* depend upon the reasons for support, and not upon 'the authority of the character.'

The following preparation is often used in country houses in England, to take away any close, unpleasant air, and give a slight perfume to apartments. It takes a long time to prepare, but is very durable; and a handful of this composition placed in a room, will produce its effect for a considerable time.

Take of all sorts of roses, one peck; half a peck of lavander; one quart of thyme blossoms; do. of hysop blossoms; do. sage blossoms; do. pot Marjorum; two quarts of honey suckle blossoms; do. Saringar blossoms; one pound of bay salt; half a pound of salt-petre; one pound and a half of common salt; a quarter of a pound of cloves; one ounce of Mace; two ounces of Jamaica pepper. Put them all in a pan together, and stir them every day, for a month, or till they are thoroughly moistened, then add the spices pounded; close them down in jars, with a paper, bladder, and leather. Keep them in a dry place for a twelvemonth, at which time they are fit for use. Lemon and orange peel, salted and dried in an oven, thrown amongst it, will improve the Sweet Pot. It must be pressed very hard, when put into the jars for the twelve months.

GINGER BEER.

Take 13 gallons water, 13 pounds lump sugar, 3 ounces ginger bruised, boil the whole one hour, take off the scum, put the whites of eight eggs, well beat, to clarify it; when boiled

strain it into a tub, let it stand until cold; then put it into the barrel, with the peals and juice of thirteen lemons, and half a spoonful of yeast on the top; stop the cask close. In two weeks it will be fit for bottling, and in two more you may begin to drink it.

The lemons should be paired very thin and the juice strained.

The above forms a very grateful drink in warm weather.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

SIR,

I OBSERVE that communications tending to elicit useful information are admitted into your magazine. Allow me to submit a request to the learned author of the *History of* "*American Unitarianism*," who has done himself so much honour, by adding to his glory as the Strabo, that of becoming the Eusebius of his age and country.

Of late we have heard a good deal about town of a *letter* received by the above distinguished personage, from a gentleman of Quincy, to whom he had sent a copy of his invaluable pamphlet. This letter, it is said, contained sundry notices respecting hereticks of former days, as well as some *hints*, rather blunt than polite, intended for the personal benefit of the learned Geographer. He will gratify the curiosity of the publick, as well as that of your correspondent, if he will be good enough, in the fifth or fifteenth edition of his "American Unitarianism," to add this letter to those with which he has favoured the world. His modesty may induce him to plead, that he has already much upon his hands;—but the Unitarian plot is happily discovered, and its aiders and abettors hung up between heaven and earth in the Patriot and the Panoplist—the Charlestown election is over, and neither Brattle-street nor Chauncy-place have any new psalm books in the press; so that he will not be occupied in keeping them in order. As to the Boston clergy and the University, they seem absolutely incorrigible. It appears doubtful whether he will get any thing but contempt from the former, or if the latter can be induced to buy him off, even with a barren D.D.—Such is the reward of merit in these degenerate days!!

He may further allege in excuse, that the *hints*, above referred to, are not over civil. To be sure, it sounds rather odd, to insinuate, that a *soi-disant* champion of orthodoxy may really contribute to propagate the principles of Voltaire! But old men will have their way; and he who has survived the tremendous castigation of the Boston Rebel, need not fear these little scratches. He may justly apply to himself what Cowley says of the Philistine giant:

> *Brass* was his helmet, his boots *Brass*, and o'er
> His breast a breastplate of strong *Brass* he wore.

Having thus obviated the most prominent excuses, which his retiring disposition may induce him to allege, I hope he will comply with my request.

I conclude, Mr. Editor, with a reflection. Under what infinite obligations are we to one, who comes all the way from Connecticut to reform the 'heathen and Indians' of our unhappy Massachusetts—who inform us how much *more* our fathers believed than we do, and how much *less* we believe than we ought to do—who kindly undertakes to regulate our elections and our psalm books, to promote *union* in our families, to purify our churches, and to cleanse that Augean stable, our University!!

Yours, Mr. Editor,

INSATIABILIS.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Part of the Journal of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Lord Grey. She was afterwards Queen to Edward IV. and died in confinement at Southwark, under Henry VII. 1486. The following was extracted from an ancient manuscript preserved in Drummond Castle; the copyist has modernized the original orthography:—

Monday morning.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catharine to milk the cows, Rachael the other dairy maid having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Richard, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

6 o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest. Mem: to talk to the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

7.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the Court-yard; fed 25 men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill will, at attending us with broken meat.

8.—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy, caught Thump the little poney myself, and rode a matter of ten miles without saddle or bridle.

10.—Went to dinner; John Grey, a most comely youth; but what is that to me? a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender looks at me; said women could be never be handsome in his opinion who were not good tempered: I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he's the most disorderly young man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth; my teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think; and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it, and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

11.—Rose from the table. The company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with much vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objection to John Grey. He plays at prison-base as well as any of the country gentlemen, is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my Lord and Lady, and never misses church on Sunday.

3.—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burnt down by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for the relief of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent.—Mem: Never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

4.—Went to prayers.

6.—Fed hogs and poultry.

7.—Supper on the table; delayed till that time on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortune.—Mem: The goose pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

10.—The company fast asleep; these late hours very disagreeable; said my prayers a second time. John Grey distracted my thoughts too much the first time. Fell asleep and dreamed of John Grey.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Original letter of Oliver Cromwell, never before published, lately found in an old Mansion-house, in the county of Hants.

Sr

I thought I should have seen you before your Going Down, but Missing of that I thought fitt to send this Short Epistle to you. I understand Coll Goffe will be att Winchester to Morrow. I hope you will assist him with your Countenance, he is honest and so is his business whoever shall say to the Contrary, and if Securyty be judg'd Necessary to be provided for against Maligts. and Papists, and reformation of wickedness be a part of the Return we owe to God, then my assertion is true, the person imploy'd is a Gracious Man if I know one and deserves your respect all that I have to say is to tell you that I love you.

I rest

Whitehall,
19 Novr. 1655
my Service to my Ld Say
if he be with you & to my Lady

Your Loveing Friend
OLIVER P.

To
Coll Richard Norton
These
Oliver Cromwell P.

[London paper.]

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

AN UGLY WIFE OR A GIBBET.

THE following amusing anecdote is extracted from a MS. sheet of the Border Antiquities of England and Scotland, which is now in progress of publication, and to which Mr. Walter Scott is a contributor :—

" In the 17th century, the greater part of the property lying upon the river Ettricke, belonged to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood Tower, a border-house of strength still remaining upon that river. William Scott, (afterwards Sir William) son of the head of this family, undertook an expedition against the Murrays, of Elibank, whose property lay at a few miles distant. He found his enemy

upon their guard, was defeated, and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle, which he had collected for that purpose. Our hero, Sir Gidean Murray, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquiries concerning the fate to which be destined his prisoner :—"The Gallows," answered Sir Gidean, for he is said already to have acquired the honour of knighthood, "to the gallows with the marauder."—"Hout na, Sir Gidean," answered the considerate matron in her vernacular idiom, "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?" "Right, right," answered the Baron who catched at the idea, "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it." Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he, upon the first view of the case, stoutly preferred the gibbet to "mickle mouthed Meg," for such was the nickname of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But at length, when he was literally led forth to execution, and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. Such is the tradition established in both families, and often jocularly referred to upon the Borders. It may be necessary to add, that mickle-mouthed Meg and her husband were a very happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.

[London paper.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR, The following letters, containing remarks on the society of Edinburgh, I place at your disposal. W. P.

Edinburgh, —— 1814.

The courts of St. James and Dresden are, I believe, the only courts in Europe, where they continue to wear upon levee days the hoop, high-heeled shoe, and if one may so say, those other remnants of the dark ages of good breeding. But it may add somewhat to the dignity of a court, if people set apart for it a dress, which upon all other occasions is now distinguished for its inconvenience and absurdity. From private society, however, such deformities were long since banished, and those unfortunate hoops, which manœuvred so brilliantly in the time of Sir Charles Grandison, have ascended to the garret along

with the methodical principles of honour and politeness which prevailed in those days. It is probable that the French have taken many of their ideas about English manners from the writings of Richardson, for it appears from the memoirs of those times, that the enthusiasm was as great for them in France as in England, and indeed they there continue still to be much spoken of.—Here we may see the distance which the French have generally kept before the English in the progress of good breeding—that is, till the era of the revolution. It is the difference between the society of Squire Western for example—where every thing was boisterous and natural, and the society of Sir C. Grandison, where every thing was constrained and artificial.—All nations, however, get the habit some time or other of talking about the good old times of their ancestors. In England this means the times of the English squires—of ready and unbounded hospitality—when they served up "whole oxen" and "whole epicks"—oppressed you with perpetual attentions and large slices, and never esteemed the measure of their gallantry full, till they had locked the door and drank you lifeless under the table. Even to this day some of the remote Highland chieftains have a feudal custom of bringing their guests, after they have gone to bed, a large bowl of hot whiskey and sugar with their own hands, and it is really thought an affront, if one is not able, in the chieftain's presence, to drink the whole off to the last villanous dregs. All men who have a just notion of right and wrong, will perceive this to be pure tyranny—a huge Highlander, with a two edged claymore in one hand, and a bowl of flaming, foaming whiskey in the other; —but considering that one is safe in bed it is really better to drink the whiskey, than suffer the servitude inflicted by the stupid, formal hypocrisy of the Grandisons.

From this tyranny of unmeaning forms we were delivered more immediately by the superiour refinement of the French. Under the influence of the "*petits soupers*," a style of society admitting of much nature, wit, and at the same time elegance, was established; and all Europe was enchanted with the politeness of the French, not because they believed them better Christians, or more honest men, but by divesting themselves of these absurd ceremonies, they had thrown into their manners a great appearance of simplicity and benevolence without losing any thing of their grace and dignity. For the last half century these manners have been fixing themselves in the higher classes

of people in this country, and, as far as I am able to judge, I am inclined to believe that the condition of society among those ranks, is now superiour to any in the world. Mr. Eustace, the Italian traveller, who has certainly had great opportunities of making comparisons, places the standard at Vienna; but Madame de Stael conveys rather a different impression, nor does it correspond with the idea, which we have generally been accustomed to attach to Austrian society.—The general expression of this state of society is simplicity. I do not mean the simplicity of a savage or a shepherd; nor that indifference which only modified by intercourse, assumes the shape of an officious kindness and love to all mankind. People meet together, not for the express purpose of persuading their acquaintance, that they entertain a profound regard for them, or to convince them of their infinite superiority. As for the first, they have lived long enough in the world to know the difficulty of it,—and the last is not tolerated. Whatever difference nature or situation may make in individuals, it is not prudent at first to display any excellence, which would disturb the equality of this little republick. We must not think from this that they repress every sort of distinction—or condemn to the ostracism, whatever is conspicuous for virtue or genius; they only fly away from the presumptuous man, he, who comes among them solely to seek applause, to be "l'orateur du genre humain." But as to that merit, which does not force itself upon their sight, but waits to give them an opportunity of discovering it themselves, which leaves them the privilege of appreciating a man by his deserts, and not by his pretensions, it sooner or later succeeds in getting into its proper niche. We may conclude from this, that the society in Europe is a jealous and forbidding tyrant, looking with considerable coldness upon all new comers;—and so it is—and so must all society be, composed of persons of ancient families, great fortunes, and distinguished merit.

We shall see that refinement of society has in all ages kept an equal pace with the progress of women, and that it has moreover commenced every-where among literary men. Is it not then true, that refinement depends upon the cultivation of the mind, not upon the purity of the heart; and that the most accomplished society which has ever been known, is equally distinguished by a most melancholy poverty of feeling

and sympathy. Let us look at those countless races of people, that we jumble together under the name of the "nations of the East." From the earliest records they have permitted harems, concubinage, and other customs, by which women were deprived of their just dignity and consideration in society. Mahomet, who seems to have had some very good notions about life, treats women in the same rude and ungallant manner, and of the very few that he does admit to the green fields of Paradise—their duty there is not very celestial. Mahomet was a good statesman in prohibiting his followers from drinking intoxicating liquors in such a warm climate, but he has left one of the most brutalizing and pernicious motives as the reward of virtue. These nations had none of that refinement of society of which we are now speaking.

As to the Greeks and Romans, there appear to be no traces of it either among them. What if we read of philosophick retreats and conversations: what if they were wise, great and learned: if their virtues were sometimes so rigid as to cease to be amiable: if they devoted their sons to death, or murdered their "benefactors" for the sake of the republick. What if their writings, paintings, statues, and publick buildings proclaim a taste and elegance, belonging apparently to the most advanced state of civilization. We can only say, that this proves no refinement of manners; and that intellectual refinement, that is, genius or excellence in any one of these arts, usually seems to precede the age of refinement of manners, to which, one would think, it ought to belong. It may be a partial explanation of this phenomenon, that genius is the gift of nature and refinement, the reward of long experience in society. To satisfy ourselves how little superiour taste, necessarily implies great civilization, we need only see those beautiful and sublime gothick buildings, scattered over Europe, but principally to be found in this country; raised during a period when nothing could be more absurd and unintelligible than to talk either of refinement of mind or manners. The Cathedral of York, so much spoken of for its symmetry, as well as the beauty and costliness of the materials, is also remarkable for the ingenuity of the workmanship. Sir Christopher Wren said of the stone roof, which is one of the most curious specimens of architecture in Europe, that if the artist would do him the favour to tell him how he put in the centre stone, he could

contrive to place all the rest. This church was built in the dark ages, though the artist might have been an Italian.

We are sufficiently informed of the laws and customs of the Athenians regarding women; and it was only courtezans who were exempted from passing the life of a sort of low, despised and disregarded nuns. As to the Romans, their satirists have left us melancholy stories of their brutal and extravagant gluttony, their mad and hateful love of publick shows, fights of gladiators and wild beasts.—The mention of the other sex is seldom made but with contempt and execration; their names are usually coupled with a detail of the most nauseous and detestable vices, which appear to be equally gross and unblushing with the Augusta, or the vilest wretch of the Lupanar.

> 'Nec melior pedibus silicem qua conterit atrum;
> Quam qua longorum vehitur cervice Syrorum.'

No wonder Metellus declared to the Roman people in a publick oration, that woman was a very 'troublesome companion, and he could recommend matrimony only as the sacrifice of private pleasure to publick duty.' And no wonder the Roman senate permitted Caligula to make his horse a consul, when about the same time they passed a decree, devoting to the infernal gods the head of the first female, who should dare to interfere in the concerns of the state.

Is it then only among *Christian* nations that women first felt and exerted their proper influence? Is this the only religion where we can behold Mary the 'mother of Jesus,' and 'Mary of Magdalen' kneeling at the foot of the cross, exhibiting the true charm of their character, and associating themselves as the companions and friends of the Saviour? It is true that the spirit with which the Author of religion lived and died, was that of gentleness and forbearance; we cannot therefore wonder, that under such a banner man has become civilized, and the mildness and delicacy of women have acquired a just influence in softening, purifying and polishing the fierce qualities of his nature. It has been the cruel policy of some Christian people to shut up women in convents, but no where has this destroyed the exalted respect paid to their character. Men have never been made more boisterous and assuming; on the contrary, the spirit of chivalry, if it soon became only an apology for ridiculous enterprises and bloody combats, has left a

name, which has served to denote in all succeeding times the purest degree of knightly virtue.—

—I swear to thee, my friend, by the beards of the seven sages, when I began this letter, I did not intend to lead thee through so many perils by sea and land. But, alas! I am in the land of prosing. Honest James Melville, tells us that 'Maister John Knox, that maist notable prophet and apostle of our nation,' was half an hour in the 'opening up of his text,' and an 'an hour and better' in the application. Maister John probably 'opened up' his discourses much better than I have done mine; but if his hearers were willing to forgive him an 'hour and better' in the 'application, it behooveth me to take courage.—There is every circumstance to make the society in Edinburgh interesting. It is not so splendid and so scrupulously free from occasional affectations, as that of the higher classes in London. There is not in Edinburgh that assemblage of ancient and opulent families, which we find in the west end of London, to give a sort of solid, rich and permanent dignity to society, and to put down its little eccentricities and absurdities. But the New Town, which contains about 30,000 people, is the winter residence of a greater part of the rich families in Scotland. The seat of a University, to which 1800 or 2000 students annually resort, many of them young noblemen and men of fortune, who add something to the gaiety, and little to the industry of the place. This is also the portico, in which several of the most distinguished literary men in Great Britain assemble their disciples. There is moreover annually produced here, several bulky poems, besides numerous small effusions, various histories, learned treatises, lots of books of travels, scores of new plays, abundance of journals, reviews, a few novels, editions of black letter and encyclopedias, besides registers, almanacks, catechisms, &c. &c.

The society is then reckoned very literary—it is no pedantry to talk about books—Lord Byron's monthly muse makes conversation for the next month's routes—the young men walk up and down the street with an elegant book under their arm instead of a small stick—the character of the place betrays itself in various other symptoms; and while the fashion of some towns is the most approved arrangement of a dinner party or a drawing room, the prevailing fashion of Edinburgh is for literature. Not that this makes them ceremonious, or takes away a

relish for the thousand brilliant trifles and elegancies of life. But nature, which has given these honest Caledonians a country hardly able to raise the common means of subsistence, and producing nothing nearer the fruits of most other climates than a raw turnip, never designed that they should have much wit or humour; nor that they should much abound in the endearing, affectionate qualities of our nature. She has given them tough, inflexible, indefatigable heads, but their hearts are none of the softest or most animated. The Scotch, of the higher classes, however, are among the most hospitable in the world: they are enlightened, well educated, and it is very seldom that the part of the world from which one may happen to come ever creates a look of surprise, or a cool reception. Nationality in the senate may be the highest virtue; but in the drawing room it is the lowest prejudice.

The carnival begins in the middle of January and lasts to the middle of March. This is only two months for the whole year of routes, balls, dinners, theatres, and masquerades; but they thus accumulate into two months all the wit, vivacity, spirit and splendour of the whole twelve; which to some tastes is infinitely more interesting, than to be obliged to groupe through the never-ending winter of a northern climate, by the faint glimmering of an occasional tea party, or a monthly dance, given for the benefit of some young lady. This sort of scattered, straggling dissipation, which lasts forever, is the necessary consequence of a state of society where people have neither a superfluity of wealth or leisure. But in Edinburgh making parties is a profession, and as making any thing a profession is really half the charm of every thing, these two months pass off with great animation and numberless assemblies. Now the society of Edinburgh is composed entirely of the nobility, men of fortune and professional men; as Edinburgh is not a seaport, gentlemen, who have business, are obliged to live principally at Leith. In this respect the society is a little different from that of London, where merchants and bankers are occasionally found in the ranks of fashion, and also possess considerable influence in Parliament. A greater part of the inhabitants, however, belong to ancient families, and claim to be of that class, whose independent situation in life has doomed them to conjugate the verb *ennuyer* for centuries—'je* m' en-

* Thiebauld, memoires de Frederic.

nuie, tu t' ennuies, il s'ennuie, nous nous ennuyons, vous vous ennuyez, ils s'ennuient,' &c. They have apparently no other duty in this sublunary world, than accomplishing their mind and person—passing a few weeks of the winter in dissipation—the summer in travelling, or at their beautiful castles, and country houses—making a speech in Parliament—buying pictures, and race horses. I know not how many dull volumes of sighs, lamentations, maxims and moral reflections have been thrown away upon the uselessness, vanity and misery of this kind of life. But the worthy victims themselves probably need little of our consolation or compassion, and our sagacious remarks respecting them occasion perhaps about as much gaping and ennui in the world, as they are haunted with themselves. I conceive that we have little to do with the blue or black devils, that may harass the morning meditations of these illustrious personages, and we ought to be contented with seeing them in company animated, elegant, making no bustle, simple, plain, intelligent, well-informed, and without ceremony or affectation.——The universal party here is the 'route.' The house is opened about nine in the evening—people begin to go between ten and eleven, and stay half an hour or an hour; no one sits down, neither are there any of the huge ponderous '*waiters*,' which it will take fifteen men in some degenerate day to raise. The ice creams, &c. are put into a separate room, where there are servants to help, &c. One does not so much notice in these parties the brilliancy of dresses—splendour of furniture, as the total absence of all ceremony. An unhappy trembling youth is not thrust into the middle of a room, encompassed about with rows of stately frowning matrons, and compelled upon pain of excommunication, from the court of the graces and the next party, to make a solemn prostration to each and all. Even the faithful, who enter the temple of the far feared *Vyan-vuyen-huyen* at Aurungabad, are obliged to make only 333 genefluxions, as they pass the threshold. We should be very culpable if we allowed those unhappy heathens to surpass us in the 'ceremony of the law.' They go to two or three such parties in an evening, and thus contrive to get considerable spirit and animation from the hurry and change of the scene.

But those, to whom the brilliant bagatelle of mere fashionable life is insipid and wearisome, have still a delightful resource in the eminent literary men, that we meet scattered about

in all these crowded routs. It is an idea truly worthy a German annotator of the 'ancient légime,' that literature and science inhabit only convents and colleges, and learned men for ever 'steeping in port and prejudice,' or dozing and mouldering between Greek particles and Hebrew points, must never wander forth from their cells to catch a little of the prosperity, gaiety and smile of life, and what is more important, to enlighten and enliven their fellow pilgrims. But it is not only in the cloisters of Cambridge and Oxford that we now meet the learned, and it is no doubt very true that some of the best bred men, and most elegant gentlemen, are among 'the men of letters.' The frequent presence of literary men in society, has had a considerable share in the meritorious undertaking of banishing political discussions. To be sure, the richer classes have few and very few motives for such conversation. They are truly independent in politicks. The infrequency of elections—the almost boundless influence of wealth—and the fixed and unchangeable condition of their own fortunes, of necessity create a comfortable and by no means culpable indifference to the concerns of government, provided nevertheless that the interest of stocks, and rents of land, are regularly paid.

Mr. Playfair, who, I suppose, goes into as many parties as any fashionable young man in the town, is often in the corners of these great crowded rooms. He is now about sixty years old, without any uncommon appearance, except a pair of very intelligent grey eyes, which give his face an expression somewhat like that of our celebrated artist, Stewart. He was originally a clergyman, but from some cause or other he left his parish, and was made a professor in the University here. Mr. Playfair is distinguished for the soundness and accuracy of his knowledge; and besides his writings in the Edinburgh Review, which are principally reviews of mathematical works and books of voyages, he published several years since a well known exposition of Dr. Hutton's system of geology, of which school he is considered the head in Edinburgh. He is called the d'Alembert of Edinburgh, and with considerable truth, though probably it is as great a compliment to Mr. Playfair, as to d'Alembert. But after all, the principal charm of Mr. P. is the affectionate simplicity and plainness of his manners, and it is really delightful to see with what an insinuating mildness and

modesty, this dignified, learned and amiable philosopher conducts himself. Mr. Playfair has never been married, and now lives with an unmarried sister.

In another corner, which to be sure must be the 'poet's corner,' we may sometimes find Walter Scott, though he does not much frequent these places. I should think there was no man in this profane world, so often asked after as Walter Scott, and no traveller ever lands in sweet Edinburgh without inquiring where can he be seen? In a small, dark room, where one of the Courts of Sessions is held, there is to be seen every morning in term time, sitting at a little table and keeping the records of the Court, a stout, broad shouldered, brawny and somewhat fleshy man,—with light hair, light complexion, eyes between a blue and a grey, thick nose, round fat face, rather sleepy expression, covered with a ragged black gown, his lame leg stuck under the table, the other sprawling out in such a manner as no leg, lame or not lame, ever ought to be. Such a man, forsooth! as one might swear, heaven had marked out,—as an honest good natured soul, though rather stupid withal,—a most loyal subject, fit to guzzle port and porter, pay taxes, and drink 'God save the King.' Not one poetick line or ray of genius in his face, except a very slight kindling of the eye, to redeem the immortal bust of the author of the Lay of the last Minstrel, from the staring, thoughtless, besotted multitude. Mr. Scott is now about forty-five years old, descended from rather an obscure family in Lothian, and when young, he says, that the old men used to take him up on their knees, call him little Watty, and tell him border stories and legendary tales, while his brothers were gone to work; a privilege, which his lameness gave him. Some of those philosophers, who are in the habit of making a 'moral' to all their fables, may very possibly find out, that the world has gained another great poet, because Walter Scott was born with one leg shorter than the other. It may be so.—Walter Scott was married some time since to a Guernsey lady, an illegitimate daughter of the late duke of Devonshire, with whom he was said to have received 10,000*l*. The lady was born in Guernsey, and speaks villanous broken English. Among her virtues is that of unsparing fury against all unfortunate wretches, who criticise her husband's works; and it is said, that when the review of Marmion was published in the

Edinburgh Review, she was very near boxing the editor's ears at a dinner, where she soon after happened to meet him.

Mr. Scott has also some other blessings, which rarely fall to the fortune of a poet. He is the sheriff of a county, commits to prison, and hangs with great spirit and quite a vulgar dexterity; he is moreover clerk of the court before mentioned. These two situations give him 800 or 1000*l.* a year; besides he had for Marmion 1000 guineas, 2000 for the Lady, and 3000 for Rokeby; and he has also been the editor of several extensive works.

Though Mr. S. is exposed to a constant throng of people with letters of introduction, his houses of resort in Edinburgh are not very numerous, and he confines himself chiefly to some of the choicest of the ministerial party; he is himself zealous to the last ditch for church and king. A disgust with its politicks made him leave the Edinburgh Review, in which he has written some pleasant articles. In his manners he is very mild and agreeable, apparently without any vanity, and the only affectation he has consists in the effort he makes *not* to appear a *poet*. He has a great deal of humour, and his conversation is principally made up of anecdotes; he is not, however, what they call either elegant or brilliant in company, but then he is cheerful and never obtrusive; upon the whole, one of the last persons you would suspect to be Walter Scott.

Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who is very much known in Old England and in New England by her two first publications, and very little any-where by her two last, is one of those women that the world is willing to call meritorious, to save themselves the trouble of making any inquiries about her; though there are few women, who have so much fancy and an equal power of conversation the first month one is acquainted with her. But the circumstances under which Mrs. Grant introduced herself to the world left no other alternative than to pity and praise. After the death of her husband, she came from the Highlands, where she undoubtedly figured with considerable applause, and brought with her a large family of children—the copy of her 'Mountain Letters'—a sanguine and persevering spirit withal—a pretty well-informed mind—a hospitable and communicative disposition, and a strong brogue of Scotch English, and Highland Scotch. The eager and extensive circulation of her letters, however, soon enabled her

to establish herself in Edinburgh, where she opened her flat,* invited every body to come and see her, and began to write more books. She was caressed by the first people in London —literary ladies opened a correspondence with her, and hundreds of English came galloping down to Scotland with their silly heads full of the most romantick notions about the Highlands and Mrs. Grant. They expected a beautiful, blooming lass of eighteen, just fresh and simple from the side of the mountains, bounding with life, enthusiasm, hope, poetry and nature. But alas! the pleasures of imagination! The honest souls did not recollect how long since Aunt Schuyler flourished at Albany, and that the amiable lady herself had indulged the publick with American recollections as far back as the year 17—. Mrs. Grant began these recollections when she was only —— old; we marvellously fear, that there are few young ladies in our 'degenerate' day, who have such precious good judgments and memories.

Mrs. Grant's strong hold is conversation; she certainly talks with uncommon vivacity, and has that rare faculty of bounding forth from a dangerous height, and when most others would sink, she soars on triumphantly to the end of the sentence. But then she has only three subjects, the life and adventures of Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan, the beautiful lochs, vales, &c. of the Highlands, and the greatness of the British nation. These dishes, the way she serves them up, are very charming the first four or five weeks. But you know, that the emperour Domitian said, that one could not eat larks' tongues for ever. Mrs. Grant by no means visits the first society in Edinburgh, and, however unwilling one may be to confess it, her literary reputation in particular is not brilliant, and hardly corresponds with the estimation in which she is held in some parts of New-England. But here again her good fortune has procured her zealous and enlightened friends, and it may be my bad fortune, to excite a slight murmur among them by the less than common rapture with which I have mentioned Mrs. Grant. She appears, however, to be aware of the patronage she has received, and her attentions to all Americans, who were made known to her, are very constant and of the kindest description.

* Flat is one story. Many of the houses in Edinburgh are built with a publick entry like a barrack, and different families live on the different stories.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to speak to you of Mr. Alison—one of the most amiable and pleasant of men, whose feelings and taste are equally pure. He has been settled for several years as the first minister of the Episcopal Chapel in this place; and certainly for the elegant, mild and persuasive eloquence of his sermons and manner, he has here no equal. Mr. Alison was born in Scotland, though educated in England, where he had the good fortune to stay long enough to lose the greater part of his Scotch dialect. He is married to a very amiable and intelligent lady, the adopted daughter of the late Mrs. Montagu whose letters have lately been published, with whom she lived many years, and therefore saw in her house both in London and Paris, the most celebrated of the time in which she flourished. This circumstance makes her one of the most delightful companions, and if one can be contented without crowds and large rooms and splendid furniture, I know of no place in Edinburgh, where we may find so much rational and unfailing enjoyment. The society which frequent their house is select, refined and accomplished, and their table furnishes the true "*cœna deorum*,"—the society of men of talents and learning, who are capable in their closets of the severest study and inquiry, and yet in publick understand and practise all the elegancies and pleasantries of society. Mr. Alison is visited in the most intimate manner by the best people in Edinburgh, and his own charming manners have such an influence, that every one is divested in his presence of whatever they may have of vanity, pride or conceit. If we wish to have the choicest conversation of the best educated and best bred men, if we would pour from flasks sealed up in the reign of Augustus, we must come to his table. They have an interesting family, settled, or about to be settled, in the world. Mr. Alison is of course well known among us by his Essay on Taste, &c.* He has never written in any periodical work, as I am told—though he is now engaged to furnish something for the edition of the Encyclopedia, edited and published by A. Constable of this place.

In another letter I will endeavour to give you some farther account of the society, literary factions, &c.

* A volume of Sermons by him has lately been re-published in Boston.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Anecdote of Voltaire.

1770. The French theatre has just lost an actor, named Paulin, who had been on the stage since the year 1742. In tragedy he played tyrants, and peasants in comedy. These two parts were joined at the theatre, which was uniting the two extremes, the oppressor and the oppressed. He made a passable peasant, but a bad tyrant: his playing was heavy and without intelligence: his voice was strong, and it was this circumstance that deceived Voltaire, who hoped to make something of him, and who said, "*Let me alone, I am bringing up a tyrant by hand, with whom you will be satisfied.*" Yet the tyrant did not answer his expectation, and Paulin remained inferiour. The part in which he hoped he would succeed, was that of Polifonte, in the tragedy of Mérope. While this tragedy was in rehearsal, Voltaire overloaded the actors with corrections, as was his practice: having passed a certain night in revising his play, he woke his servant at three o'clock in the morning, and gave him a correction to carry to Paulin. The servant represented to him, that at that unusual hour M. Paulin was asleep, and that he should not be able to get into the house. *Go*, answered Voltaire gravely, *run, tyrants never sleep.*

Account of the Abbe Trublet.

The Abbè Trublet, canon and archdeacon of St. Malo, one of the forty of the French Academy, died at St. Malo, his birth place, the 14th of December. His death makes a vacancy at the Academy, which, without doubt, will be filled by M. de St. Lambert. The Abbè Trublet was not young. He was a sworn weigher of fly's eggs in scales of spider's webs, to borrow an expression of M. de Voltaire. His pretension was to extreme subtlety, his little style was as full of art, as the dress of a coquette; but his pencil was not bold, and his diminutive manner always excited an idea of meanness and baseness. An acquaintance with his person might however influence the opinion produced by his works. His face was ignoble and displeasing, his air poor and dirty: he was a low flatterer in his manners, so that his person was even more despised than his works.

His subaltern habits attached him to the car of Fontenelle and la Motte Hordant, to whom he made himself a valet. He prided himself in knowing and narrating with precision how Fontenelle coughed and spit. He published, after the death of that illustrious man, a large Fontenelliana, which is a masterpiece of insipidity; the most insignificant details are related in it with a laughable emphasis. The Abbe Trublet wished to be extremely ingenious in his expressions, and even in his disposition of commas, and semicolons; there is a prodigious expenditure of wit in his punctuation. This recalls to my mind a saying of Madame Geoffrin: some person having said before her, that the Abbè Trublet was, after all, a man of wit: she was in a passion, and said, *that he was only a fool rubbed over with wit, and that indeed he had the froth of it every-where.* She pretends that men are a composition of different ingredients; that there is a little pot of wit, a little pot of imagination, a little pot of reason, and a great kettle of pure folly. Destiny takes from these pots whatever it pleases, and from the whole composes the head of a man. According to Madame Geoffrin's opinion, Destiny in making the Abbè Trublet, only drew from the great kettle; afterwards afraid of having taken too much, it opened the little pot of wit, which is always boiling, and of course throws out froth. Destiny meaning to take from this pot, only caught the froth, and daubed over the substance of pure folly of which the Abbè Trublet was made up. This tale has the air of magick and sorcery, but it has withal an excellent moral. The best work by this archdeacon is his Essays on Literature, Philosophy and Morals, in several volumes. I read them when I was too young to give my opinion of them here; I believe however, if the Abbè Trublet had confined himself to a couple of volumes of these Essays without printing any thing else, that he would have passed for a meritorious author. But he did not know when to stop, and his latter volumes are very inferiour to the former ones. He went on collecting every thing he heard said, and reduced it in the evening into paragraphs for his essays. He remarked one day, that he had hard work to compose a volume every six months; the Abbè Cannoil, who is rather sarcastick, observed, *that depends on the persons you see.* Maupertuis insisted that the Essays of the Abbè Trublet had so great a reputation in Germany, that the post-masters refused their horses to those who had not

read them. In one of the volumes of his Essays, the Abbè Trublet composed a dissertation to discover the reasons of the ennui that was caused by the perusal of the Henriad : this dissertation was the true source of the immortality of the Abbè Trublet. The author of the Henriad would not be deficient in gratitude towards the laborious essayist, and thrust him from that moment into all his lesser compositions : the portrait of the Abbè Trublet in the *Pauvre Diable*, is a master-piece that will last as long as French literature. The Abbè Trublet had no other complaint against the verses of M. de Voltaire, than that he had treated him as a deacon when he was an archdeacon ; and the patriarch answered to that ; *I ask his pardon, I am wrong : I thought him one of the lesser.* The Abbè Trublet sued for twenty years to become one of the French Academy, and this perseverance contributed much to render him ridiculous. At each vacancy he came to Paris in all diligence, by the St. Malo stage, made his visits, did not obtain the place, and returned after the election.* One day Piron, who lived near Fontenelle, put his head out of the window, and saw a funeral going out of Fontenelle's ; he immediately shut the window, and wrote officially to the Abbè Trublet to come and solicit the vacant place. Trublet arrived with the stage, and found Fontenelle in good health, and no vacant place : it was M. Daube, the nephew of Fontenelle, that was buried. Piron had imagined that the uncle, at the age of a hundred, must die before the nephew who was only fifty, and his client Trublet had to pay the coach fare for nothing. He came ino the Academy at last without any warning, and when no one expected it. The Abbè Trublet, after having obtained the object of all his wishes, experienced, what is the most fatal to man, the being without any thing to desire, and he fell into a state of indifference and languor. For upwards of five years, he had totally abandoned the theatre of his trials and his triumph, and

* Accounts of the election of members into the French Academy abound in these memoirs. It was one of the subjects that most interested society in Paris before the revolution. A thousand intrigues were made use of for or against the candidates, sometimes rank, sometimes talent, sometimes both, and sometimes neither were the successful candidates. The person who wished to obtain a seat, made a formal visit to each of the members to solicit his vote. On his reception he delivered a discourse in which he eulogized the deceased member whose place he had taken, Louis XIV. and the Cardinal Richelieu who founded the Academy, and many others. The secretary delivered an answer.

had retired to his own district to enjoy the consideration, which in the provinces is attached to the title of academician. On his reception at the Academy, he sent his discourse as a brother academician to M. de Voltaire; this proceeding touched the patriarch, and he made his peace with the Abbè Trublet, and this peace has been inviolably observed. From that time the Abbè Trublet was no longer stuffed into the little pamphlets of Ferney.

Anecdotes of General Clerk.

May, 1770. A letter has just been published addressed to Brigadier General Clerk, who served in the British army sent to the succour of Portugal in the last war. The author of the letter is another English officer, who was his aid de camp, and who remained in Portugal since the peace. After this event General Clerk traversed Spain, and came to Paris, where he staid a long time. He is a man of sense, but a great talker, and even fatiguing from the trick he has of adding to every phrase that he pronounces an *Hem?* so that he has the air of interrogating a person continually, though he never waits for an answer. Notwithstanding this, we like him very well, and there is only Madame Geoffrin, who must have a great variety of people and things, and who does not love to dwell long on the same object, who cannot think of General Clerk even now, without trembling all over. Baron d'Holbach brought this stranger to her, and after the first compliments, and a visit of half an hour, he rose to go away. M. Clerk, instead of following the person who had presented him, according to custom in a first visit, remained. Madame Geoffrin asked him if he went much to the theatres?—Rarely.—To the publick walks?—Very seldom.—To court, to the princes?—No one less.—How then do you pass your time? Why, when I find myself in a house that pleases me, I converse and I stay there. At these words Madame Geoffrin turned pale. It was six o'clock in the evening; she thought that General Clerk might remain till ten; this idea gave her the shuddering of a fever. By chance M. d'Alembert came in. Madame Geoffrin persuaded him after a little time, that he was not well, and that he must get general Clerk to take him home. The latter, delighted to render a service, told M. d'Alembert, that he might dispose of

his carriage as he pleased, that he should not want till the evening to take him home. These words were a thunderbolt to Madame Geoffrin, who could not get rid of our Scotchman, whatever change happened in her apartment, by the arrival and departure of visiters. At this moment she cannot think with calmness of that day; and she did not go to bed without taking precautions against the danger of a second visit. I never could persuade her that General Clerk was a man accustomed to good society. In fact the only thing I knew against him, was that he made his horses remain from half past four, at the house where he dined, champing their bits till midnight, in the midst of winter, without ever moving from the place. But here we are, as far from our Portuguese story, as from the fortunate sepulchres of Moukden. Since it is so, it will do no harm to relate an anecdote of the celebrated David Garrick. General Clerk held a long discourse one day at table, in presence of that illustrious actor, to prove that the enthusiasm of the English for Shakspeare was only a matter of fashion; that in reality nobody either admired or understood that author; but, that Mr. Garrick, by his acting, which was so full of genius, had found the secret to make him the idol of the nation. Garrick, a great admirer of Shakspeare, and naturally full of vivacity and petulence, contained himself for a long time: at length he rose from table, took the hand of General Clerk and said to him, *I promise you, General, that through my whole life I will never venture to speak on the subject of war.* But it is time to hear the report of the aid de camp who was left in Portugal.

Letter from Lieut. Col. Shaw Groset to General Clerk,

Elvas, 5 December, 1769.

A very singular event, Sir, has happened in the vicinity. The king, as you know, was residing at Villa Viciosa, one of his hunting seats four leagues from here. Last Sunday, in going out to ride according to custom, a man in a peasant's dress, with a stick in his hand, waited for him at the gate of the park, and when a part of the court had passed, he had the inconceivable audacity to raise his arm against the prince. The king turned his horse upon him and exclaimed, *Are you mad?* At this moment some of the court came to the assistance of the king; but the fellow would not suffer himself to be easily disarmed. The Count de Prado among others, received three

or four severe blows over the head: The whole retinue being now assembled, the man would have been cut to pieces, if the king had not cried out, *Do not kill him, but let him be taken to Don Louis Acunha, one of the secretaries of state.* When the man was examined, to know who he was and how he could commit such a rash action? He answered, that he was a veteran, disbanded soldier, that the king owed him eight years arrears of pay, several uniforms, and a little mule, that had been taken from him by force; that he had presented a petition to the ministry, and another to his majesty without any answer. This action will be as inconceivable to you, Sir, as it is to me. The man served formerly in a regiment of artillery that was under your orders, and has always been considered very resolute. He says he knows very well that he shall be put to death.

Anecdotes of Rousseau.

Jean Jaques Rousseau has been for some time at Lyons. He has quitted his asylum in Dauphiny, the chateau of Bourdeille, if I do not mistake. The cause is said to have been a quarrel that happened between him and the lady of the chateau; but I believe nothing positive is known about it. It is however more certain, that he has composed a comick opera in one act on the subject of *Pygmalion*, half sung, half spoken, according to the barbarous custom of the modern French opera. There is, it is said, only one actor in this play, and that is Pygmalion. The part of the statue is very short, it only speaks three times. When it perceives itself to be animated, it touches its heart, and says: *It is me.* It then approaches a neighbouring statue, and feeling it inanimate, says, *It is not me.* Placing its hand afterwards on the heart of Pygmalion, and finding that it palpitates, it exclaims, *It is another me.* This is perhaps a little confused, a little metaphysical; *me* is a very abstract term for a first thought, or rather a first sentiment. Whatever exists, refers every thing to its existence, by an immutable and necessary law, without knowing it. To discover this now common truth, a long course of observation, and a long exercise of our intellectual faculties, was necessary. How could a metamorphosed statue find, in the first instant, so complicated a result, and which supposes so many combinations, and understood relations? The first words of a being suddenly

animated would doubtless be some passionate, impetuous, mournful expression: the aspect of the universe would agitate it; it would think that it was menaced, its own energy would excite fear. This is the route to discover what would be the first words of a statue; yet however true these observations may be, I am convinced that the three speeches of M. Rousseau's statue, will make its fortune with the publick, which is in the habit of applauding things infinitely more false. What seems to me a defect in the plan, is treating it in the ambiguous form of our modern operas, where the words are sung and spoken alternately. A piece in which a miracle is operated, should be the most distant imitation possible of common life.

It is said that M. Rousseau had thought of forming another piece, founded on a very tragick event, that has lately happened at Lyons, though he has since given up the intention. A young man, an Italian by birth, a fencing master by profession, and a young girl, the daughter of a rich innkeeper, had conceived for each other the most violent passion. The parents having refused their consent to their marriage, and assured them, that it never should take place, the young people after recovering from their first grief, swore eternal fidelity to each other: and to render their oath independent of events, they on a day agreed upon, dressed themselves as victims, went to a chapel in the country near the city, and there closely embracing, and kneeling before the altar, each with a pistol killed themselves. The story says, they were besides armed with two poniards in case the pistols had not killed them instantly, but that this precaution was superfluous. Letters from respectable people at Lyons, confirm all the details of this remarkable occurrence.

Death of M. Chatelmont.

A scelerat, escaped from the galleys, and who had committed several assassinations in the streets of Paris, in the course of a few days, has just expiated his crimes on the wheel. One of those who had the misfortune to be attacked by him, was M. Perinet de Chatelmont, who has since died of his wound, after having languished a month. He was the youngest of a numerous protestant family, well known in financial affairs. I knew his uncle, a farmer-general, a man of sense, who died seven or eight years ago, upwards of ninety. He had

passed his youth as was the custom of the times, with the fashionable wits in the coffee-houses of Paris, and mention is made of him in the famous couplets of Jean Baptiste Rousseau, which occasioned a criminal process. The elder Perinet was cited, as being attached to the protestant faith. When I knew him, he had been for a long time neutral; he possessed many millions, with much simplicity of manners, and great subtlety of mind. His grand daughters have carried their wealth into two families of condition, by marrying one a Langerou, the other a Brienne. His collaterals, who enjoy a handsome fortune, neutral like their uncle, have conformed as to the exteriour to the prevailing religion, excepting this poor Chatelmont, who was assassinated, and who continued a zealous protestant. His brothers spend their fortune in a manner suitable to respectable citizens. Chatelmont used his like a holy man who is here only on his passage, and is returning to his true country. He did not indulge himself with a carriage; he only allowed himself the simplest necessaries, and employed all the rest of his fortune in works of charity; he had a vast number of pensioners who lose every thing by his death. I have made mention of him here, on account of what he said to the murderer, whom he was obliged to suffer to be brought to his bedside to be confronted with him. The villain attributed his crime to the want in which he found himself: *Wretched man!* exclaimed Chatelmont to his murderer, *why did you not find me out? I would have given you a monthly stipend.**

Young's Night Thoughts.

The first Night of Young, translated into French verse, by M. Colardeau, 8vo. pamphlet of 30 pages. In this production, a very great talent for versification may be recognised, of which the author had already given proofs in other works. Of all our young poets, M. de la Harpe, and M. Colardeau are the only ones who have any idea of harmony, of that sweet versification, that insensibly disposes the soul to a mild and tender melancholy, of that imitative poetry, which by some secret charm, establishes a connexion between a peculiar sensation of the soul, and a particular choice of words or arrangement of sounds.

Manes chers et sacres! &c. &c.

* This anecdote needs no observation; it is impossible not to remark, that this speech is the true sublimity of religion and charity. T.

These are certainly verses: and if M. Colardeau and his comrades add to the talent, which they have received from nature, the study and application necessary to every man who would excel in his art, we shall be without doubt indebted to them for very estimable productions. *Young's Night Thoughts* have a great reputation in England, and even in Europe. It is said, a German translation exists, which is a master-piece, but I have not seen it. A certain M. le Tourney gave us a French translation last year. M. Colardeau, from civility to his rival no doubt, pretends that this version had a most brilliant success. Let me perish, if I ever heard it spoken of by any person whatever. This style cannot succeed in France; we are not abstracted enough, not solitary enough; we cannot give it the time that is necessary for it to affect us. A more real reproach which I make against this work, is the vagueness which it throws about the reader. There may be remarked in Young and writers of this class, a heated mind, an extravagant, wild imagination, rather than a deeply affected heart; it is difficult to say exactly what he complains of, what are his misfortunes; the objects of his grief are unknown, though he recalls them unceasingly. There is in all his writings too many bells, too many tombs, too many funeral songs and cries, too many phantoms; the simple and natural expression of true grief would produce a hundred times more effect than all these figures: the object is to make my tears flow, and not to frighten me like a child, by all these images that are terrible and imposing in appearance, but which merely graze the soul and leave no lasting sentiment.

Peculiarity of the French language.

The Chevalier de Boufflers, while at the seminary of St. Sulpice, to prepare himself for a bishoprick, which he afterwards renounced for the cross of Malta, made the following rebus which is worth preserving.

L. n. n. e. o. p. y. l. i. a. t. t. l. i. a. m. e. l. i. a. e. t. m. e. l. i. a. r. i. t. l. i. a. v. q. l. i. e. d. c. d. a. g. a. c. k. c.

He asserted that in pronouncing these letters, in the order he had written them, they would give distinctly the following words.

'*Hélène est née au pays grec; elle y a été; elle y a aimé; 'elle y a été aimée; elle y a herité; elle y a vécu; elle y est 'décédée agée, assez cassée.*'

This piece of pleasantry is worth preserving, because it proves one thing that the author did not think of, the cacophony of the French language. I defy any person to produce a similar specimen in Italian: it is therefore much more difficult to be harmonious, elegant, graceful; in one word, a seductive writer in French, than in any other language; and the Héléne of the Chevalier de Boufflers may teach us the value we ought to attach to Voltaire.

Rouelle the Chemist.

August, 1770. We have just lost the father of chemistry in France. Guillaume Francois Rouelle, apothecary, demonstrator of chemistry at the royal garden (garden of plants) of the academies of the sciences at Paris and Stockholm, died the beginning of this month, after a long and painful malady. Rouelle was a man of genius without cultivation; before his time nothing was known in France but the principles of Lémery: it was he who introduced the chemistry of Stahl, and made known that science which no one thought about here, and which a number of great men had carried in Germany to a high degree of perfection.* Rouelle did not know how to read them all, but his instinct was ordinarily as great as their science. He ought then to be considered the founder of chemistry in France; and yet his name will be forgotten because he has never written any thing, and because those in our time who have written valuable works on this science, and who all came out of his school, have never rendered that homage to their master, which they owed him: they have thought it more expedient to place to the credit of their own sagacity, the principles and discoveries that they derived from him; Roeulle therefore quarrelled with all of his disciples who wrote upon chemistry. He revenged himself for their ingratitude by the insults with which he loaded them in his publick and private lectures; and it was known beforehand, that in such a lecture there would be a portrait of Malouin, in another the portrait of Macquer, finely drawn. They were, according to him, ignoramuses, barbers, journeymen, *plagiarists*. This last term in his mind had become so odious, that he applied it to the greatest criminals; and to express, for instance, the horrour he felt

* What was chemistry at this time either in France or Germany? T.

for Damien, he said he was a *plagiarist.* Indignation against the plagiarisms he had suffered, degenerated into a mania; he always thought he was pillaged; and when the works of Pott or Lehmann, or any other great German chemist were translated, and he found ideas analogous to his own, he pretended that he had been robbed by those persons. Rouelle was extremely petulent; his ideas were confused and without clearness; and a strong mind was necessary to follow him, and introduce order and perspicuity into his lessons. He did not know how to write; he spoke with the greatest vehemence, but without correctness or distinctness, and he had the habit of saying, that he was not of the academy of fine talking. With all these defects, his views were those of a man of genius, and always profound; but he sought to keep them from the knowledge of his hearers, as much as his petulent nature would permit. He commonly explained his ideas at length, and when he had said every thing he added, *but this is one of my arcana, which I tell to no person.* Sometimes one of his scholars would get up and whisper in his ear, what he had just been saying aloud: Rouelle then believed that his scholar had discovered his *arcanum* by his own sagacity, and begged him not to divulge what he had just been saying to two hundred people. He had such a strong habit of absence, that exteriour objects no longer affected him. He tossed about like a madman in his chair while discoursing, turned himself over, thumped himself, kicked his neighbour, and tore his ruffles, without knowing any thing that he was doing. One day being in a circle where there were several ladies, he untied his garter, drew his stocking down to his shoe, scratched his leg with both hands, and then replaced the stocking and garter, and continued the conversation without having the least suspicion of what he had been doing. In his course he was commonly aided by his brother and nephew, to make the experiments before the audience. These assistants were not always to be found; Rouelle would cry out, *Nephew! Eternal Nephew!* and the eternal nephew not coming, he went himself into the back rooms of his laboratory, to seek for the objects he wanted. During this operation he always continued the lesson as if he was in presence of the audience, and at his return, he had commonly finished the demonstration he had commenced, and re-entered, saying, *Yes, gentlemen;* when they would request him to recommence.

One day, being abandoned by his brother and his nephew, and making an experiment which was necessary to his lesson, he said to his hearers: *You see, gentlemen, this kettle on the fire? Well, if I was to stop stirring it one instant, an explosion would follow that would blow us all into the air.* In saying these words he forgot to stir it, and his prediction was accomplished: the explosion took place with the most horrible noise, broke all the windows of the laboratory, and in a moment the two hundred auditors found themselves scattered in the garden: fortunately no one was wounded, because the force of the explosion went up the chimney: the demonstrator escaped with the loss of his chimney and his wig. It is truly wonderful that Rouelle, who almost always made his experiments by himself, because he wished to conceal his *arcana* from his brother, who is very skilful, has not been blown up into the air by his continual carelessness; but from constantly inhaling without any precaution the most pernicious exhalations, he lost the use of his limbs, and passed the latter years of his life in the most terrible sufferings. Rouelle was an honest man, but with a character so unhewn, that he neither understood nor observed the established customs of society; and as it was easy to prejudice him against any one, and impossible to cure him of this prejudice, he often lacerated others without rhyme or reason; so that it is quite natural that he should have many enemies. He could not esteem the physicks, nor the systems of M. de Buffon: he was not affected by *his fine talking*, and some lessons of his course were always employed to decry this illustrious academician. He had taken a dislike to Doctor Bordeu, a physician of excellent sense. *Yes, gentlemen*, said he every year at a certain part of his lecture, *it is one of our people, a plagiarist, who has killed my brother, whom you see here.* He meant, that Bordeu had treated his brother improperly in a disorder. Rouelle was a demonstrator in the publick lessons at the royal garden, Doctor Bourdelin was professor, and generally finished his lessons by these words; *As Monsieur, the demonstrator, is going to prove by his experiments.* Rouelle then taking his turn to speak, instead of making his experiments, *Gentlemen, every thing that the professor has told you is false and absurd, as I am going to prove.* Unfortunately for the professor he often kept his word. He

was a good Frenchman, full of zeal and patriotism, but a grumbler, fond of news when his attention was not fixed on his crucible. At the commencement of the last war, he wanted to command the flat-bottomed boats to go and burn London. He did not despair of finding the means of setting fire to the English fleet under water, it was one of his *arcana*. I met him the day after the battle of Rosbach: he was limping, and walked with difficulty: *Good heavens! what has happened to you M. Rouelle?* said I. *I am ground to powder*, answered he, *I am done up; the whole Prussian cavalry has marched this night over my body.* He then called our generals *plagiarists*, and I perceived this was not the moment to make him change his opinion. Great military and political events sometimes affected him so much, that he would discuss them in the midst of his lecture on chemistry. He counted among his disciples, not only all the skilful chemists that France now possesses, but many other celebrated men of different classes; he had independently of his excellent principles in chemistry, the secret of all men of genius; that of making you think. Doctor Roux, one of his scholars, has proposed to collect his papers and publish them, without which many of his *arcana* will perish with him.

Anecdote of the Empress Catharine.

A Russian poet, named Sumarakoff, author of several tragedies, being at Moscow, had a quarrel with the first actress on the theatre of that capital; these accidents happen at Moscow, as well as at Paris. On a certain day, the governour of Moscow ordered one of the poet's plays to be performed; he opposed it, because this actress played the principal part. This reason not appearing sufficient to make the governour change his opinion, the poet lost himself to such a degree, that when the curtain rose, he jumped on the stage, seized the actress who appeared with all the tragick paraphernalia, and threw her into the side scenes. After having thus interrupted the publick tranquillity, he thought he had done enough, and in his poetick phrensy wrote two letters to the empress herself, with as much indiscretion as rashness, filled with complaints and invectives against an actress. I defy any French poet to do better.

Novelist Marmontel, what do you think would be the consequence of this inexcusable insult?—But it is easy to tell. The impertinent letters of the poet Sumarakoff did not reach the empress; the minister charged with the poetical department read them, and gave directions to throw the poet into a dungeon, till further orders, where he probably now remains.

Away with the romance and the historical romancer, he is only a cold and stupid liar. Such terminations are only proper in countries that boast of the mildness and politeness of their manners; the police is not so perfect in Russia. Her Imperial Majesty received the two letters by the post, and after having given her orders for the Archipelago, for Moldavia, the Crimea, Georgia, and the borders of the Black Sea, she had still time to write the following answer: 'Monsieur Sumara-'koff, I have been very much astonished at your letter of the '28th of January, and still more at that of the 1st of February. 'Both of them contain complaints against the Belmontia, who, it 'seems to me notwithstanding, has only obeyed the orders of 'Count Soltikoff. The Field Marshal desired to see your 'tragedy performed; that did you honour. It was proper for 'you to conform to the wishes of the first person in authority 'at Moscow: and if he chose that the piece should be played, 'his will should not have been contested. I believe you know as 'well as any one, how much respect is merited by those men, 'who have served with glory, and whose heads are covered 'with gray hairs. It is for this reason, I advise you to avoid 'such disputes for the future. You will then preserve that 'tranquillity of mind, necessary for your works, and it will al-'ways be more agreeable to me to see the passions represented 'in your dramas, than to read them in your letters.

'I am yours affectionately,

(Signed) 'CATHARINE.'

I advise all ministers, who have the department of *lettres de cachet*, to enregister this form in their records, and never on any account to deliver any other to poets, and all who have a right to be of the irritable class, that is to say, childish and mad by profession. After this letter, which perhaps deserves immortality as much as the monuments of the wisdom and glory of the present reign in Russia, I am afraid that I shall be confirmed in the heretical opinion, that sense is never injurious, even on the throne.

Cure for a Consumption.

I will not answer for the efficacy of the receipt which you will find indicated in the following recital; but if my remedy serves no one, at least, it can do no harm. Read it, and make use of it, if you are in want of it, if you have faith in it, or if you have bottles to cork.

An officer in garrison at Rochefort, worn out with trying all the remedies prescribed, to cure him of an obstinate cough, ceased using them, and resumed his common mode of living. He soon began to raise blood, and his breast appeared affected, he still persisted in doing nothing for it. One day having had a cask of wine drawn off, he had half a pound of rosin, and half a pound of yellow wax brought into his room, which he melted in an earthen vase over a chafing-dish, to seal his bottles. This operation having taken up about an hour and a half, he thought at the end of that time, that he expectorated with more ease, and that his cough was less dry, and less frequent. He thought that the fumigation which he had by accident received, might have contributed to it; in consequence he recommenced it, keeping his doors and windows shut, and walking amidst the cloud of smoke, that arose from the mixture. At the end of four or five days he found himself perfectly cured. He mentioned his discovery to the surgeon of his regiment, who, without believing its virtue, tried it upon a soldier who was dying in the hospital of a most decided pulmonary complaint. After having had him taken to his house, he made him undergo every four hours a fumigation, proportioning the quantity of smoke to the strength of the patient, who as he was very weak might have been suffocated, if the smoke had been too strong. After the second day the sick man's cough assumed a milder character, and in six weeks he was perfectly re-established.

And now upon this, as Rabelais says, "amuse yourself and drink cool."

Translation of Savage's Life.

The Life of Savage, an English poet, has just been translated into French, by M. le Tourneur, the same who translated Young's Night Thoughts, a poem of the finest black, that it is possible to imagine, and which the translator has found the means to get read by a people whose thoughts are rose-coloured.

It is true that this complexion begins to fade. M. le Tourneur understands English well, and writes French with harmony and purity. This biography of Savage is interesting; it is the delineation of an unfortunate man, of an inconsistent character, of an impetuous genius; of an individual sometimes benevolent, at others malevolent; at one moment haughty, at another mean; half true, half false; in every thing more deserving of compassion, than hatred, of contempt than applause; agreeable to hear, dangerous to frequent; the best lesson that we can have on the inconvenience of the acquaintance of poets, their want of morality and of propriety. The work would have been delightful, and to be compared with the memoirs of the Count de Grammont, if the English author had intended to have composed a satire on his hero; but unhappily he is in earnest.*

The account of the life of the wretched Savage, son of Anne, countess of Macclesfield, who to get a separation from her husband, avowed herself to be with child by Lord Rivers, is interrupted by extracts from the different works of Savage, and most of them very fine. This countess of Macclesfield was a strange woman, who persecuted an offspring of love, with a rage that was sustained for many years, that was never extinguished, and that is founded on nothing. If a poet had thought proper to introduce into a drama or a romance, a character of this kind, he would have been hissed, and yet it is in nature. Nature then is sometimes hissed, and why not? does she not merit it?

The life of Savage is followed by that of Thomson, author of the Seasons, and of some tragedies. Nothing is to be said of him, except that he is the very contrary of the other; his biography is tiresome. It is necessary for the happiness of those who have to deal with men, that they should resemble Thomson; for the interest and amusement of a reader, that they should be like Savage. I will only say one word of the *Seasons of Thompson* compared to the *Georgicks of Virgil;* the muse of Thomson is like our lady of Loretto, and the muse of Virgil a Venus: one is rich and covered with diamonds the other is beautiful, naked, and with only a simple bracelet. Virgil is a model of good taste; Thomson is well calculated to corrupt that of young writers.

* It would have been amusing to have heard Dr. Johnson's reply to this criticism of Baron Grimm. T.

Sir W. Jones' letter to Perron.

January, 1772. M. Anquetil du Perron, of the royal academy of inscriptions and belles lettres, published, about six months since, his travels in India, with a translation of the Zend-Avesta, and the sacred books of the Guebres attributed to Zoroaster. This trash formed three enormous volumes in quarto, that cannot be either sold or read. The publick had conceived a favourable opinion of this work, which had been announced and expected for a long time. It was known that the author had passed many years in India, without any other design than that of learning the ancient Persian among the Guebres, in order to be able to translate their sacred books, and to bring us exact notions of their religious principles, their tenets, and the worship of the adorers of fire. It is known that the Guebres have the exclusive privilege of being persecuted by the Mahometans, who with this exception tolerate all religions easily enough. Exterminated in Persia, they have taken refuge in Hindostan, where the reigning religion obliges them to be extremely circumspect. They are then naturally mysterious, concealed, and suspicious towards strangers. M. Anquetil was not sorry on his return to France, to assure us, that he had surmounted all the obstacles that were opposed to the object of his voyage, as well as an infinity of physical dangers. And when he was told that he had probably made himself a Guebre to succeed in his design, he gave a significant smile, and shewed a certain air of satisfaction at being suspected of this apostacy. At length, after many years waiting, the publick had an opportunity of judging of the extent of its obligations to M. Anquetil. It had been decided, that if these were the original books of Zoroaster, this legislator of the ancient Persians was a most signal dotard, who mixed up a heap of absurd and superstitious opinions, with a little of that common morality, which may be found in all the laws upon earth.

It is evident that it was risking his life very uselessly, and very laboriously, to go to the extremity of the globe to seek for such a collection of nonsense. It was not worth going so far after folly, for all nations have a sufficient fund of it. But this is not the only fault of M. Anquetil. If you have the patience to examine his work, you will find in it throughout that character of frivolity, that discovers a traveller to be full of narrow prejudices, of presumption and vanity, to whom you can

neither grant esteem nor confidence. He is a second Abbè Chappe. The one talks to you about his furs, his picturesque attire, his halts in the midst of mountains, the balls and fetes given him by the ladies of Siberia. The other gives you narrations full as interesting to inform you that he sat out with a complexion of lilies and roses, and that he was every-where taken for the Adonis of France. If our travellers and our writers continue in this noble strain, it will not be said that we have never left our childhood, but that we have fallen back into it.

An Englishman, M. Jones, has given, in a French letter, a fraternal correction to M. Anquetil du Perron, in which is comprised an examination of his translation of the books attributed to Zoroaster.

After having very properly animadverted on some of the impertinences of M. Anquetil, on the subject of England, M. Jones dwells on the folly of a man who loves his life, and exposes his florid complexion to learn what nobody understands, and which it is neither useful nor agreeable to be acquainted with. He proves often and clearly, that M. Anquetil, with all his solemn pride, founded on his believing himself to be the only man in Europe acquainted with the ancient language of the Persians, may be strongly suspected of having only very common and very confused notions about it. This pamphlet is, in general, that of a learned and enlightened man, and one of excellent sense. With some slight corrections, and rather effacing than adding, one could make a work of this pamphlet, that M. de Voltaire might avow.* It may be perceived that M. Jones has studied this illustrious writer; it may also be seen that he is one of those foreigners who is not fascinated with French musick. They have done the Abbè Chappe the honour to refute him in Russia, in a pamphlet entitled *Antidote*. Some attribute this work to the celebrated Princess Daschkoff, others to M. Falconet, a French sculptor who is erecting the statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburgh. In this antidote there is too much abuse; but the letter of M. Jones is a model of the manner in which those rash travellers should be treated, who only make the tour of the world, to acquire the right of talking nonsense.

* Grimm here renders great justice to this celebrated letter of Sir Wm. Jones when it is considered the exalted opinion entertained of Voltaire, then at the height of his fame; while the former was a young man, whose great talents were yet but imperfectly known. T.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

Observations on the effects of the Corn Laws, and of a rise or fall in the price of Corn on the agriculture and general wealth of the country. By the Rev. T. R. Malthus, professor of history and political economy in the East India College, Hertfordshire. Third edition, London, pp. 47.

This pamphlet contains an impartial but very brief statement of the general arguments on the policy of the Corn Law. It is indeed the abstract theory, if we may so say, of those Laws, without descending into any details or calculations of much consequence, and with a few remarks to suit it to this particular season, it has very much the appearance of being copied from one of the learned professor's lectures at the India College. We presume, nevertheless, that other paragraph makers have already condescended to supply these deficiencies of Mr. Malthus, and we doubt not that according to the usual industry of the British metropolis, several hundred ponderous pamphlets have breathed their last, before this time, in the same good cause. We regret, however, not having been able to see another pamphlet since published by Mr. Malthus on the same subject, and which, we understand, recommends more strongly than the present one, the necessity of restrictions on importation. The well known sagacity, candour, and moderation of this gentleman on every thing which relates to political economy; and his situation in life, beyond the influence of the prejudices of habit or interest, or ministerial patronage, give to all his opinions the strongest claim to attention. Before giving a more enlarged account of this subject, which has often created the greatest agitation, and produced the most conflicting opinions in France and England, we presume a short sketch of the History of the Corn Laws may not be unacceptable.

The first very certain information, which we have about the Corn Laws in England is in the reign of Henry VI. Permission was given by Parliament in 1461 to export wheat, when it

should be 6 shillings and 8 pence per quarter. 'The inland 'commerce of corn was also opened in the 18th of the same 'king by allowing any collector of the customs to grant a 'license for carrying it from one county* to another.'† In 1612 directions were given to the king's officers to purchase corn for the purpose of establishing magazines, when the price should be below 32 shillings. Considering the relative value of other articles, this appears to be a great price for those times. In 1753,‡ on a complaint from the exporters of corn, that the bounties were not paid, a bill was passed that an interest of 3 per cent. should be allowed upon every debenture for bounty till the principal was paid. In the four or five§ following years the high price of corn occasioned frequent riots, in which many lives were lost, and a large amount of property destroyed. During that period the Legislature forbid the exportation of grain, removed the restriction upon the importations, and prohibited the distillers from using wheat. The scarcity is attributed to the ‖'regratters, forestallers, and engrossers of corn.' But in 1773 Mr. Burke's celebrated bill repealed all former acts of the Legislature, and corn was allowed to be exported when below 44 shillings, and imported when above 48 shillings. Adam Smith¶ pronounces this the best bill which could be made in the circumstances of the country. In 1804 importation was admitted at above 63 shillings, and exportation below 48. The twelve maritime counties regulated the price. Since that the distillers have been prohibited from using grain for a short time. The object of the present bill is to prevent importation except the price should be above 80 shillings the quarter. The first reading of the bill was had last February, and passed by a vote of 235 in favour of the restrictions, and 35 against them. The third reading was passed, we believe, last March by an increased majority. In the House of Lords a protest of 11 peers was entered; signed, however, by no member of much political consideration. Lord Lauderdale, who is esteemed one of the best informed economists in that body, and who, we observe by the list of publications, has written a

* Hume, vol. iii. p. 215. † Ibid. vol. vi. 175. ‡ Smollet, vol. iii. p. 345.
§ Smollet, vol. iv. p. 32.
‖ Smollet. ¶ Chap. v. b. iv. Wealth of Nations.

pamphlet upon the subject, voted in favour of the bill. These are the principal facts in the history of the English Corn Laws. It is very well known, however, that Corn Laws are not a recent contrivance of Legislators. They were adopted by several nations of antiquity, and among others by the Athenians, who were forbidden to export corn from Attica; and all who brought it from foreign countries, were compelled to carry it to the market at Athens. The citizens were also prohibited from buying more than a certain quantity, but the price should be raised above the ordinary rate, which was about 3s. 9d. sterl. a bushel. We may as well observe, that the late discussion of the Corn Laws involved no allusion to party feelings or views.

Mr. Malthus begins this pamphlet by a statement of the argument of A. Smith* respecting the influence of corn upon the price of labour, and an exposition of the erroneous principles upon which it rests. This doctrine of Dr. Smith has been exploded several years, and there are various publications† in which hints and conjectures of its inaccuracy are developed, though excepting the edition of that author lately published by Mr. Buchanan of Edinburgh, we do not recollect to have seen so formal a refutation of it as the present one of Mr. Malthus. It is immediately obvious that the influence of corn upon the price of labour is one of the most important points of view in which this question can be considered. This therefore must be our apology for repeating the arguments of Mr. Malthus and other writers upon this interesting subject. 'The substance of 'his (A. Smith) argument is, that corn is of so peculiar a na-'ture, that its real price cannot be raised by an increase of its money-price: and that, as it is clearly an increase of real price alone, which can encourage its production, the rise of money-price, occasioned by a bounty, can have no such effect.

'It is by no means intended to deny the powerful influence 'of the price of corn upon the price of labour, on an average 'of a considerable number of years; but that this influence is 'not such as to prevent the movement of capital to, or from the 'land, which is the precise point in question, will be made

* Wealth of Nations, ch. 1, 2, 3, b. I.

† Among others, see chap. 10, Malthus on Population.

'sufficiently evident by a short inquiry into the manner in which 'labour is paid and brought into the market, and by considera- 'tion of the consequences to which the assumption of Adam 'Smith's proposition would inevitably lead.' The expenditure of the lower classes does not consist altogether in food, and still less in grain; it is composed of the articles of house-rent, fuel, soap, candles, tea, sugar, clothing, meat, milk, butter, cheese, and potatoes. It is calculated that the proportion of bread is 2 parts in 5 of the whole consumption, and though these 'divisions' are liable to considerable variations, it is apparent that the 'division' of corn, so far from regulating the price of labour, has only an adjusting power of 2-5ths, and even still less, (if it was necessary to make such close calculations) since several divisions in the scale are articles of foreign growth, where the influence of the price of corn in the importing country cannot be felt to the same degree. As a still farther proof that corn and labour rarely preserve an invariable proportion, it is only necessary to observe the manner in which a market is supplied with labour. In general the price of commodities is regulated by the demand and the supply, and unless the consumer is willing to pay a fair value for the commodity, it is withdrawn; or the next year the supply is only accommodated to the number of those who are willing to pay this value. But in the case of labour the operation of withdrawing the commodity is necessarily slower and more painful. The same supply of labour must continue in the market not only the next year, but many years to come; consequently, if the advanced price of provisions is not so great that the labourer can but support his family, he will continue to suffer a gradual diminution of his wages, till a suspension in the progress of population causes the market to be understocked with labour;—in which case a competition for labour will restore in some degree the proportion between the price of provisions and labour. A contrary effect happens when a scarcity of labour raises its price beyond the just level; —this is obviously relieved by an increase of population, and the value of labour is sunk down to a corresponding balance with the value of provisions. The last argument, and which to our minds is perfectly conclusive, is thus stated by Mr. Malthus:

'If we suppose that the real price of corn is unchangeable, 'or not capable of experiencing a relative increase or decrease 'of value, compared with labour and other commodities, it will 'follow, that agriculture is at once excluded from the operation 'of that principle, so beautifully explained and illustrated by 'Adam Smith, by which capital flows from one employment to 'another, according to the various and necessarily fluctuating 'wants of society. It will follow, that the growth of corn has 'at all times, and in all countries, proceeded with a uniform 'unvarying pace, occasioned only by the equable increase of 'agricultural capital, and can never have been accelerated, or 'retarded, by variations of demand. It will follow, that if a 'country happened to be either overstocked or understocked 'with corn, no motive of interest could exist for withdrawing 'capital from agriculture in the one case, or adding to it in the 'other, and thus restoring the equilibrium between its different 'kinds of produce.'

Of the numberless facts illustrating the errour of the doctrine, that "labour is the standard measure of value," and "corn is 'the measure of labour," we shall mention only one—both because it is a remarkable proof of the opinion now universally entertained, and also a melancholy instance of the pernicious effects of "system" upon a mind so acute and mathematical as that of Adam Smith.

'From the reign (1327) of Edward III. to the reign (1485) 'of Henry VII. a day's earnings, in corn, rose from a peck to 'near half a bushel;—and from Henry VII. to the end (1603) 'of Elizabeth, it fell from near half a bushel to little more than 'half a peck.' In the III. of Edward corn once rose 13 times its value.*

If we need farther evidence, what can be more conclusive than the condition of our country, where wages of labour are high, food generally cheap, and clothing generally dear. This circumstance, mentioned by A. Smith,† and which would somewhat have embarrassed that sagacious author, if he had always reasoned from his own data, is sufficiently explained to every schoolboy in the nation by the abundance of land, the thinness of population, extent of commerce, &c.

From the observations already made, we believe, that we are entitled to consider corn as subject to no very peculiar

* Davenant, p. 81. † Wealth of Nations, ch. 8. b. 1.

laws, and in discussing the policy of a system of corn laws, it is chiefly necessary therefore to attend to the common principles which have an influence in diverting the resources of a nation. —For this purpose, Mr. Malthus makes the three following divisions.

'First, Whether, upon the supposition of the most perfect 'freedom of importation and exportation, it is probable that 'Great Britain and Ireland would grow an independent supply 'of corn.

'Secondly, Whether an independent supply, if it do not come 'naturally, is an object really desirable, and one which justifies 'the interference of the legislature.

'And, Thirdly, If an independent supply be considered as 'such an object, how far, and by what sacrifices, are restric-'tions upon importation adapted to attain the end in view.'

Upon the first point, Mr. Malthus quotes from the evidence given in the house of commons, by which it appears that the bullion prices of corn at Dantzick the last four or five years have not exceeded "32 shillings a quarter," and the Baltick merchants have expressed an opinion, that if a permanent market could be secured in London, corn would be raised expressly for it. It also appears from the same evidence, that during the same period the price of corn has been in London 78 or 80 shillings, and even at that rate it was cheaper to import some corn than to devote more capital to the land. This remarkable difference of price is sufficiently accounted for by the immediate accumulation of manufacturing and commercial population and capital, compared with those of any other country in Europe, the great profits resulting from these investments of property; also, the heavy weight of taxes, the expenses of enclosures, and the high price of labour, which upon an average is more than double that of any people in Europe. We may also remark that in 1804* the limit below which importation was not allowed was 63 shillings. That in the 13 years ending in that period the average price was 62 shillings, and notwithstanding they paid during that time 30,000,000*l.* for grain to foreign nations. We shall here copy, as farther confirmation, a few results from a table published by order of parliament; not having room for the whole, we can only make a short average.

* Annual Register for 1804.

Years	IMPORTED. Corn.	Meal & Flour.	EXPORTED. Corn.	Meal & Flour.	
	Quarters	Cwt.	Quarters	Cwt.	
1792	642596	7757	357489	174729	Years of uncommon scarcity.
1793	1088781	211588	79430	115740	
1794	1066248	13013	153265	139909	
1795	463939	124239	17643	66444	
1801	2087614	1123714	28617	94814	
1802	751004	252736	144745	160813	
1803	507484	309569	114006	105233	
1804	925755	17072	188019	120179	
1812	243833	53038	137530	83195	
1814	945587	82165	170145	286189	
1815	945587	82165	146851	285140	

From this it is apparent how great the excess of importation is above exportation, though it has decreased latterly. The importation from Ireland is of course not here included. In 1764,* corn was allowed to be exported from France only, however, in French vessels and manned with French sailors, and as far as we have been able to ascertain this law has never been repealed. Considering, that the importation limit is now proposed to be adjusted to 80 shillings, the lowest rate by which the farmer can at present be protected, and considering also that by an 'universal freedom of importation and exportation,' 'equalizing' the price of corn in all the markets of Europe, assisted by the increased quantity which America could send advantageously to her own commerce, it will be found, according to the opinion of Mr. Malthus, that the average price in the London market would not exceed 45 shillings. With these views and statements before us, we confess that we do not see in what way the opinion of Mr. Malthus which we are about to quote, can be resisted.

'Nothing can be more certain, than that if the prices of wheat 'in Great Britain were reduced by free importation, nearly to a 'level with those of America and the continent, and if our 'manufacturing prosperity were to continue increasing, it would 'answer to us to support a part of our present population on 'foreign corn, and nearly the whole probably of the increasing 'population, which we may naturally expect to take place in 'the course of the next twenty or twenty-five years.' pp. 22, 23.

* Minutes of Evidence.

The second point proposed by Mr. Malthus certainly embraces the most interesting details, and as no such 'freedom' can be expected (which is the groundwork of the last proposition,) the consideration of the present 'division, is undoubtedly the most important of all.

'The general principles of political economy teach us to buy 'all our commodities where we can have them the cheapest; 'and perhaps there is no general rule in the whole compass of 'the science, to which fewer justifiable exceptions can be found 'in practice. In the simple view of present wealth, popula- 'tion and power, three of the most natural and just objects of 'national ambition, I can hardly imagine an exception; as it is 'only by a strict adherence to this rule that the capital of a 'country can ever be made to yield its greatest amount of pro- 'duce.' p. 23.

The advocates of the Corn Laws have therefore to prove, that the present is a proper exception, which at once reduces it to a 'junction of advantages and disadvantages,'—and which would be no very difficult matter, provided they were allowed to establish their axiom by the notions and practices, which have prevailed for centuries in the intercourse of all the countries of the world. The fact is, that the commercial code of the European nations in particular is merely a budget of restrictions, bounties, and drawbacks. The natural level of trade is every-where disturbed and diverted by the contrivances of legislators; and the necessity of raising a revenue, the satisfaction of distressing an enemy, or a temporary suffering at home, have gradually reconciled the economists to the relinquishment of the most beautiful as well as leading principles in their science. For many years England has suffered no manufacture of any foreign nation, except Russian 'crash,' and a few other coarse articles, to enter its ports; the commercial interest has also been creating to itself a most unrelenting monopoly by the various 'orders' and kinds of navigation acts. The numerous bounties and indulgences to trade and manufactures the agricultural interest has submitted to, whether from ignorance, patriotism, or interest, we have not time to inquire; but it may be a subject of surprise, that while the two first 'interests' have been fortified in every possible way against the participation of strangers, the agricultural interest should at this moment be in a great measure forsaken, and exposed to a partial ruin by the

competition of foreign produce ; and especially when the 'gross value'* derived from the land constitutes more than half the income of the British empire. To this the specious reply may be made, that the political situation of Europe the last thirty years, has given the farmers more than an equable share of advantages ; and therefore in the present change they are only suffering the same hardship to which all speculators are exposed. If this were true, which is not altogether the fact, it does not acquit the legislature of the evident injustice of first encouraging too much, and then neglecting to take proper precautions for the protection of the farmers.

'By protecting duties, drawbacks and taxes on almost all 'foreign commodities, capital is prevented from leaving those 'trades, the prices of the products of which have been in-'creased by domestick taxation : while, if the ports were thrown 'open to the free admission of foreign corn, agriculture would 'be exposed to the loss of capital, occasioned by the competi-'tion of foreigners, who not being burdened by the same weight 'of taxation, would possess the most obvious advantages in the 'contest with our home growers. It may fairly indeed be said, 'that to restore the freedom of the corn trade, under these cir-'cumstances, is not really to restore things to their natural level, 'but to depress the cultivation of the land below its natural 'proportion to other kinds of industry. And though, even in 'this case, it might still be a national advantage to purchase corn 'where it could be had the cheapest ; yet it must be allowed 'that the owners of property in land would not be treated with 'strict impartiality.' p. 35.

Neither do we think it a fair argument on the part of the manufactures, that notwithstanding their protecting duties, the articles of their manufacture could not be made so cheap in any other country,—if so, where is the necessity of protecting duties ? But it must be true that when these restrictions were imposed, England could not support a competition ; and even now, we imagine, the Americans could carry her some articles of India manufacture cheaper than she could make them herself.

* The whole annual produce is estimated at 430,000,000*l.* ; of this the product of agriculture is 216,000,000. In a population in England alone of about 13,000,000, about 6,000,000 are agricultural. See Colquhoun's treatise, &c.

We readily admit with A. Smith (chap. v. b. 4,) and Mr. Malthus, (pages 26 and 27,) that neither bounties nor restrictions produce either cheapness, or what is of more consequence, steadiness of price. But we may make here a short statement of the average prices of corn the last two hundred years, principally as an instance of the frequent and striking discordance between fact and reason, if we will not take the trouble to reconcile them by the melancholy assistance of wars, famines, revolutions, and taxes, as is deplorably necessary in the present case.

	s.	*d.*
The average price of wheat from 1605 to 1670* was about	37	
In 1670, slight protection taken for farmer, average for 18 years	36	7
From 1690 to 1750, average about	36	
Corn Laws altered in 1757, and in a great measure suspended in 1773, the average the 40 years of the last century was about	49	5

To counterbalance the advantages of a free trade in corn, 'it is alleged,' says Mr. Malthus, 'that security is of still more 'importance than wealth, and that a great country, likely to 'excite the jealousy of others, if it become dependent for the 'support of any considerable portion of its people upon foreign 'corn, exposes itself to the risk of having its most essential 'supplies suddenly fail at the time of its greatest need. That 'such a risk is not very great will be readily allowed. It would 'be as much against the interest of those nations which raised 'the superabundant supply, as against the one which wanted 'it, that the intercourse should at any time be interrupted; and 'a rich country, which could afford to pay high for its corn, 'would not be likely to starve, while there was any to be pur-'chased in the market of the commercial world.' The first answer to this paragraph is made by Mr. Malthus in his Essay on Population, chap. 10; the same ideas are faintly repeated in several parts of this pamphlet. 'There cannot be a doubt 'that in the course of a few years, (now, 1813) we shall draw 'from foreign countries 2,000,000 quarters of wheat annually. 'If under these circumstances any commercial discussions 'should arise with those countries, with what a weight of 'power they would negotiate! The periodical return of such 'seasons of dearth as those we have lately experienced, I con-'sider as absolutely certain upon our present importing system.

* Minutes of Evidence, and Malthus on Population, chap. 10.

'I would ask, is it politick merely with a view to our national 'greatness, to render ourselves thus dependent upon others for 'support, and put it in the power of a combination against us to 'diminish our population 2,000,000?' To prevent these disas- 'ters, I see no other way at present than a system of Corn Laws,' &c. In a note to the same chapter, 'There has never yet been 'an instance in history of a large nation continuing with undimi- 'nished vigour to support 4 or 5,000,000 of its population on 'imported corn. In spite, however, of the peculiar advantages 'of Great Britain, it appears to me clear, that if she continues 'yearly to increase her importation of corn, she cannot escape 'that decline,' &c. Events have shown that there is considerable more apprehension than truth in these forebodings; but as a proof that they are not altogether visionary, it should be recollected that Prussia several years since laid a high duty upon the export of corn from her ports, when there was an alarming scarcity in Great Britain. We should moreover bear in mind the restrictive system adopted in this country. Our sapient notion of starving John Bull, is really a very thread bare story among the ambitious projects and machinations of our republick; and though contrary to all human experience and calculation he did escape starvation outright, we could make him at least pay higher prices for his corn, and perhaps force him to the necessity of raising for himself. The expectation of this necessity is therefore a powerful argument on the side of the Corn Law advocates. A nation neither can, nor always ought, to bend to its interest; and it is as impossible to curb the bursts of sudden indignation or the rancour of long nourished prejudices, as it is to calculate the consequences of them. England with such means of power and oppression, so liable to provoke jealousy and hatred, perhaps risks too much if she trusts to other nations the feeding of 3 or 4,000,000 of her population. Besides, corn is not like most other commodities, of which the deprivation for a few months only occasions a little suffering. A suspension of the usual supply for half a year may bring about the most frightful commotions and misery, and though we do not undertake, as we have already said, to insure absolute starvation, it would cost the nation at any rate a few broken heads and broken windows.

How many facts and confirmations does the history already ended of a great nation furnish to theories and con-

jectures. We cannot help alluding here to the fate of Rome, though we are very far from saying that Rome was subverted by depending upon Egypt for its supply of corn, or that the distribution of it among the people was one cause of their corruption; but those different circumstances occurred about the same time;—and in such speculations we are not only apt to blend the cause and the effect, but also to judge of the fate of different institutions, in far different times, by a rule borrowed from whatever affords the most conspicuous example of decay.

> Nam qua dabat olim
> Imperium fasces, legienes, omnia, nunc se
> Continet, atque duas tantùm res anxias optant,
> Panem et circenses.

'According to the returns made to Parliament in the 'course of the last session, the quantity of grain and flour ex- 'ported in 1811, rather exceeded, than fell short of, what was 'imported: and in 1812, although the average price of wheat 'was one hundred and twenty-five shillings the quarter, the 'balance of the importations of grain and flour was only about 'one hundred thousand quarters. From 1805, partly from 'the operation of the Corn Laws passed in 1804, but much 'more from the difficulty and expense of importing corn in the 'actual state of Europe and America, the price of grain had 'risen so high, and had given such a stimulus to our agricul- 'ture, that with the powerful assistance of Ireland, we had been 'rapidly approaching to the growth of an independent sup- 'ply. Though the danger therefore may not be great of de- 'pending for a considerable portion of our subsistence upon for- 'eign countries, yet it must be acknowledged that nothing like 'an experiment has yet been made of the distresses that might 'be produced, during a widely-extended war, by the united 'operation of a great difficulty in finding a market for our manu- 'facturers, accompanied by the absolute necessity of supplying 'ourselves with a very large quantity of foreign corn.' pp. 28—30. We have not introduced the remarks of Mr. Malthus as any thing like principles, because the high price of grain, &c. doubtless arose from political events—but principally for the sake of present argument, to show the capability of Great Britian to supply itself during the most expensive

and disheartening period of her war with France ; and also to show what is meant by the ' powerful assistance' of Ireland, a subject entirely passed over in this short pamphlet, but which, as far as we are able to judge, deserves to have considerable weight. *It is well known that Ireland possesses much fertile land, though now more occupied in pasture than is profitable. It is besides well known, that the inhabitants are badly fed, badly clothed, and badly governed. The proportion of them, however, in 1809, was 4,000,000 agricultural, in a population of 6,000,000 ; the quantity of cultivated land had largely increased, the wages of labour, which are (1809) now 10 1-2*d.* per day, have increased more than a third the last thirty years, a greater increase than was ever before known in the same period. These highly beneficial effects are solely to be attributed to the extension of her export trade of corn, and not to any increase of her manufacturing capital, because the export† of linen, the manufacturing ' staple,' has decreased the last ten years.

	Quarters.
The four years‡ ending 1704, the export of wheat from Ireland was annually,	7,106
The fifteen years of the present century,§ it is annually upon an average,	550,342

The export is independent of flour and meal, of which the export in 1814, was 188,385 cwt. The benefits had been reciprocal, and we find that the article of woollens exported to Ireland from Great Britain had increased from 2,100,000 yards, to 3,790,000|| annually, from 1805 to 1814. It is the opinion of Mr. Newenham that corn can be brought from Ireland as cheap as from any part of the world, and considering the number of uncultivated acres, the fertility of the soil, and the cheapness of labour, this appears a very fair opinion.—Such a trade, besides rendering great Britain independent in some measure for her corn, possesses the rare advantage of employing two capitals in the same country ; a trade, generally speaking, of all others the most lucrative.¶ For very ample details upon the increase of agriculture in Ireland, the improved condition of the peasantry in consequence of it, and her ability

* Newenham and Wakefield, passim. †Newenham, Appendix. ‡Ibid.
§ Table published by Parliament, already referred to.
|| Minutes of Evidence. ¶ Wealth of Nations, chap. 5. b. 2.

to supply Great Britain and the colonies with much greater quantity of corn than has yet been drawn from her, we beg leave to refer our readers to the works of Mr. Newenham and Mr. Wakefield, particularly the last.

Mr. Malthus is fully convinced of the danger to be apprehended to national tranquillity and happiness, from an excessive proportion of manufacturing population, and he says, 'With a view to the permanent happiness and security from 'great reverses of the lower classes of people in this country, 'I should have little hesitation in thinking it desirable that its 'agriculture should keep pace with its manufactures, even at 'the expense of retarding in some degree the growth of man-'ufactures.' The wages of the manufacturing class are exposed to incessant and cruel fluctuations—from the breaking out of war—the restoration of peace—caprice, fashion, and a thousand motives which it is obviously impossible can be under the controul of a government. These variations frequently beset and overpower this unfortunate class with rapid alternation of poverty and debauchery, both equally wasting, and alike pernicious to morality and happiness—the best, and among the lower classes, the only safeguard of which is regularity and constancy of employment and profit. However much we may deprecate fluctuations of wages in the manufacturing population, a similar liability in the agricultural community is more permanently injurious. This, then, we conceive to be one of the strongest arguments for the necessity of Corn Laws in Great Britain. An 'interest' which provides so large a proportion of the whole food of the nation, upon whom every man more or less depends for his daily subsistence, ought from every consideration of prudence to be placed above the changes by which all other 'interests' are tossed about. It is surely a criminal want of proper foresight and insight to place the existence of so large a proportion of the population, as would now depend upon foreign supplies, if no corn laws were adopted, within the caprice and pleasure of foreign nations. 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' The sudden and terrifick fall of wheat from 125 shillings to 45 shillings, was necessarily followed by great alarm and distress. The farmers were obliged to dismiss their labourers; they could not pay their rents, and a bankruptcy of a considerable portion appeared inevitable. These appearances

were still more striking and afflicting in Ireland, where, as before mentioned, the increase of agriculture has been very rapid since the beginning of this century. Such a situation justifies the temporary interference, at any rate, of the government. During the war, capital was every moment accumulating upon agriculture; the profits were certain, and the value of rents rose so rapidly that landlords got in the habit of letting their lands only for one year—a pernicious scheme, and the shortest way to bring back again the unproductive days of the 'cottagers.'* We have only applied the doctrine contained in the following passage.

'It may be observed, that though it might by no means be 'advisable to *commence* an artificial system of regulations in 'the trade of corn; yet if, by such a system already estab-'lished and other concurring causes, the prices of corn and of 'many commodities had been raised above the level of the rest 'of Europe, it becomes a different question, whether it would 'be advisable to risk the effects of so great and sudden a fall 'in the price of corn, as would be the consequence of at once 'throwing open our ports. One of the cases in which, ac-'cording to Adam Smith, "it may be a matter of deliberation 'how far it is proper to restore the free importation of foreign 'goods after it has been for some time interrupted, is, when 'particular manufactures, by means of high duties and prohi-'bitions upon all foreign goods, which can come into competi-'tion with them, have been so far extended as to employ a 'great multitude of hands." '† p. 34.

We now come to the third and last proposition.

'The evils which must always belong to restrictions upon the importation of foreign corn, are the following:

'1. A certain waste of the national resources by the em-'ployment of a greater quantity of capital than is necessary for 'procuring the quantity of corn required.

'2. A relative disadvantage in all foreign commercial trans-'actions, occasioned by the high comparative prices of corn 'and labour, and the low value of silver, as far as they affect 'exportable commodities.

'3. Some check to population, occasioned by a check 'to that abundance of corn, and demand for manufacturing

* Wealth of Nations. Digression concerning value of silver, &c.

† Wealth of Nations, b. iv. c. 2, p. 202.

'labourers, which would be the result of a perfect freedom of 'importation.

'4. The necessity of constant revision and interference, 'which belongs to almost every artificial system.' pp. 36, 37.

These are certainly real evils. By taking more capital to raise at home the necessary quantity of corn that it would cost in a foreign country, the substance of the first 'evil' we raise in like degree above the level of other nations the price of labour, and depress the value of silver below that level—the substance of the second 'evil.' This is in reality the definition of the commercial resources of one nation to struggle with another. We shall quote the remark of Mr. Malthus, to which we shall add one or two observations.

'It is true, that during the last twenty years we have wit-'nessed a very great increase of population and of our ex-'ported commodities, under a high price of corn and labour; 'but this must have happened in spite of these high prices, not 'in consequence of them; and is to be attributed chiefly to 'the unusual success of our inventions for saving labour, and 'the unusual monopoly of the commerce of Europe, which has 'been thrown into our hands by the war. When these inven-'tions spread, and Europe recovers in some degree her indus-'try and capital, we may not find it so easy to support the com-'petition. The more strongly the natural state of the country 'directs it to the purchase of foreign corn, the higher must be 'the protecting duty of the price of importation, in order to 'secure an independent supply; and the greater consequently 'will be the relative disadvantage which we shall suffer in our 'commerce with other countries. This drawback may, it is 'certain, ultimately be so great as to counterbalance the effects 'of our extraordinary skill, capital, and machinery.' pp. '37, 38.

In the first place, it has been demonstrated that the price of corn has an influence of *not* more than two fifths upon the price of labour. Now, it is probable that the price of corn for many years to come, will not much exceed 80 shillings—the limit above which importations are now proposed to be allowed —and which of course will prevent of itself a great excess. The equalized price has been fixed by Mr. Malthus at 55 shillings during the 'most perfect freedom of exportation and im-'portation.' But no one supposes that freedom can last long,

and it is fair logick to assume, that it will soon be disturbed. We therefore think that the eqalized price ought to be adjusted higher than this, and a few calculations have satisfied us, that from the chances of wars, dearths, taxes, &c. the equalized price would be about 65 shillings, if not more. The labourer would therefore pay about 15 shillings more a quarter, which is one fifth, and one third of a fifth advance. The effect of this upon his wages is somewhat as follows:

The average wages are per day - - -		30 pence.*
Of this 30 pence there are for corn 2-5 equal to - - -	12 pence.	
Upon this 12 pence there is an advance of 1-5 and a 1-3 of 1-5— equal to about	2 1-3 making the whole wages equal to about	32 1-3

which, if the exploded doctrine of A. Smith† could be true, would make an advance of about 8 per cent. upon the whole annual produce of Great Britain—a thing perfectly impossible from the obviously little effect labour has upon value—owing to the different value of the materials, the extent and perfection of machinery, &c. We do not give this hasty calculation as an anticipation of the effects of the Corn Laws; for supposing that wages should rise in that proportion, a thing by no means to be expected in a country, demonstrated by Mr. Malthus‡ to have a surplus population even in time of war, we know that it cannot have a corresponding effect upon the price of commodities. But this result must be pernicious, though the lower classes will at first be benefited by the Corn Laws from the great number of them employed in agriculture, who would certainly be left without employment, if the farmers should not be protected. It is to afford this argument, the only one of much moment against the Corn Laws, a short illustration, that we have been induced to lead our readers through this dry calculation.

In the second place,—the inference of Mr. Malthus is calculated for a state of universal peace. But we are afraid that he announces to us better tidings than the world has a right to expect. It would seem as if the eternal curse was again gone

* Sir F. M. Eden. This is a little higher perhaps than the average, but it is more convenient, and we wish to do full justice to the advanced price.

† Wealth of Nations, chap. v. b. iv. ‡ Essay on Population.

abroad—' and I will put enmity between his seed and thy seed; ' it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.' On the tranquil shores of our country we fondly, but perhaps falsely, cherish the maxim, that we make war to obtain peace. But in Europe this humane principle unhappily appears to be reversed—they make peace to renew war. What if these mighty masters have removed, or enlarged, or narrowed the lines and boundaries of kingdoms? What if France is curbed within its ancient border, and Poland is exalted to its ancient standing? They have not rooted out or softened away the black and bloody propensities of the human heart. The fiery and rancorous passions of revenge, jealousy and ambition still remain, and will it not hereafter be seen, that the subjugation of a powerful nation has made it regard with a deadly hate a large portion of Europe that before it only despised? We know that there is something like an air of ridicule in auguring the coming condition of the world either from the ' signs of ' times ' past or present; for that surely must be beyond control and calculation, which has assumed the awful and mysterious marks of a terrifick romance, and already passing the wildest starts of common chances, might justly be styled miraculous in the fearful confusion of good and evil which it has brought about, if we did not associate with that word something of a sacred and unerring import. At any rate there is a bitter consolation in recollecting, that the world has more than once before had a universal peace, and that the repose which the great powers of Europe obtained at the celebrated treaty of Utrecht was disturbed in four or five years by an open war of one of the contracting parties, and by jealousies, ' quadruple ' alliances,' and preparations for new wars among the rest. Upon the peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1748,* Voltaire makes this remark, ' ou voyoit entre toutes les nations une corres- ' pondance mutuelle; l'Europe resembloit á une grande fa- ' mille réunie apres ses différents.' But in 1755, ' une légére ' querelle entre la France et l'Angleterre pour *quelques ter- ' rains sauvages vers l'Acadie*, inspira une nouvelle politique a ' tous les souveraines de l'Europe.' This was certainly a slight cause for dividing ' la grande famille ' against itself; but it was the beginning of one of the most glorious wars, guided

* Siécle de Louis XV. chap. 31.

by the greatest minister which England ever saw;—and it has always been reckoned one of the principal causes in accelerating the downfall of the French monarchy.

In the third place, suppose a universal peace—we are inclined to believe that Great Britain was never better able to maintain a competition with the nations of the continent; her machinery was never so perfect, her resources never more condensed; her colonial possessions never better secured, and her credit never more undoubted in every part of the known world, though her national debt was never so great; but is it greater now in proportion to the wealth of the nation, than when Mr. Hume made his unfortunate prophecy? Let us take France—her manufactures were established by Colbert;*—he incorporated an East India Company, established the woollen manufactory—of glass, &c.—improved those of silk, &c. This was nearly a hundred and fifty years ago—and what are they now? what competition can they bear with the English? It is true the commercial industry of France has been checked by perpetual wars; but lately a considerable impulse has been given to her manufactures from the continental system,—but we know at what price—besides, she may have wars again without continental systems.† From 1756 to 1788, the price of wheat in France was 25 shillings, in England during the same period 46. Very nearly the same proportion is now maintained; France being 46, and England about 83. English manufactures flourished then, why not now? When wheat was at 73,—taxes were 34,000,000*l.*‡ they are now above 60,000,000*l.* and it does not exceed upon an average 83*s.* On the other hand it should be considered, that the debts of the different nations cannot be very trifling§—the taxes necessary to be levied will impede the progress of wealth more than in the common proportion, as they have very small commercial or manufacturing funds to draw from—the machinery of every description is at least fifty years behind Great Britain—the more capital they devote to manufactures, the higher of course will be the price of corn. But above all,

* Minutes of Evidence. † Siécle de Louis XIV. chap. xxix. ‡ Ibid. 29.

§ We have seen no statement of the debts of Prussia, Austria, Russia, and others; but by the exposé of the abbe Montesquieu, of July 13, 1814, it appears, that the total of anticipations and misapplications of funds by the old government of France, is 1,305,462,000 francs.

the greatest security Great Britain has against competition is the almost total absence of capital on the continent, and the want not only of credit and money resources, but the whole '*materiel*' of machinery, of commerce, manufactures and agriculture is greatly diminished.

The few last pages of this pamphlet are occupied with some remarks upon the currency, which do not materially affect the question. We shall therefore relieve the reader from these observations, already so much extended, by a short extract, confirming the opinion which Mr. Malthus has more decidedly expressed in his Essay on Population, chap. 10.

'In the present state of things then, we must necessarily give 'up the idea of creating a large average surplus. And yet 'very high duties upon importation, operating alone, are pecu- 'liarly liable to occasion great fluctuations of price. It has 'been already stated, that after they have succeeded in produ- 'cing an independent supply by steady high prices, an abund- 'ant crop which cannot be relieved by exportation, must 'occasion a very sudden fall.* Should this continue a second 'or third year, it would unquestionably discourage cultivation, 'and the country would again become partially dependent. 'The necessity of importing foreign corn would of course again 'raise the price to the price of importation, and the same causes 'might make a similar fall and a subsequent rise recur; and 'thus prices would tend to vibrate between the high prices oc- 'casioned by the high duties on importation, and the low prices 'occasioned by a glut which could not be relieved by expor- 'tation.

'It is under these difficulties that the parliament is called 'upon to legislate. On account of the deliberation which the 'subject naturally requires, but more particularly on account of 'the present uncertain state of the currency, it would be desi- 'rable to delay any final regulation. Should it however be 'determined to proceed *immediately* to a revision of the present 'laws, in order to render them more efficacious, there would 'be some obvious advantages, both as a temporary and perma- 'nent measure, in giving to the restrictions the form of a con- 'stant duty upon foreign corn, not to act as a prohibition, but

* 'The sudden fall of the price of corn this year seems to be a case pre- 'cisely in point. It should be recollected however that quantity always in 'some degree balances cheapness.'

'as a protecting, and at the same time, profitable tax. And 'with a view to prevent the great fall that might be occasioned 'by a glut, under the circumstances before adverted to, but not 'to create an average surplus, the old bounty might be contin-'ued, and allowed to operate in the same way as the duty at 'all times, except in extreme cases.' pp. 45, 46.

Upon the whole then we must coincide in the opinion of Mr. Malthus. As a principle, we are heart and hand opposed to any interference of the legislature in the direction of capitals, and we hope the mischief which has arisen from some attempts, will prevent a recurrence to them in this country. But we have shown that legislators in England have for many years assumed the privilege of intermeddling in the concerns of the merchant and manufacturer, and that they have occasionally taken under their powerful patronage the agricultural interest. We therefore confess that the impression upon our minds is, that those English statesmen are in the right who think that this is *not* the moment when they ought to stop.

A Statement of the Arts and Manufactures of the United States of America, for the year 1810. *Digested and prepared by Tench Coxe, Esquire, of Philadelphia. Philadelphia, A. Cornan, jr.* 1814, 4*to.*

The subject of manufactures, it might well be thought on a first view, would always be treated as a matter of calculation, and calm deliberate reasoning, yet like all others subject to human restriction, it has been most frequently involved in passion and prejudice. Political animosities, financial wants, local combinations, narrow views, or impracticable theories, have often destroyed old, and prevented the success of new establishments. And if in the United States, fewer blunders have been committed than in most other countries, there are too many facts to shew, that this has been more owing to the liberal, unshackled, beneficent spirit of our institutions, than to the peculiar sagacity, or prospective wisdom of those, by whom the regulations in regard to the manufacturing system are controlled.

It is one of the most difficult and complicated questions of political economy, to decide when, and to what extent, legisla-

tive interference is expedient; in almost all cases it should rather follow than originate; the most laboured statute, and greatest encouragement, may sometimes fail, even when circumstances appear favourable; and at others, manufacturing establishments have started up, and obtained a permanent footing in defiance of the predictions, and discouragement of the most experienced and dispassionate judgment. In every country of Europe, as well as in America, persevering effort, and enormous expenditure, have been in many cases lavished in vain. Every nation can produce facts to falsify the most ingenious theory. For instance, according to received ideas on this subject, a theorist would have said that in the state of Massachusetts, where the winter was severe, the people frugal, domestick, and possessed of freeholds, that sheep would be kept for the sake of their wool; coarse woollen garments and blankets would be made by the people, and they would obtain from foreign countries the few objects of luxury which they consumed; they would manufacture nothing but articles of the coarsest kind and of the first necessity. This seems perfectly reasonable, and such would generally be the result, yet one of the earliest manufactures, and which was carried to considerable extent in the county of Essex, was not blankets, but *thread lace.* Every country might produce similar exceptions.

In Spain, Italy, Germany, and France, many manufactures have failed under the particular patronage of government, and even in England some results of the same nature may be found. These instances will be more multiplied in future, since a rage for manufactures has taken possession of most of the governments of Europe; who have attributed the wealth of Great Britain to the perfection of her manufactures, which is indeed a very great source, but not the only one by her power. It is the great fault of the European nations to legislate too much; the enterprise of their people is often impeded, and constantly shackled with prohibitions, or restrictions. In France, for example, the government have varied their schemes in regard to the manufactures of silk and cotton. The former were greatly injured by the revolution, because the difference of dress that took place, and the loss of a good deal of foreign commerce, lessened the demand for them. The cotton manufactures were gradually springing up to replace the silk; for a period, it was the policy of the government to encourage the cotton fabricks;

all of a sudden this scheme was changed, every effort was made to discourage them, and revive the fashion and use of silk. The cotton still struggled along, till a new tarif of the government to encourage the growth of the raw material in France, laid such an enormous duty on foreign cotton, that the manufactures were completely paralized. It may be easily supposed how precarious they must be, under such arbitrary and capricious control. But in France, as well as in some other countries, it was not only manufactures and commerce, but agriculture also that was restricted. A cultivator in one department was allowed to plant a certain quantity of tobacco, in another, beets to make sugar; but this could only be done by the permission of the government, and the punishment was severe for any infringement of their regulations. The object was to place the people in a state of dependence, that subjected them in every thing to the prying, despotick vigilance of the state; and the purpose of all this watchfulness was not, as was pretended, the impulse of paternal affection, but suggested by the grinding, insatiable extortion of fiscal cupidity.

If we look at the country of Europe, where there is most freedom, and the greatest stability of property, we still find a variety of impediments, a number of restrictions, the remnants of barbarous times, that cannot be removed without serious injury, though they are in many respects mischievous. Such are the custom-house duties and regulations between England and Ireland, the statutes of the ancient corporations, which prevents a man from working at a trade if he has not what is called the *freedom of the city*. These things are slowly reforming, but will never be wholly obliterated. It is one of our most distinguishing privileges to be free from all these embarrassments. Industry, sagacity and enterprise were unfettered, and the consequences we have all witnessed. To shew them more forcibly, we have tried the system of restriction, and the whole energy of the country was fast dwindling to the European scale of production. In a luckless moment, a few statesmen conceived a jealousy of commerce, and though agriculture and manufactures were developing themselves through its instrumentality with the utmost vigour of growth, yet it was conceived, that the former was noxious, and, if curtailed, would increase the importance of the latter. So because a certain river is wider and deeper at its mouth than in its earlier progress,

and washed the walls of a flourishing city, the people in the flourishing villages above, determined to throw a dam across its entrance to the sea to widen it above. The refluent current gradually retreated, till it stagnated in the very sources of the mountains. The experiment has been costly, we trust decisive.

The mind is dazzled in considering the advantages of our situation. The vast extent of the United States is open to industry, to establish itself in the most favorable spot for its peculiar pursuits, to exchange its produce with distant states, without duties, monopolies, or prohibitions. Every year witnesses some new manufacture in one district, some new product of the surface, or the interior of the earth in another. Massachusetts creates an extensive manufactory of straw bonnets. Georgia adds sugar to her rich produce. The coasting trade of the United States increases daily in importance; what must it become in a few years? will it not be the same as if the whole continent of Europe was united under one beneficent government? The manufactures of the north and the rich products of the south exchanged without restriction; without jealous rivalries to depress, counteracting duties, prohibitions and personal restraints, to force this district to produce what another can do more advantageously, how rapid, how great must be the prosperity that will ensue! The advantages of our situation are so obvious, the general effect is so genial, that we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that local prejudices, mean jealousies, base political intrigues, and short-sighted impracticable attempts of one section to trample on the feelings and interests of another, will ever be suffered to destroy this fortunate national condition.

In addition to this freedom of industry, and facility of exchange, we may place the following advantages: distance from other manufacturing countries—abundance of water privileges in some districts, of coal in others,—ample supplies of the raw materials—remarkable skill in the use and invention of machinery—the proximity of almost every part of the country to navigable waters—and a country not overstocked with population. On this last point it may be necessary to add some explanation. When we are talking about the prosperity of manufactures, commerce, or agriculture, we do not speak according to the European or Chinese standard. We do not consider that

country prosperous, however extensive its production may be, where the majority of the inhabitants are brutally ignorant, and reduced to the minimum of subsistence. If a man is obliged to live on a pint of rice daily, as in some parts of Asia, if he is unable to obtain more than a scanty supply of potatoes, or coarse bread, destitute not only of luxuries, but necessaries, as in most parts of Europe, that his toil may procure a luxurious landlord a plentiful crop, or swell the receipts of a manufacturer or merchant to millions, still it is only disease and deformity. The frequency of wars have so involved the governments of Europe, that they are constantly devising new exactions, whose first effect is to impoverish the labourer, and increase the poor. The United States are prosperous, because every man has the comforts of life; and if he chooses, the poorest man, at the outset of life, may obtain a competence. If our merchants are prosperous, the sailors are well fed and well paid. If the farmer is every year improving his farm, the labourers who work hard have also high wages, plenty of substantial food, and even luxuries. The same is true of the manufacturers. As there is plenty of land, neither commerce nor manufactures can be so overstocked, that the profit shall depend on the competition for subsisting with the smallest portion of the common comforts of life. This facility then of changing from one pursuit to another, leaves us the power to introduce every species of labour-saving machinery, without fear of starving those who were before employed in making the same article. This can only be done partially in most countries of Europe. In England, there are some kinds of work that are still performed by manual labour, that are in this country by machinery; such, for instance, as the sawing of timber into boards, joist, &c. There are many countries where improvements in different kinds of manufacture cannot be introduced, the establishments having been burnt when it was attempted; and for many years past, riots, occasioned by the introduction of machinery, have kept some part of the country in commotion, and required the presence of a military force for the protection of the manufactories. It is then in a considerable degree advantageous, that our population should not be so overstocked, as to prevent the free use of all improvements in machinery.

The price of labour has often been cited as a circumstance, that was decisive against the success of manufactures

in this country. On this subject there are many erroneous impressions. The labour of women and children, who are employed in most manufactures, except those of the metals, in much larger numbers than men, is sometimes cheaper than in England. Besides, it is a singular fact, that all the manufactures, which we have so far matured as to do away the necessity of importation, are those, where manual labour, and that of the most expensive kind, is almost exclusively employed. Such are for instance, books, hats, shoes, paper, saddlery, some articles from iron, &c. &c. It certainly then is not the price of labour, that prevents our manufactures from being much more extensive. The principal reason has been a more profitable employment of capital in other ways. In England, the average produce of capital engaged in manufactures, does not yield more than six per cent. in many branches it has for years past not exceeded three or four. The rapid accumulation of capital here is every day remedying this defect, and could our manufacturers be satisfied with the same profits that are received in Europe, there would be no want of capital. Every year, however, greatly increases the capital invested in manufactories. Their prosperity will be more solid for being gradual.

The tables which follow Mr. Coxe's report are extremely imperfect ; from some states, returns of particular branches are wholly wanting ; still, it contains a collection of valuable materials, and is calculated to give a strong impression of the actual extent of manufactured produce in the United States. Mr. Coxe estimates the whole value of the manufactures of the Union, including domestick spinning and weaving, and the labour of every artisan down to a village blacksmith, at 200,000,000 dollars for the year 1813. It appears that our manufactures consume more raw material than is produced within the country, in every instance except cotton ; that this, therefore, is the only raw material, of which we can export more than we import. That the increase of manufactures has kept pace with, if not outrun the produce of the raw material, as in the instances of lead and wool. The increase of hemp and iron has been considerable, the former will soon be adequate to the demand of the home market, and no doubt, increase to an article of export. Of iron there is an immense deficit ; but the quantity from our own mines is increasing. We still receive the largest portion of our copper and lead from foreign countries.

The most interesting passage in Mr. Coxe's digest, is the following account of the cultivation and manufacture of sugar in Louisiana. If those fine and extensive regions, whose products are wafted into the Bay of Mexico, can be cultivated by a white population, and there is no physical impossibility against it, as has been absurdly pretended by the advocates of slavery, we shall look upon that country with far greater interest, than it could have before excited; and if the experiment succeeds, of which there can be no doubt, if it be fairly tried, we shall be proud of adding to the experiments we have already given the world, another memorable proof that the pertinacious abuses of avarice and ambition, are as false in their pretences, as noxious in their effects.

'*The Sugar of the Cane.* This interesting commodity is, 'in the United States, in the crude form, little more than an 'agricultural production, and in its best refined condition, an 'elegant and grateful manufacture. After the acquisition of a 'cane district by the purchase of Louisiana,* it was appre- 'hended that the constitutional impediments to the importation 'of slaves would have, at once, deprived us of much cane 'sugar, which our newly acquired country could produce, and 'in some degree affect the prosperity of the Delta of the Mis- 'sisippi. But the reported production of 9,671,500 pounds of 'the sugar of the cane in Lower Louisiana in the year 1810, 'with 179,000 gallons of molasses,† is considered as far short 'of what that country will be quickly made to produce, by the 'general adoption of *the new and various operations, in the 'culture of the cane and manufacture of sugar*, which are found 'to be practicable. This new mode of managing sugar lands 'appears to be worthy of particular attention and statement.

Instead of the employment of slaves, requiring a bur- 'densome advance of capital, and an expensive subsistence, 'the occasional labour of neighbouring, transient, hired white 'persons is often used to prepare the grounds with the 'plough and harrow, to plant the new canes, to dress the old 'ones, and to clear the growing plants from weeds. The 'same or other white labourers are afterwards employed by

* It is found since 1810, that sugar is produced on the whole coast of Georgia.

† There were made also 239,130 gallons of distilled spirits out of 239,130 gallons of molasses in Lower Louisiana, in the year 1810.

'the planters to cut and stack under cover the ripened canes, 'so as to prepare them for the grinding mill and boiler. The 'operation of planting occurs after the sickly autumnal season, 'and before the vernal, and the operation of cutting also occurs 'in the healthy season, at the end of the following autumn. 'The service is therefore not unhealthy.

'It is considered to be expedient that the planters who own, 'and they who cultivate the soil, should not expend great sums 'in the establishment of mills and sets of works on all the sugar 'estates, after the manner of the West Indian colonies of the 'European states. But it is found much more convenient and 'profitable to leave the business of grinding and boiling to *one* '*manufacturer of muscovado sugar*, for a number of planters. 'These persons, like the owners of grain mills and sawing mills, 'can be employed for a toll in kind, or part of the produce, or 'for a compensation in money. By this method, a tract of 'three miles square, or three hundred and twenty perches 'square, which *would* contain twenty-five plantations of above 'one hundred and two acres each, may be accommodated by 'one *central manufactory* of muscovado sugar from the cane 'stalks: for none of these plantations will be more distant from 'the boiler than a single mile; a mere city porterage or cart-'age. Refineries for making white sugar and distilleries may 'be added, and the economy and accommodation to the plan-'ters will be more complete.

'The effect of this division of labour and ownership will be, 'rapidly to bring into the most complete and productive culti-'vation, all the cane lands in the United States; and to ad-'vance the various manufactures of this valuable and wholesome 'agricultural production. The easy and cheap maintenance of 'cattle, the abundant supplies of provisions, and building mate-'rials for man and beast, and the abundance of fuel and cask 'lumber, with the benefits to our planters from being more fre-'quently and comfortably their own stewards and overseers, 'will greatly redound to their convenience and profit. Their 'exemption from duty on their muscovado sugar, their refined 'white sugar, and their molasses, is a very great advantage to 'the manufacturers of it from the brown sugar and molasses of 'the United States.'

Persons interested in commerce and manufactures, or even in agriculture, when they see an administration of political

philosophers taking their concerns into consideration, feel like cats at the sight of an air pump, or frogs at a Galvanick battery; and the result in both cases is generally to ascertain the strength of vitality in the parties; and the experiment is sometimes continued through protracted sufferings till this is exhausted. It was with shuddering anxiety, that we perused Mr. Coxe's benevolent views for this part of the country, in particular, which we here extract.

'Since an ardent passion for ships, commerce, navy, fisheries, and those monopolies of trade, which are produced by navigation law, appear to have taken full possession of the minds of European statesmen, and since the possession of no more than eight millions of acres of land, shorn of its wood, and destitute of pit coal, by Massachusetts proper, Connecticut and Rhode-Island, manifestly denies to the good people of those three interesting sections of our country, a considerable standing in productive agriculture, and even creates some difficulties in the prosecution of certain branches of manufacturing industry, it would be gratifying to men of a brotherly disposition towards those eastern states, in other parts of the Union, if a convenient system for the promotion of the arts and manufactures could be devised and adopted. It is worthy of the serious and liberal consideration of all the rest of the Union.

'The limited size of those three states, the lightness of the original growth of much of their woodlands, the rarity of calcareous substances for building, the consequent use of wooden buildings, and the quantities of wood requisite for the repair of those buildings and for fuel, suggest the propriety of the utmost possible use of all their water falls, instead of an inordinate use of steam enginery and other modes of operation requiring fire. The utmost use should be made of all the eastern water powers by a skilful formation of their mills and machinery.

'The want of land in that district, renders it advisable to consider the easiest and cheapest modes of human and ordinary animal subsistance. *The cultivation of the potato*, and of other things of similar fecundity, demand the closest consideration of every friend to those eastern states. Animal strength and spirits are no where more conspicuous than in the country which supports its population, beyond all others, by that vegetable.

'The improvement of roads and canals leading towards 'Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode-Island, from the sur-'rounding districts, of greater extent and production, are mani-'festly of the utmost importance, as they facilitate and cheapen 'the introduction of raw materials, grain and other productions 'of the soil of less populous or more fertile districts.

'A due attention to the river, bay and sea fisheries is dicta-'ted to those eastern states by their unalterable interests, not 'only with a view to foreign trade, but as *a source of food;* 'whale bone, oils, skins, and spermaceti, for the nourishment 'and employment of their manufactures. It merits dispassion-'ate consideration, particularly by the manufacturing citizens, 'whether the articles produced by the foreign fisheries, *of the 'nature of food*, ought or ought not to be duties and prohibited, 'and whether all those, which are capable of use *as materials 'employing manufacturers;* or in the frugal lighting or gene-'ral economy of the manufactories, ought or ought not to be 'exempted from duty. These are new, and it is admitted, 'very nice questions, which arise principally between the manu-'facturing interest, in the eastern seaports of the United States, 'and those on the *seaboard*, who pursue the business of the 'fisheries. The fish oils are, indeed, of universal utility among 'our leather dressers. The comparative value of the leather 'manufactures of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode-Isl-'and, on the one part, and the fisheries on the other, is in fa-'vour of their leather business, especially in Connecticut and 'Rhode-Island, which did not partake largely in the exports of 'the fisheries, for some years before the present war.

'The economy of fuel is so important to the internal busi-'ness of the old eastern settlements, that it merits further con-'sideration. There are manufactures of metals, which require 'little or no use of fire, such as wire-drawing, cut-nail making, 'stamping, grinding, and cutting nails and machines, turning 'and boring mills. Metallick objects like these are best adapt-'ed to those old settlements, which have become deficient in 'wood, and have not pit coal. There are other manufactories 'which require little or no fire: such as carding, spinning, and 'fulling mills: oil, paper, snuff, starch and powder mills. 'Works like these, also, will prove highly convenient to districts, 'which are *illy* supplied with fuel. Household manufactures 'are perfectly suitable to such districts, because the fire neces-

'sary for culinary and other domestick purposes, is all that is 'required.

'As the present war and the existing blockade have greatly 'interfered with the transportation of southern raw materials to 'the old and populous settlements of Massachusetts, Connecti- 'cut, and Rhode-Island, it appears that wool is a much better 'object of staple manufacture in those states, than cotton, and 'it seems expedient for them rather to attend to sheep, than 'even to possess horned cattle, mules and hogs. To an observ- 'ing and reflecting people, who can best give practical direc- 'tion to the most suitable branches of their own industry, it ap- 'pears sufficient to offer, by way of example, such principles 'and such suggestions, in regard to the mode of encouraging 'manufactures, as have been mentioned. It is however on fre- 'quent and serious reflection believed, that Massachusetts pro- 'per, Connecticut, and Rhode-Island, will derive many advan- 'tages, from an investigation and application of the principles 'suggested.' pp. 57, 58.

The tone of condescending protection towards 'the good people of those three interesting sections of our country,' is certainly amusing; but however grateful we may be to Mr. Coxe, for this, we must not, in a moment of good humour, be thrown off our guard: we must protest against, as strongly as we deprecate any schemes for the improvement of our affairs; and however 'it would be gratifying to men of a brotherly dis- 'position towards those eastern states, in other parts of the 'Union, if a convenient system for the promotion of the arts could 'be devised and adopted,' we cannot afford to give them this gratification. The truth is, we have tried it, and we prefer being let alone.

We felt for a moment some uneasiness at the following hint. 'The aggregate of the areas of the lakes is as great as a con- 'siderable sea. The caviar and isinglass are objects of atten- 'tion in Russia. The sturgeon, of which they are made, is 'the *Accipenser Ruth: et Stur. Linnæi.* It abounds in the 'fresh waters of the Don and the Wolga, and is suitable for 'our lakes.' Now in the first place, it certainly is not desirable to introduce such a gross and disgusting eatable as caviar; and as to isinglass, which is not made from sturgeon, it would have been quite as patriotick to encourage the substitute prepared from codfish, suggested by the ingenious Mr. Murdock in England, when the war prevented its

coming from Russia; and for which the London brewers made him a present of two or three thousand pounds. Yet, if Mr. Coxe can persuade the administration to stock the lakes with dolphins or sturgeons, as they have already done it with ships of the line, there is at least no necessity to embroil themselves with the Russian government, by trying to seduce their subjects; but they may find the *Accipenser Ruth: et Stur. Linnæi*, or at least a very near relation, in great abundance in the rivers of Maine.

Among the queer things in this report, is the following remark upon sculpture in Greece and Egypt. Other causes have been assigned for the different course pursued by the Greeks and Egyptians. Mr. Coxe's theory did not occur to the Abbè Winkleman. 'It appears that even in the south, the presence 'of various raw materials, and still more the great redundancy 'of cotton have excited innumerable and valuable manufac-'tures. It is believed' (by whom?) 'that to the excitement pro-'duced by the presence of the finest marbles, more than to a 'peculiar eminence of genius, that the Greeks and Romans 'owe their possession of the beautiful and grand fabrications 'from those materials. The invention of statuary occurred in 'Egypt, but it did not rise to any perfection, in a country des-'titute of fine marble.

The close attention that is necessary to comprehend a work of this kind may be imagined from the following sentences: 'It is believed that a dry air is very favourable to the health of 'sheep, and to the fineness and delicacy of the wool, and it is 'presumed that the United States may entertain a just confi-'dence in the success of their woollen manufacture, from their 'enjoying an atmosphere of this character. The most suc-'cessful woollen manufacture in the world is found in an insular 'and humid situation; our success therefore may become very 'great.'—'It was also intended by means of these facts adduc-'ed or as presented in the communication to the Treasury, to 'bring into view a part of the general and technical grounds, 'on which manufactures appear to stand in this country, and 'in modern times when manual labour has been wonderfully 'substituted by various devices, which in a very great degree 'have superseded and abridged the use of hands. Having 'hazarded a very zealous and sanguine promulgation of that

'topick in favour of manufactures twenty-seven years ago, in a 'publick discourse, which was passed to the world in numerous 'copies and editions, the limited degree of notice which labour 'saving machinery, devices, and processes had subsequently 'received in the United States, was a matter of surprise and 'regret.' This last sentence is above all comment.

Calculations like the following are favourite ones with the author. If the whole country were occupied, like certain districts, in any particular manufacture, nails, or shoes for example, the market would run the risk of being overstocked; yet we do not perceive what is his object, if it be not, to excite such a general exertion. 'Pennsylvania, the greatest nail 'making state, produces at the rate of nine pound of nails for 'each person in the state, which is at the rate of 65,000,000 'of pounds for the whole white population of the United States, 'were equal attention paid to this gainful economy of time and 'labour.' p. 31.

We must express the most unfeigned regret, that Mr. Coxe was employed to prepare this statement of the manufactures of the United Sates. In reading his performance, we could not help compassionating the lot of men in office; the publick are always prone to blame them, and do not consider how much they are perplexed. When Mr. Gallatin resolved on leaving the Treasury, one of the most sagacious movements ever taken by that subtle minister, at the very moment when the anxious solicitude of Mr. Jefferson about the appropriation of a surplus revenue was completely dissipated; when the invaluable scheme of 'husbanding our essential resources' was 'at the 'full tide of successful experiment,' how do we know the share, that this book had in assisting his determination? After labouring all day to devise the best means of carrying on war without taxes, and expecting a little relaxation in the evening from the reports of Mr. Coxe, he finds that he has employed a writer that abounds in such rash assertions as the following: 'Not a building for man, for cattle, nor for the safe keeping of 'produce or merchandize, not a plough, a mill, a loom, a 'wheel, a spindle, a carding machine, a fire arm, a sword, a 'wagon, or a ship can be provided without the manufactures 'of the iron branch.—The uses of leather are of the utmost 'importance to health, the facilitation of industry, the diffusion 'of knowledge, and the military operations of the United

'States by land and sea.—The spinning wheel, the loom, and 'the fulling mill are real aids to manual labour.—Our inex- 'haustible stock of wood actually cumbers much excellent soil, 'and suspends its cultivation and improvement.—In regard to the 'importance of agriculture, the most correct convictions of mind 'are universal.'—'It may be safely' (safely!) 'alleged, that 'the natural and cultivated trees of the United States are ren- 'dered *by manufactures* a very great benefit to the landed in- 'terest.'—And these novel assertions are accompanied by such phraseology as this; 'adversary belligerents—the American 'mind—testing the correctness of this allegation—these facts 'from the most considerable return, are respectfully adduced 'and rendered prominent, in order to evidence by the relative 'truths—boring cannon for the reception of the ball—to possess 'every able-bodied white man in the United States of a sword 'or a pike—as very profitable and as moralizing rivals of dis- 'tilled spirits, all the other drinks, such as fermented malt li- 'quors, cider, currant wine, perry, and grape wine are respect- 'fully conceived to merit a sanctioned investigation and per- 'spicuous display for the use of the community.' It is not surprising that the Secretary of the Treasury preferred going to Europe, to remaining in the situation in which he was placed.

Journal of a Cruise made to the Pacifick Ocean, by Captain David Porter, in the United States frigate Essex, in the years 1812, 1813, *and* 1814. *Containing descriptions of the Cape de Verd Islands, Coasts of Brazil, Patagonia, Chili, and Peru, and of the Gallapagos Islands; also, a full account of the Washington Groupe of Islands, the Manners, Customs, and Dress of the Inhabitants, &c. &c. Illustrated with fourteen engravings. In two volumes. Philadelphia, published by Bradford and Inskeep; and Abraham H. Inskeep, New-York; and for sale by O. C. Greenleaf, Boston; and William Essex and Son, Lexington, Ken. G. Palmer, printer.* 1815.

Though there have been so many expeditions by different nations, so many scientifick voyagers, and such copious ac-

counts published of the islands and coasts of the Pacifick ocean; yet the distance, the grandeur, the beauty of those countries, the magnificent serenity of the climate, the wonderful productions of animate and inanimate nature, and the still uncivilized state of mankind in that part of the globe, make us open every new description of them with avidity. The blissful condition of the inhabitants of St. Domingo, when that fine island was first discovered and devastated by the Spaniards, was perhaps inferiour to the state of the natives, in many of the islands of the Pacifick. The general characteristicks of beauty of person, of gentleness and goodness of character, which are common to so many of them, furnish one of the most striking illustrations of the influence of climate on the disposition and habits of men; while the first peopling of those islands, and the progress they have made beyond most other savages in several of the useful and ornamental arts, give occasion to a variety of reflections. Some of their productions very much resemble the Egyptian, and though they have never produced any monuments, to compare with the imperishable remains of that people, this may perhaps be rather owing to their more recent origin, their smaller numbers, and smaller population, than to an inferiority of talent; since many of their structures are by no means insignificant, and some of their productions full of ingenuity and taste. Proofs of this, besides the relations of other navigators, are furnished by the edifices described by Captain Porter in the principal island of the Washington groupe, as well as in many of the ornaments, and particularly by the delineations in their practice of tattooing.

The Essex being at sea only for warlike purposes, not employed in a voyage of discovery, was of course unprepared for such an undertaking, having neither scientifick men nor apparatus necessary for such a purpose. The ship even was not fitted for the voyage, which was only the continuance of a cruise at the discretion of her commander. The important services rendered by captain Porter, in giving a partial protection to our valuable whale fishery in the South Seas, and the enormous loss inflicted on the enemy, by the capture of almost every one of the ships they employed in that trade; and the termination of his cruise in the Bay of Valparaiso, by one of the most desperate and gallant conflicts on record, are all familiar to the

publick, and do not fall within our present purpose to notice, as they would lead to other topicks of discussion than those we have in view; for the same reason, we shall not take up the question of the conflicts with some of the tribes in the island of Nooaheevah. The quarrel with the Happahs, it was perhaps justifiable under all circumstances to settle in the manner he did, particularly as it was attended with such trifling injury; but the war with the Typees, we most strongly protest against. Captain Porter has with great fairness stated all the motives that engaged him reluctantly, in the expedition against them, and the evils that followed it, to those unfortunate natives; he was placed in an arduous and critical situation, and his conduct should therefore be judged with reference to all the circumstances. We think that the course he took was a great errour of judgment. Independently of all considerations respecting his right to wage war with that tribe, the imminent hazard to which he exposed himself and his men in that perilous undertaking, was of greater importance than the object he had to accomplish. If they had all perished, and from his relation it is wonderful that they escaped, the loss to their country and themselves would have been much more serious than the destruction of his prizes, which it was one of his objects to prevent.

We shall commence our extracts with some account of Porto Praya in the island of St. Jago. Since the visit of the Essex, however, a new governour and a more numerous garrison have been sent to these possessions, and their treatment of the Constitution in her last cruise was very different from that shewn to the Essex.

'At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 28th, I waited on his 'excellency, accompanied by some of the officers. He was 'engaged at the time on some business at the custom-house, as 'I was informed, and could not be seen until about 11: the 'second in command, however, major Medina (who spoke such 'English as he was enabled to pick up from the captains and 'crews of such American vessels as touched at the Isle of 'Mayo for salt, where he was governour,) entertained us during 'the interval, making offers of his services in procuring the 'supplies, of which we gave him a list; and, after making the 'necessary arrangements, and fixing on the prices, we waited 'on the governour, whom we found at his house, dressed in 'all his splendour to receive us. His reception was of the

'most friendly nature, and I am persuaded he was much 'pleased to see us in the port. He appeared astonished that I 'should have sent in for permission to enter the port. I inform- 'ed him, that as the Portuguese were the allies of Great Britain, 'I had entertained doubts whether he would feel authorized 'to give us protection against a British force, should it appear; 'but so soon as he had granted permission for us to enter the 'port, those doubts were removed. He expressed much re- 'gret that the war had deprived them of the advantage arising 'from the American commerce, as they had been cut off from 'all their supplies, and were now destitute of bread, and every 'other comfort of life, except what the island afforded, which 'consisted chiefly in live stock and fruit. He told me that a 'little flour, or any thing else we could spare, would be most 'acceptable to him; and invited me to make my dinner with 'him, on such scanty fare as he was enabled to give me; add- 'ing, if I would come on shore next day, he would endeavour 'to provide something better. I accepted his invitation with as 'little ceremony as it was given; and although there was but 'little variety of meats, he had an abundant supply of the best 'tropical fruits I ever tasted. The oranges were very fine. 'We this day commenced watering; but, after having to roll 'the casks about 500 yards, found great difficulty in getting 'them from the beach, on account of the heavy surf.

'On the 29th, I again dined with the governour, and from 'that time until the morning of the 2d of December, we were 'occupied in getting on board refreshments and water; but of 'the latter we were only enabled to get about 5000 gallons. 'The beef was very dear, and very poor; a bullock weighing '300 weight, cost 35 dollars; sheep were 3 dollars, but very 'poor; oranges 40 cents per hundred, and other fruits in the 'same proportion, and in the greatest abundance. It is sup- 'posed that the ship had not on board less than one hundred 'thousand oranges, together with a large quantity of cocoa-nuts, 'plantains, lemons, limes, casada, &c. &c. Every mess on 'board were also supplied with pigs, sheep, fowls, turkeys, 'goats, &c. which were purchased very cheap; fowls at three 'dollars per dozen, and fine turkeys at one dollar each; many 'of the seamen also furnished themselves with monkeys and 'young goats as pets, and when we sailed from thence the

'ship bore no slight resemblance, as respected the different 'kind on board her, to Noah's ark.

'In the town of Praya there are not more than thirty whites; 'the rest of the population is made up of slaves and free ne- 'groes, making altogether not more than three thousand, of 'whom about four hundred are soldiers; all the officers, ex- 'cept three or four, are mulattoes, and their priest is a negro, 'who possesses considerable polish in his manners. The sol- 'diers are generally destitute of clothing from the waist up- 'wards, and it can be asserted with a certainty of adhering 'strictly to the truth, that there are not five serviceable mus- 'kets in Praya. Most of them are without any locks, their 'stocks broken off at the breech, their barrels tied into the 'stocks with a leather thong, or a cord made of the fibres of 'the cocoa-nut; and it was no uncommon thing to see a naked 'negro mounting guard, shouldering a musket barrel only. 'Their cavalry were in a corresponding style, mounted on 'jack-asses, and armed with broken swords.

'The governour informed me, it had been 10 years since 'they had received any pay, or supplies of clothing or arms.

'The guns of different calibres mounted about Praya, for 'the defence of the place, although in commanding situations, 'are in a state equally bad as the muskets of the negroes. 'They are placed on ship's carriages, which are old and rot- 'ten, scarcely holding together, without platform, shelter, or 'breast-work, except a slight dilapidated one before the 'saluting battery, and another in as bad a state on the 'west point of the bay. The whole number of guns amounts 'to thirty; and for them chiefly they are indebted to a Portu- 'guese frigate that was lost by the negligence of her officers 'about three years since. Port Praya could be taken, and 'every gun spiked, by thirty men.'

In his way to the Brazils he touched at Fernando de Noronha, and here finds a letter from Commodore Bainbridge to him, as coming from captain Kerr of the Acasta to Sir James Yeo; this stratagem made use of to disguise their course is quite justifiable in war, but it is perhaps inexpedient to publish it, as it will in some degree defeat the success of similar plans on future occasions. His description makes this island, peopled with convicts, and destitute of women, the most wretched spot on the globe.

'The Portuguese island of Fernando de Noronha, is in lat. '3° 54′ 28″ south, and long. 32° 36′ 38″ west from London. 'It is well fortified in every part, and its population consists of 'a few miserable, naked, exiled Portuguese, and as miserable 'a guard. The governour is changed every three years, and 'during his term of service in the island, has the privilege of 'disposing of its produce to his own emolument. Cattle in 'abundance, hogs, goats, fowls, &c. may be had there, as well 'as corn, melons, cocoa-nuts, &c. &c. Ships, formerly, fre-'quently touched there for refreshments, wood, and water, but 'for seven months prior to the arrival of the *Acasta*, none had 'been there. There are no females on the island, and none 'are permitted to be there, from what motives I cannot con-'ceive, except it be to render the place of exile the more hor-'rible. The watering-place is near the beach, at the foot of 'the rock on which the citadel is placed, and it is with the ut-'most difficulty and danger that the casks can be got through 'the surf to the boat. The island produces wood in abun-'dance, but the Portuguese do not permit it to be cut for ship-'ping any-where, but on a small island to the east of Fernando, 'called Wooding Island. This island is in tolerable good cul-'tivation, and produces their principal supply of vegetables. 'There is no boat in the island, and the only means of com-'munication between Wooding Island and Fernando, is a small 'raft or catamaran, which is carefully kept in one of the forts, 'and is capable of bearing only two men. An abundance of 'fish may be procured with but little trouble with the hook and 'line.

'As clothing is not in use here; as hunger may be grati-'fied without labour; and as there is an appearance of cheer-'fulness, those who are not in chains may be supposed, in 'some measure, reconciled to a state as good perhaps as any 'they had formerly been accustomed to.

'The governour caused his catamaran to be launched 'through a surf (which twice filled our boat, and was near 'destroying her,) and despatched it to Wooding Island for 'fruit for us, but before she returned we had left this miserable 'Botany Bay of Portugal.' pp. 40, 41.

Having resolved, after his arrival on the coast of the Brazils, for reasons which he details, to go into the Pacifick Ocean, he took all the precautions in his power to double Cape Horn with safety. His experience of this enterprise

makes him fully agree with those navigators, who have represented the undertaking as most painful and dangerous. The whole account of his passage round the Cape will be read with interest, but we will have only room for one or two fragments at the close of it.

'It was with no little joy, we now saw ourselves fairly in the 'Pacifick ocean, and calculating on a speedy end to all our 'sufferings; we began also to form our projects for annoying 'the enemy, and had already equipped, in imagination, one of 'their vessels of 14 or 16 guns, and manned from the Essex, 'to cruize against their commerce; indeed, various were the 'schemes we formed at this time for injuring them, and had, in 'fancy, immense wealth to return with to our country: and, as 'the gale continued to blow from the S. W. every hour seem-'ed to brighten our prospects and give us fresh spirits; and on 'the last of February, being in the latitude of 50° S. the wind 'became moderate and shifted to the northward, the sea 'smooth, and every prospect of mild and pleasant weather. I 'consequently determined to replace the guns, and get the spars 'on the spar-deck; but before we had effected this, the wind 'had freshened up to a gale, and by noon had reduced us to 'our storm stay-sail and close-reefed main-top-sail; it in the 'afternoon, hauled around to the westward, and blew with a 'fury far exceeding any thing we had yet experienced, bring-'ing with it such a tremendous sea, as to threaten us every 'moment with destruction, and appalled the stoutest heart on 'board. To attempt to convey an idea of the fury of this gale 'by description, would be fruitless; let it suffice to say, that it 'was rarely equalled, and I am sure never was exceeded. 'Our sails, our standing and running rigging, from the succes-'sion of bad weather, had become so damaged, as to be no 'longer trust-worthy; we took, however, the best means in our 'power to render every thing secure, and carried as heavy a 'press of sail as the ship would bear, to keep her from drifting 'on the coast of Patagonia, which we had reason to believe 'was not far distant, from the appearance of birds, kelp, and 'whales, which I have heretofore found to be a tolerable sure 'indication of a near approach to land, and from the clouds to 'leeward, which appeared as if arrested by the high mountains 'of the Andes. From the excessive violence with which the 'wind blew, we had strong hopes that it would be of short con-

'tinuance; until, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, greatly 'alarmed with the terrours of a lee-shore, and in momentary 'expectation of the loss of our masts and bowsprit, we almost 'considered our situation hopeless; and to add to our distress, 'our pumps had become choaked by the shingle ballast, which, 'from the violent rolling of the ship, had got into them; the 'ship made a great deal of water, and the sea had increased to 'such a height, as to threaten to swallow us at every instant; 'the whole ocean was one continued foam of breakers, and the 'heaviest squall that I ever before experienced, had not equal-'led in violence the most moderate intervals of this tremendous 'hurricane. We had, however, done all that lay in our power 'to preserve the ship from the violence of the elements, which 'seemed united to effect our destruction, and turned our atten-'tion to our pumps, (which we were enabled to clear,) and to 'keep the ship from drifting on shore, by getting on the most 'advantageous tack; we, however, were not enabled to wear 'but once, for the violence of the wind and sea was such, as 'afterwards to render it impossible to attempt it, without hazard-'ing the destruction of the ship, and the loss of every life on 'board. The whole of the 1st and 2d of March, we anxious-'ly hoped for a change, but in vain; our fatigues had been con-'stant and excessive; many had been severely bruised, by be-'ing thrown, by the violent jerks of the ship, down the hatch-'ways, and I was particularly unfortunate, in receiving three 'severe falls, which at length disabled me from going on deck; 'the oldest seaman in the ship had never experienced any 'thing to equal the gale. We had done all in our power to 'save the ship (except throwing her guns overboard, which I 'reserved for the last extremity,) and now patiently waited for 'the tempest to lull. It had already blown three days without 'abating; the ship had resisted its violence to the astonishment 'of all, without having received any considerable injury; and 'we began to hope, from her buoyancy and other good quali-'ties, we should be enabled to weather the gale. We had 'shipped several heavy seas, that would have proved destruc-'tive to almost any other ship; but, to us, they were attended 'with no other inconveniences, than the momentary alarm they 'excited, and that arising from the immense quantity of water, 'which forced its way into every part of the ship, and kept 'every thing afloat between decks. However, about 3 o'clock

'of the morning of the 3d, the watch only being on deck, an 'enormous sea broke over the ship, and for an instant destroy- 'ed every hope. Our gun-deck ports were burst in; both 'boats on the quarters stove; our spare spars washed from the 'chains; our head-rails washed away, and hammock stanchions 'burst in; and the ship perfectly deluged and water logged, 'immediately after this tremendous shock, which threw the 'crew into consternation, the gale began to abate, and in 'the morning we were enabled to set our reefed fore-sail. In 'the height of the gale, Lewis Price, a marine, who had long 'been confined with a pulmonary complaint, departed this life, 'and was this morning committed to the deep; but the vio- 'lence of the sea was such, that the crew could not be permit- 'ted to come on deck, to attend the ceremony of his burial, as 'their weight would have strained and endangered the safety 'of the ship.

'When this last sea broke on board us, one of the prisoners, 'the boatswain of the Nocton, through excess of alarm, ex- 'claimed, that the ship's broadside was stove in, and that she 'was sinking; this alarm was greatly calculated to increase the 'fears of those below, who, from the immense torrent of water 'that was rushing down the hatchways, had reason to believe 'the truth of his assertion; many who were washed from the 'spar to the gun-deck, and from their hammocks, and did not 'know the extent of the injury, were also greatly alarmed; but 'the men at the wheel, and some others, who were enabled by 'a good grasp to keep their stations, distinguished themselves 'by their coolness and activity after the shock; and I took this 'opportunity of advancing them one grade, by filling up the va- 'cancies occasioned by those sent in prizes, and those who 'were left at St. Catharines; rebuking, at the same time, the 'others for their timidity.

'And now we began to believe, that the elements had ex- 'hausted all their rage on us, for the sky became serene, and 'we were enabled to make sail; the wind shifted to the S. W. 'and brought with it the only pleasant weather we had experi- 'enced since we had passed the Falkland Islands: but here 'again we were deceived, for, before night, it began to blow in 'heavy squalls, with cold rain, and reduced us to close-reefed 'fore and main topsails, and reefed fore-sail; but, as the wind 'was fair, we consoled ourselves with the pleasing reflection,

'that we were every moment receding farther from the influ-
'ence of the dreary and inhospitable climate of Cape Horn;
'and, on the 5th of the month, having passed the parallel of
'Chili, our sufferings appeared at an end, for we enjoyed plea-
'sant and temperate weather, with fine breezes from the south-
'ward; and, for the first time during our passage, were ena-
'bled to knock out our dead-lights, and open our gun-deck
'ports. The repairs of our damages went on rapidly, and by
'night the ship was, in every respect, excepting wear and tear,
'as well prepared for active service, as the day we left St.
'Catharines. Our latitude at meridian, was 39° 20′ S.; and
'we had a distant view of part of the Andes, which appeared
'covered with snow. Albatrosses were as usual about the
'ship; several fish, by sailors denominated sun-fish, were
'seen; and we frequently passed a white and apparently gela-
'tinous substance, which we had not an opportunity of exam-
'ining. There was every prospect of a speedy arrival in some
'port on the coast of Chili, and I directed the cables to be
'bent, using every means in our power to guard them from the
'effects of rocky bottom.'

'But, before I proceed farther, as this journal may acciden-
'tally fall into other hands, I shall take this opportunity of of-
'fering some hints to those, who may succeed me in attempt-
'ing the passage around Cape Horn; and this I feel myself the
'more authorized to do, as we have effected it in, perhaps, a
'shorter time with less damage, and labouring under more dis-
'advantages, than any others who ever attempted it; and that
'too by struggling, at an unfavourable season of the year,
'against a constant succession of obstinate and violent gales of
'wind. And I am the more strongly induced to offer these
'hints, conceiving it to be of the utmost importance to naviga-
'tion, to give any information, derived from experience, which
'may tend to enable navigators to overcome the obstacles
'which nature seems designedly to have placed, to deter man-
'kind from all attempts to penetrate from the Atlantick to the
'Pacifick ocean; and, as various opinions have been given on
'the subject, my advice may differ from that of others in
'several points: but as my measures have proved success-
'ful in the end, and as it is not founded on mere conjecture

'and hypothesis, it is to be presumed, that it may deserve the 'attention of seamen, for whom alone it is intended.

'In the first place, I must caution them against those erroneous expectations, which the opinion of La Perouse is unhappily calculated to lead them into, and, perhaps, has proved fatal to many ships, by inducing their commanders to believe, that the passage around Cape Horn is attended with no other difficulties than those to be met with in any other high latitude; and thereby causing them to neglect taking those necessary precautions, which the safety of their ships, and the lives of those on board, require. He says, to use his own words, "I doubled Cape Horn with much more ease, than I had dared to imagine; I am now convinced, that this navigation is like that of all high latitudes; the difficulties which are expected to be met with, are the effects of an old prejudice which should no longer exist, and which the reading of Anson's voyage has not a little contributed to preserve among seamen." On the 25th of January, La Perouse entered the Streights of Le Maire, and on the 9th of February, he was in the Pacifick, in the parallel of the Streights of Magellan, making his passage in 14 days. On the 13th of February, I passed the Streights of La Maire, and was in the latitude of those of Magellan on the 26th, making a passage of 13 days, a little more than a month later in the season than he passed the cape; and as my passage, against such violent gales, was made in one day less than his, I am at a loss to conceive what should have occasioned his delay. I have the utmost respect for the memory of that celebrated navigator, and regret that I should have cause to differ with him in opinion in any point, and particularly on one of so much importance, as the doubling of Cape Horn from the east. Indeed, ample as has been the information he has given on every other subject that has come under his notice, I am almost induced to believe, that many of his observations on this matter have been suppressed by his editor; and that the remark is the effect of national prejudice, which ever has, and ever will exist. The passage round Cape Horn, from the eastward, I positively assert, is the most dangerous, most difficult, and attended with more hardships, than that of the same distance, in any other part of the world; and none should attempt it, without using every precaution to

'guard against accident, that prudence or foresight can suggest.' pp. 84—87, 88—90.

After getting round the Cape, he called at Mocha to obtain some refreshments. There are great plenty of wild horses and hogs on the island; they killed some of each, but found the horses the finest eating. From thence, he steered for Valparaiso, and thus describes the appearance of the coast, and his first sight of that place.

'On the latter part of the 12th, light airs sprung up from the 'S. W. and the weather began to clear off slowly, and every 'eye was engaged in searching for a sail, as the fog moved to 'leeward. Nothing, however, was to be seen but a wide ex-'panse of ocean, bounded on the east by the dreary, barren, 'and iron-bound coast of Chili, at the back of which the eter-'nally snow-capt mountains of the Andes reared their lofty 'heads, and altogether presented to us a scene of gloomy soli-'tude, far exceeding any thing I ever before experienced. The 'winds now freshening up, enabled us to make sail to the north-'ward; and as the weather was clear, I determined to keep 'close in with the coast, that no vessel might be enabled to pass 'between us and the shore unobserved; but in the course of 'our run this and the next day we could discover no vessels of 'any description, or the least trace of the existence of a human 'being on the coast, except in one instance, when a fire was 'lighted in the evening in a small cove, probably by some In-'dians, or persons engaged in smuggling, and intended, no 'doubt, as an invitation for us to land.

'On the morning of the 13th, we discovered that our main 'top-sail yard was badly sprung, and were compelled to get it 'down and replace it with another, which we were so fortunate 'as to have on board; and on the afternoon of that day, we 'made the point three or four leagues to the south-west of the 'bay of Valparaiso, and called by the Spaniards Quaranmilla. 'This point, as you come from the southward, may be known 'by its sloping off gently towards the sea; and close to the 'end of it is a small rugged island, or rather large rock, about 'the height of a ship's masts. About 8 P. M. I brought the 'point to bear N. N. E. distant about four leagues, and then 'hove to, with the hope of intercepting some vessel in the 'morning, bound to Valparaiso, as all vessels bound there en-'deavour to make this point; but at sunrise, not discovering a

'sail, I determined to look into the harbour, and see at once 'what hopes we had in this quarter, and accordingly steered 'away for point Quaranmilla under all sail, doubling it at the 'distance of half a league. After passing this point, we per- 'ceived some scattering rocks lying some distance from shore, 'and shortly afterwards opened a handsome bay, with a fine 'sandy beach, and perceived a few fishing boats engaged there 'in fishing; and wishing to have some communication with 'them, I hoisted the English ensign and pendant, and a jack 'for a pilot, but none of them appeared disposed to come along 'side. In the bottom of the bay was a small enclosure with a 'hut, and on the top of the next projecting point was another 'small building, apparently covered with tiles; and on the sides 'of the neighbouring hills were several cattle grazing. These 'were the only marks of civilization we had yet met on the 'coast, and nothing whatever appeared to indicate our approach 'to the most important city of Chili. With the exception of 'the few cattle that grazed on the arid rocks, the two huts be- 'fore mentioned, and the miserable looking fishermen, the coast 'here had the same desolate appearance as the rest we had seen, 'and since we had left Mocha but little of it had escaped our ob- 'servation. It was in vain that we sought for those handsome 'villages, well-cultivated hills, and fertile valleys, which we had 'been prepared to meet in this part of the world.

'The whole coast is skirted by a black and gloomy rock, 'against the perpendicular sides of which the sea beats with 'fury. At the back of this rock, the country appears dreary 'beyond description: yellow and barren hills, cut by torrents 'into deep ravines, and sprinkled sparingly here and there with 'shrubs; but not a tree of any size was to be seen on this 'whole extent of coast. When the weather was clear, we al- 'ways saw the Andes; and as they were never clear of snow, 'they were not calculated to give us a more favourable impres- 'sion of the interiour.

'The next point which presented itself, on the top of which 'the afore-mentioned tile-covered house was situated, was the 'point of Angels, which I had learned formed the western point 'of the Bay of Valparaiso; and as I perceived some rocks ly- 'ing off it, I doubled it with a stiff breeze from the southward, 'at the distance of nearly half a mile, keeping the lead going,

'but got no bottom at the depth of sixty fathoms. As we round-
'ed this point, I sought with my glass the city of Valparaiso, or
'some proofs of our approach to it: first a long sandy beach,
'on the opposite side offered itself to view; next a large drove
'of loaded mules, coming down the side of the mountain by a
'zigzag pathway; and, in an instant afterwards, the whole town,
'shipping with their colours flying, and the forts, burst out as it
'were from behind the rocks, and we found ourselves becalm-
'ed under the guns of a battery prepared to fire into us. The
'scene presented to us was as animated and cheerful as it was
'sudden and unexpected; and had I not hoisted English col-
'ours, I should have been tempted to run in and anchor.' pp.
98—100.

The manners and customs of Chili are not without their peculiarities, as will be shewn in the following extracts. There is a slight account of the government and state of parties in that remote province. It may be hoped that the emancipation of South America will eventually be one of the advantages resulting to the world from the unhappy convulsions of Europe.

'Agreeably to the governour's invitation, we attended his
'party, where we found a much larger and more brilliant as-
'semblage of ladies, than we could have expected in Valpa-
'raiso. We found much fancy and considerable taste displayed
'in their dress, and many of them, with the exception of teeth,
'very handsome, both in person and in face; their complexion
'remarkably fine, and their manners modest and attracting.
'This was our first impression on entering a room, containing
'perhaps 200 ladies, to whom we were perfect strangers.
'Minuets were introduced; country dances followed; and the
'ladies had the complaisance and patience to attempt with my
'officers, what they had never before seen in the country, a *co-*
'*tillion*. The intricacies of their country-dance were too great
'for us to attempt; they were greatly delighted in by those who
'knew them, and admitted a display of much grace. With
'their grace, their beauty of person and complexion, and with
'their modesty, we were delighted, and could almost fancy we
'had gotten amongst our own fair country-women; but in one
'moment the illusion vanished. The *ballas de tierra*, as they
'are called, commenced: they consisted of the most graceless,
'and at the same time fatiguing movements of the body and limbs,
'accompanied by the most indelicate and lascivious motions,

'gradually increasing in energy and violence, until the fair one 'apparently overcome with passion, and evidently exhausted 'with fatigue, was compelled to retire to her seat; her rosy 'cheeks and fair complexion disappeared in the large drops 'of sweat that ran trickling down her neck and breast, and 'were succeeded by the sallow tinge which nature had boun-'tifully bestowed.

'They daub themselves most lavishly with paint; but their 'features are agreeable, and their large dark eyes are remark-'ably brilliant and expressive; and, were it not for their bad 'teeth, occasioned by the too liberal use of the matti, they 'would, notwithstanding the Chilian tinge, be thought hand-'some, particularly by those who had been so long as we out 'of the way of seeing any women.' pp. 107, 108.

The course of the ship was next directed to the Gallapagos Islands, and here an account is given of an Irishman, that, taken in conjunction with the scenery, is admirably suited to a pencil like Salvator's.

'These islands are all evidently of volcanick production; 'every mountain and hill is the crater of an extinguished vol-'cano; and thousands of smaller fissures, which have burst 'from their sides, give them the most dreary, desolate, and in-'hospitable appearance imaginable. The description of one 'island will answer for all I have yet seen; they appear un-'suited for the residence of man, or any other animal that can-'not, like the tortoises, live without food, or cannot draw its 'subsistence entirely from the sea.

'Lieutenant Downes saw on the rocks with which the bay 'was in many parts skirted, several seals and pelicans, some of 'which he killed; but, on searching diligently the shore, was 'unable to find any land-tortoises, though they no doubt abound 'in other parts of the island. Doves were seen in great num-'bers, and were so easily approached, that several of them 'were knocked over with stones. While our boat was on 'shore, captain Randall sent his boat to a small beach in the 'same bay, about a mile from where our boat landed, and in 'a short time she returned loaded with fine green turtle, two 'of which he sent us, and we found them excellent. It may 'be seen by captain Macy's letter, that on the east-side of the 'island there is another landing, which he calls Pats's landing; 'and this place will probably immortalize an Irishman, named 'Patrick Watkins, who some years since left an English ship,

'and took up his abode on this island, built himself a miserable 'hut, about a mile from the landing called after him, in a val- 'ley containing about two arces of ground capable of cultiva- 'tion, and perhaps the only spot on the island which affords 'sufficient moisture for the purpose. Here he succeeded in 'raising potatoes and pumpkins in considerable quantities, 'which he generally exchanged for rum, or sold for cash. The 'appearance of this man, from the accounts I have received of 'him, was the most dreadful that can be imagined; ragged 'clothes; scarce sufficient to cover his nakedness, and covered 'with vermin; his red hair and beard matted, his skin much 'burnt, from constant exposure to the sun, and so wild and 'savage in his manner and appearance, that he struck every 'one with horrour. For several years this wretched being 'lived by himself on this desolate spot, without any other ap- 'parent desire than that of procuring rum in sufficient quanti- 'ties to keep himself intoxicated, and at such times, after an 'absence from his hut of several days, he would be found in a 'state of perfect insensibility, rolling among the rocks of the 'mountains. He appeared to be reduced to the lowest grade 'to which human nature is capable, and seemed to have no 'desire beyond the tortoises and other animals of the island, 'except that of getting drunk. But this man, wretched and 'miserable as he may have appeared, was neither destitute of 'ambition nor incapable of undertaking an enterprise that would 'have appalled the heart of any other man; nor was he devoid 'of the talent of rousing others to second his hardihood.

'He by some means became possessed of an old musket, 'and a few charges of powder and ball; and the possession of 'this weapon first set into action all his ambitious plans. He 'felt himself strong as the sovereign of the island, and was de- 'sirous of proving his strength on the first human being who 'fell in his way, which happened to be a negro, who was left 'in charge of a boat belonging to an American ship that had 'touched there for refreshments. Patrick came down to the 'beach where the boat lay, armed with his musket, now be- 'come his constant companion, and directed the negro, in an 'authoritative manner to follow him, and on his refusal snapped 'his musket at him twice, which luckily missed fire. The ne- 'gro, however, became intimidated, and followed him. Pat- 'rick now shouldered his musket, marched off before, and 'on his way up the mountains exultingly informed the negro

'he was henceforth to work for him, and become his slave, and 'that his good or bad treatment would depend on his future 'conduct; but arriving at a narrow defile, and perceiving Pat- 'rick off his guard, the negro seized the moment, grasped him 'in his arms, threw him down, tied his hands behind, shoulder- 'ed him, and carried him to his boat, and when the crew had 'arrived, he was taken on board the ship. An English smug- 'gler was lying in the harbour at the same time, the captain of 'which sentenced Patrick to be severely whipped on board 'both vessels, which was put in execution, and he was after- 'wards taken on shore handcuffed by the Englishmen, who 'compelled him to make known where he had concealed the 'few dollars he had been enabled to accumulate from the sale 'of his potatoes and pumpkins, which they took from him; and 'while they were busy in destroying his hut and garden, the 'wretched being made his escape, and concealed himself 'among the rocks in the interiour of the island, until the ship 'had sailed, when he ventured from his skulking place, and by 'means of an old file, which he drove into a tree, freed him- 'self from the handcuffs. He now meditated a severe re- 'venge, but concealed his intentions. Vessels continued to 'touch there, and Patrick, as usual, to furnish them with vege- 'tables; but from time to time he was enabled, by admister- 'ing potent draughts of his darling liquor to some of the men 'of their crews, and getting them so drunk that they were ren- 'dered insensible, to conceal them until the ship had sailed; 'when, finding themselves entirely dependent on him, they 'willingly enlisted under his banners, became his slaves, and 'he the most absolute of tyrants. By this means he had aug- 'mented the number to five, including himself, and every 'means was used by him to endeavour to procure arms for 'them, but without effect. It is supposed that his object was 'to have surprised some vessel, massacred her crew, and 'taken her off. While Patrick was meditating his plans, two 'ships, an American and an English vessel, touched there and 'applied to Patrick for vegetables. He promised them the 'greatest abundance, provided they would send their boats to 'his landing, and their people to bring them from his garden, 'informing them that his rascals had become so indolent of 'late that he could not get them to work. This arrangement 'was agreed to; two boats were sent from each vessel, and

'hauled on the beach. Their crews all went to Patrick's habitation, but neither he nor any of his people were to be found; and after waiting until their patience was exhausted, they returned to the beach, where they found only the wreck of three of their boats, which were broken to pieces, and the fourth one missing. They succeeded, however, after much difficulty, in getting around to the bay opposite to their ships, where other boats were sent to their relief; and the commanders of the ships, apprehensive of some other trick, saw no security except in a flight from the island, leaving Patrick and his gang in quiet possession of the boat; but before they sailed they put a letter in a keg, and moored it in the bay, where it was found by a captain Randall, but not until he had sent his boat to Patrick's landing, for the purpose of procuring refreshments; and, as may be easily supposed, he felt no little inquietude until her return, when she brought him a letter from Patrick to the following purport, which was found in his hut.

'Sir,

'I have made repeated applications to captains of vessels to sell me a boat, or to take me from this place, but in every instance met with a refusal. An opportunity presented itself to possess myself of one, and I took advantage of it. I have been a long time endeavouring, by hard labour and suffering, to accumulate wherewith to make myself comfortable, but at different times have been robbed and maltreated, and in a late instance by captain Paddock, whose conduct in punishing me, and robbing me of about 500 dollars, in cash and other articles, neither agrees with the principles he professes, nor is it such as his sleek coat would lead one to expect.*

'On the 29th May, 1809, I sail from the enchanted island in the Black Prince, bound to the Marquesas.

'Do not kill the old hen; she is now sitting, and will soon have chickens. (Signed) Fatherless Oberlus.

'Patrick arrived alone at Guyaquil in his open boat, the rest who sailed with him having perished for want of water, or, as is generally supposed, were put to death by him, on his finding the water to grow scarce. From thence he

* 'Captain Paddock was of the society of friends, commonly called quakers.'

'proceeded to Payta, where he wound himself into the affec-
'tion of a tawny damsel, and prevailed on her to consent to
'accompany him back to his enchanted island, the beauties of
'which he no doubt painted in glowing colours; but from his
'savage appearance, he was there considered by the police as
'a suspicious person, and being found under the keel of a
'small vessel then ready to be launched, and suspected of some
'improper intentions, he was confined in Payta gaol, where he
'now remains; and probably owing to this circumstance
'Charles' island, as well as the rest of the Gallapagos, may re-
'main unpopulated for many ages to come. This reflection
'may naturally lead us to a consideration of the question con-
'cerning the population of the other islands scattered about the
'Pacifick Ocean, respecting which so many conjectures have
'been hazarded. I shall only hazard one, which is briefly
'this: that former ages may have produced men equally as
'bold and as daring as Pat, and women as willing as his tender
'one to accompany them in their adventurous voyages. And
'when we consider the issue which might be produced from
'a union between a red-haired wild Irishman, and a copper-
'coloured mixt-blooded squaw, we need not be any longer sur-
'prised at the different varieties in human nature.

'If Patrick should be liberated from durance, and should
'arrive with his love at this enchanting spot, perhaps (when nei-
'ther Pat nor the Gallapagos are any longer remembered)
'some future navigator may surprise the world by a discovery
'of them, and his accounts of the strange people with which
'they may probably be inhabited; and from the source from
'which they shall have sprung, it does not seem unlikely that
'they will have one trait in their character, which is common
'to the natives of all the islands in the Pacifick, a disposition to
'appropriate to themselves the property of others; and from
'this circumstance future speculators may confound their origin
'with that of all the rest.' pp. 140—145.

The description of the Gallapagos turtles is very extraordinary, and it seems that the whalers of the South Sea may enjoy a feast that would excite the envy of an alderman.

Captain Porter in another place says, 'one remarkable pe-
'culiarity of this animal is, that the blood is cold. I shall leave
'it to those better acquainted with natural history to investigate
'the cause of a circumstance so extraordinary; my business is

'to state facts, not to reason on them.' From this he does not appear to be aware that there is a numerous class of cold blooded reptiles.

'The possession of these vessels, besides the great satisfaction it produced, was attended by another advantage of no less importance, as it relieved all our wants except one, to wit, the want of water. From them we obtained an abundant supply of cordage, canvas, paints, tar, and every other article necessary for the ship, of all of which she stood in great need, as our slender stock brought from America had now become worn out and useless; and besides the articles necessary for the ship, we became supplied with a stock of provisions, of a quality and quantity that removed all apprehensions of our suffering for the want of them for many months, as those vessels when they sailed from England, were provided with provisions and stores for upwards of three years, and had not yet consumed half their stock; all were of the best quality; and, were it only for the supplying our immediate wants, the prizes were of the greatest importance to us. We found on board of them, also, wherewith to furnish our crew with several delicious meals. They had been in at James' Island, and had supplied themselves abundantly with those extraordinary animals the tortoises of the Gallapagos, which properly deserve the name of the elephant tortoise. Many of them were of a size to weigh upwards of three hundred weight; and nothing, perhaps, can be more disagreeable or clumsy than they are in their external appearance. Their motion resembles strongly that of the elephant; their steps slow, regular, and heavy; they carry their body about a foot from the ground, and their legs and feet bear no slight resemblance to the animal to which I have likened them; their neck is from 18 inches to 2 feet in length, and very slender; their head is proportioned to it, and strongly resembles that of a serpent; but, hideous and disgusting as is their appearance, no animal can possibly afford a more wholesome, luscious, and delicate food than they do; the finest green turtle is no more to be compared to them, in point of excellence, than the coarsest beef is to the finest veal; and after once tasting the Gallapagos tortoises, every other animal food fell greatly in our estimation. These animals are so fat as to require neither butter nor lard to cook them, and this fat does not possess that cloy-

'ing quality, common to that of most other animals; and when 'tried out, it furnishes an oil superiour in taste to that of the 'olive. The meat of this animal is the easiest of digestion, 'and a quantity of it exceeding that of any other food, can be 'eaten, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. But 'what seems the most extraordinary in this animal, is the length 'of time that it can exist without food; for I have been well 'assured, that they have been piled away among the casks in 'the hold of a ship, where they have been kept eighteen months, 'and, when killed at the expiration of that time, were found to 'have suffered no diminution in fatness or excellence. They 'carry with them a constant supply of water, in a bag at the 'root of the neck, which contains about two gallons; and on 'tasting that found in those we killed on board, it proved per-'fectly fresh and sweet. They are very restless when expos-'ed to the light and heat of the sun, but will lie in the dark 'from one year's end to the other without moving; in the day-'time they appear remarkably quicksighted and timid, drawing 'their head into their shell on the slightest motion of any ob-'ject; but they are entirely destitute of hearing, as the loudest 'noise, even the firing of a gun, does not seem to alarm them 'in the slightest degree, and at night, or in the dark, they ap-'pear perfectly blind. After our tasting the flesh of those ani-'mals, we regretted that numbers of them had been thrown 'overboard by the crews of the vessels before their capture, to 'clear them for action; but a few days afterwards, at day-light 'in the morning, we were so fortunate as to find ourselves sur-'rounded by about fifty of them, which were picked up and 'brought on board, as they had been lying in the same place 'where they had been thrown over, incapable of any exertion 'in that element, except that of stretching out their long necks.' pp. 161, 162.

The second volume begins with his passage to the Washington Islands, so named by Captain Ingraham of Boston, by whom, and by Captain Roberts of the same place they were first discovered. The English and the French visited them the same year. By all these nations they have received different names, none of which we think so pleasing or sonorous as the name given them by their inhabitants. For instance, the principal island is called by Captain Porter Madison's Island,

the English call it Sir Henry Martin's Island, and the French Isle Baux. Now unquestionably the Americans have the best right, if indeed there be any right at all in the case, to give them a new name, and *Madison's* Island reads better than *Sir Henry Martin's*, and much better than the bold, awkward, abrupt French name of *Isle Baux;* but we decidedly prefer the native appellation *Nooaheevah*, to either; it is softer, sounds better, is less liable to be confounded with other places, and has more propriety in its favour. This trick of nicknaming every thing, so common with the nations of Europe as well as our selves, has many inconveniences, and it is particularly vexatious where a fine sonorous name is abolished, for some ordinary one, which is already given to several places. It will at least be going far enough to make a change when the aboriginal name is barbarous in sound, and difficult to pronounce.

The island of *Nooaheevah* contains eight tribes, who can furnish about nineteen thousand fighting men. They occupy different valleys, and are frequently at war with each other, but these wars are generally bloodless, since in the quarrel between the Tayehs and the Happahs, in which the former were assisted by Captain Porter, the number of killed was only five, and this was considered a very sanguinary contest. It would be interesting to know what are the checks to population. The climate is mild and serene, the inhabitants prolifick, wars are not destructive, and there is no emigration. Yet there must be some obstacle to the increase of the people, or the island would have been long since overstocked. Captain Porter speaks of two or three small parties that at different periods have set out to go to another island which they believe is at no great distance from them, but the existence of which is very uncertain, and none of the emigrants have ever been heard from; it is probable that they perished. Captain Porter has given a drawing of *Mouina*, the *chief warriour* of the Tayehs, a very fine figure most curiously tattooed. The beauty and fancy of the lines and ornaments are very striking, and his whole appearance strongly recalls the coats of mail formerly worn in Europe. The *civil chief* of the Tayees is thus described.

'Soon after I had sent my present on shore, Gattanewa 'came on board in a boat which I had sent for him, accom-

'panied by Mr. Maury. I had seen several of their warriours 'since I had arrived, many of them highly ornamented with 'plumes, formed of the feathers of cocks and man-of-war birds, 'and with the long tail feathers of the tropick bird; large tufts 'of hair were tied around their waists, their ankles, and their 'loins: a cloak, sometimes of red cloth, but more frequently of 'a white paper cloth, formed of the bark of a tree, thrown not 'inelegantly over the shoulders, with large round or oval orna-'ments in their ears, formed of whales' teeth, ivory, or a kind 'of soft and light wood, whitened with chalk; from their neck 'suspended a whale's tooth, or highly polished shell, and round 'their loins several turns of the stronger kind of paper-'cloth, the end of which hangs before in the manner of an 'apron: this with a black and highly polished spear of about 'twelve feet in length, or a club richly carved, and borne on 'the shoulders, constitutes the dress and equipment of a native 'warriour, whose body is highly and elegantly ornamented by 'tattooing, executed in a manner to excite our admiration. 'This is a faithful picture of a warriour, and of the chief of 'such warriours I had formed an exalted opinion; but what was 'my astonishment when Gattanewa presented himself; an in-'firm old man of seventy years of age, destitute of every covering 'or ornament except a clout about his loins, and a piece of palm 'leaf tied about his head: a long stick seemed to assist him in 'walking; his face and body were as black as a negro's, from 'the quantity of tattooing, which entirely covered them, and 'his skin was rough, and appeared to be peeling off in scales, 'from the quantity of kava (an intoxicating root) with which he 'had indulged himself. Such was the figure that Gattanewa 'presented; and as he had drank freely of the kava before he 'made his visit, he appeared to be perfectly stupid. After he 'had been a short time on deck, I endeavoured to impress him 'with a high opinion of our force; and for this purpose assem-'bled all my crew: it scarcely seemed to excite his attention. 'I then caused a gun to be fired, which seemed to produce no 'other effect on him, than that of pain; he complained that it 'hurt his ears: I then invited him below, where nothing what-'ever excited his attention, until I showed him some whales' 'teeth: this roused the old man from his lethargy, and he 'would not be satisfied until I had permitted him to handle, to

'measure and count them over and over, which seemed to afford 'him infinite pleasure. After he had done this repeatedly, I put 'them away; and shortly afterwards asked him if he had seen 'any thing in the ship that pleased him; if he did, to name it 'and it should be his: he told me he had seen nothing which 'had pleased him so much as one of the small whales' teeth; 'which on his describing, I took out and gave to him: this he 'carefully wrapped up in one of the turns of his clout; begging 'me not to inform any person that he had about him an article 'of so much value: I assured him I should not: and the old 'man threw himself on the settee, and went to sleep. In a 'few minutes he awoke, somewhat recovered from his stupidi- 'ty, and requested to be put on shore: he, however, previous 'to his departure, wished me to exchange names with him, and 'requested me to assist him in his war with the Happahs: to 'the first I immediately consented: but to the latter request, I 'told him I had come to be at peace with all on the island; 'that I wished to see him at peace with the Happahs; and 'that I should not engage in any hostilities, unless the Happahs 'came into the valley; in which case I should protect him and 'his people. He told me they had cursed the bones of his 'mother, who had died but a short time since: that as we had 'exchanged names, she was now my mother, and I was bound 'to espouse her cause. I told him I would think of the sub- 'ject, and did not think it necessary to make any farther reply 'to the old man's sophistry.' pp. 27, 28.

Captain Porter gives an account of a singular ceremony among these people called *tabooing*. The substantive '*tabboo* 'signifies an interdiction, an embargo, or restraint.' An involuntary smile was excited, at the coincidence of finding a new word for *embargo* in '*Madison's Island*,' and we shall extract the passage relating to it, humbly suggesting to those who are competent to decide, the propriety of adopting it, should a certain series of measures ever be renewed, as the multiplicity of those acts made it very difficult to distinguish them. Though we most fervently hope that the nation may never be *tabooed* again, yet the word is worth entering in the dictionary of our cabinet language.

'I am not acquainted with the ceremony of laying on these 'tabbooes, which are so much respected by the natives. They

'are, however, laid by the priests, from some religious motive. 'Sometimes they are general, and affect a whole valley, as the 'present; sometimes they are confined to a single tribe; at 'others to a family, and frequently to a single person. The 'word tabboo signifies an interdiction, an embargo, or restraint; 'and the restrictions during the period of their existence may 'be compared to the lent of the catholicks. They sufier, 'during this period, many privations; they are not allowed to 'use paint, of which they are very fond, to ornament their 'bodies; they are neither allowed to dance nor sing; the 'chiefs are bound to abstain from women; nor are they in 'many instances, allowed to enter the houses frequented by 'them. They have tabbooed places, where they feast and 'drink kava--tabbooed houses where dead bodies are deposit-'ed, and many of their trees, and even some of their walks are 'tabbooed. The women are, on no occasion whatever, allow-'ed to enter their places of feasting, which are houses raised 'to the height of six or eight feet on a platform of large stones, 'neatly hewn and fitted together, with as much skill and exact-'ness as could be done by our most expert masons; and some 'of them are one hundred yards in length and forty yards in 'width, surrounded by a square of buildings executed in a style 'of elegance, which is calculated to inspire us with the most 'exalted opinion of the ingenuity, taste, and perseverance of a 'people, who have hitherto remained unnoticed and unknown 'to the rest of mankind. When we consider the vast labour 'requisite to bring from a distance the enormous rocks which 'form the foundation of these structures (for they are all brought 'from the sea side, and many of them are eight feet long and four 'feet thick and wide) and reflect on the means used in hewing 'them into such perfect forms, with tools perhaps little harder 'than the materials worked on, for the appearance of many of 'these places strongly mark their antiquity, and their origin can 'no doubt be traced to a period antecedent to their knowledge 'of iron, and when we count the immense numbers of such 'places which are every-where to be met with, our astonish-'ment is raised to the highest, that a people in a state of na-'ture, unassisted by any of those artificial means which so much 'assist and facilitate the labour of the civilized man, could have 'conceived and executed a work which, to every beholder,

'must appear stupendous. These piles are raised with views 'to magnificence alone; there does not appear to be the slight- 'est utility attending them: the houses situated on them are 'unoccupied, except during the period of feasting, and they 'appear to belong to a publick, without the whole efforts of 'which, they could not have been raised, and with every exer- 'tion that could possibly have been made, years must have 'been requisite for the completion of them.

'These publick houses differ not much from the houses be- 'longing to individuals except in the degree of elegance with 'which they are finished. Those which I have now in view 'to describe are situated round a publick square, high up the 'valley of the Havvouhs, and are sixteen in number. Four 'large pillars, neatly formed of the bread-fruit tree, are planted 'in the ground, extending to the height of twenty feet above 'the surface; in the upper end is a crutch for the reception of 'a long and slender cocoa-nut tree, which is neatly polished: 'this forms the ridge-pole of the houses, and is the chief sup- 'port of the structure. From this ridge-pole, with the lower 'ends inclining out about five feet, are placed bamboos, of 'equal sizes, at the distance of two or three inches asunder, 'with the lower ends planted in the ground; and to give them 'additional stability they are neatly and firmly secured by turns 'of different coloured sinnet to the well polished trunk of a 'cocoa-nut tree: across this row of bamboos is lashed, with 'the utmost neatness and strength, rows of smaller bamboos, 'placed in a horizontal position, and this forms a frame work 'for the back part of the house, which also answers for one 'side of the roof. At the distance of five feet in advance of 'the aforesaid long pillars are fixed in the ground four uprights, 'extending eight feet above the surface, having also a crutch 'for the reception of a cocoa-nut tree, or sometimes a piece of 'hewn timber neatly fashioned for the purpose. This also ex- 'tends the whole length of the house, and serves to support 'the front part of the roof, which is formed of the same mate- 'rials, and is secured in the same manner as the back part of the 'building. The ends are, in like manner, closed in, as sometimes 'are the sides, for the distance of twelve feet, forming at each end 'of the house a small room. The frame work being completed, 'they proceed to cover it, first with the leaves of the palm

'tree, and next with those of the bread-fruit tree, which 'are laid on with surprising neatness and regularity, and give 'it an appearance of beauty, security, and durability not to be 'equalled by our best mode of shingling. The building is 'then divided longitudinally into two equal parts, by placing 'from one end to the other, in the middle, the trunk of a 'cocoa-nut tree: the part toward the front is then neatly paved 'with smooth stones: the back part is covered with the finest 'mats, and is occupied as a sleeping place for the whole fami-'ly: the middle tree serving for them to place their feet 'against, and a similar one placed against the back of the 'building serves them as a pillar. The external and more 'useful parts of the house being finished, they proceed to or-'nament it by covering the bamboos, which form the frame 'work, with different coloured cocoa-nut sinnet put on in the 'most fanciful manner, while the upright columns are covered 'first by layers of their finest and whitest cloth, which is firm-'ly secured on by the sinnet aforesaid, in such a manner, as to 'give them, at a short distance, the appearance of being hand-'somely and fancifully painted. Sometimes, indeed, the col-'umns are richly carved in the form of gods, and give to the 'whole an air of grandeur and elegance which, although in a 'style differing from that of every people in the world, does 'not the less astonish.' pp. 42—44.

The religious ceremonies of these people, as described in this journal, resemble, in the main, those practised in the other islands. The whimsical puerilities make the account interesting, but we have no room to extract it. He left them several kinds of seeds, and some wheat which he planted, and instructed them how to cultivate. From the fondness they discovered for bread, it may be hoped that they will succeed in raising wheat. From the gentle, and in some respects superior qualities of these savages to most of the aborigines of the continent, civilization may perhaps be gradually introduced among them. The first step among all nations emerging from barbarism, is the worship of Ceres, and no people can be wholly barbarous who are in the habit of eating bread; when this becomes an article of food, the great bases of society, individual property, and permanency of habitation, are already laid. The latter of these is forced on these natives by their insular situation, and

their superiority to most tribes on the continent may be partly owing to this circumstance.

Captain Porter frequently compares his situation with that of Lord Anson, and the different losses they experienced. But he should recollect the great superiority of ships in the present day, the greater experience in navigation, and the various improvements that have been made for preserving the health of crews, which are so salutary, that with proper precaution health may be preserved through the longest voyage. The Essex however was not prepared for this undertaking; she was only fitted out for a common cruise, and neither her crew nor her stores were selected for a voyage round Cape Horn. Under these circumstances, there is much praise to be given to the skill and vigilance of her commander.

He disclaims all pretensions to fine writing, and gives his journal to the world at the solicitation of those who had seen it, not as the premeditated labour of a regular voyage of discovery, but as the plain journal of a sailor, composed for his own satisfaction. If it pleases the publick, he says he will put it into the hands of some friend, to make a second edition of it more worthy of the publick. There is more fairness than policy in this mode of proceeding. A striking feature in the composition of this journal, is the frankness with which it is written. The author has narrated every thing, and as he has not disguised any thing, that others would have suppressed, he has laid himself open to those, who are disposed to judge him harshly. We have been sufficiently interested in the perusal of this work to wish that it might have a second edition, and be reduced to the compass of one volume. There are many pages in its present state that are not interesting to the publick. There are several passages that should be expunged. There are occasional mistakes in the language, that want correction, some of them are perhaps errours of the press. For example, the word *trend* is obsolete. Johnson gives the authority of Dryden for it, but it is no better than *tend* of which he supposes it to be a corruption; *rig* is used as a substantive; *herculian* for Herculean; *bonetta* for bonito, &c. &c. There are several plates that are tolerably executed from drawings by Captain Porter. On the whole, if he will put it into the hands of some one versed in the mystery of book making, to correct these little faults, and strike out the useless parts of it, the work may form a very respectable addition to our books of travels.

The Lord of the Isles; a poem, by Walter Scott, Esq. Boston, republished by Wells & Lilly. pp. 367, 24mo. Price one dollar.

The poems of Mr. Scott have been so universally read, so often and so elaborately criticised, that nothing new can be said on the subject. The present production, to borrow an expression of Lord Byron's, is another of his 'triumphs over the fatal 'facility of the octosyllabick verse;' perhaps it may not be more than an ovation; it cannot compare with the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, or the Lady of the Lake. There is much mediocrity in this poem; it has no passage that can be placed in competition with several in those just mentioned, nor are there any which are particularly tame and insipid. It is one of the longest of his performances, and the notes occupy as much space as the poem of which they are the foundation. We think in the present instance, as in all he has published since the Lady of the Lake, he has rather added to his fortune than increased his fame; his later works may be reprinted, but the former ones only will be read by posterity. With all our reverence for the old school of poetry, for the versification of Dryden and Pope, and aware how fleeting is that popularity, which was caught by the novelty of his manner, and the romance of his subjects, we still believe, that the freshness, energy, relief and transparency of his description, as well as the vigour and enthusiasm of some of his sentiments, will ensure him immortality.

The restoration of the Scottish monarchy by Robert Bruce in 1307, and the events attending his enterprise from his return to Scotland, till he fought the decisive battle of Bannockburn, form the ground-work of this poem; but a very great part of its interest is derived from a romantick love story which is blended with it, and seems to be entirely the invention of the poet, as he cites no authority for it in the notes, though most of the incidents relating to Bruce, are historical facts. The scene opens in the Castle of Artornish belonging to Ronald, the Lord of the Isles, who was to marry Edith, the daughter of Lorn, a principal Scottish chief, the personal enemy of Bruce, and altogether in the English interest. According to the custom of that time, the bride had been taken to one of the castles of her

future husband. It was however a reluctant match on his part, as he had conceived a passion for Isabel, the sister of Bruce, then in a convent at Iona, where she afterwards took the veil. At the very time that the Lord of the Isles was on his way, from one of the islands accompanied by a fleet of boats, Bruce with his younger brother and sister, were in a frail bark, beating about, afraid to land in a district where they were all opposed to him. The miserable condition of the vessel however, forces him to seek for hospitality at this castle of Artornish. He lands, demands shelter, and with his brother and Isabel, is led into the festive hall, where Ronald Lorn, and many Highland chiefs are assembled to celebrate the nuptials, waiting only for the arrival of the abbot of Iona to perform the ceremony. The proud, majestick manners of Bruce leads to a discovery, and the whole party are thrown into the wildest confusion. Loon insists on destroying Bruce in revenge for the death of his relations killed by Bruce and his friends some years before. The presence of Isabel, and unwillingness to marry Edith, joined with national feelings, prompt Ronald to take the side of Bruce, in which course he is followed by many other chieftains. The abbot called upon to curse, blesses Bruce, predicts his success, and then sets out on his return. Lorn denounces vengeance, but on taking his departure, finds that his daughter and her nurse have fled. They had disguised themselves and entered the abbot's boat. This boat was afterwards taken by some assassins in the service of Lorn, who were employed by him to destroy Bruce. Edith, disguised in boy's clothes, became their prisoner, and pretended to be dumb. These ruffians are met with by Bruce, and in attempting to destroy him, are all killed, and Edith remains with him; he takes her as his page, his own having been killed in this encounter. There are in the following cantos many interesting scenes with Edith, who remains in disguise, and is with the Scottish army at the battle of Bannockburn, where she was left with a numerous body of the attendants in the rear, on a hill from that time called the Gillies (the Scotch term for servants) hill. At a critical moment of the battle, anxiety for Ronald makes her burst into a vehement call to those about her, to fly to their succour. As she was supposed to be dumb, this affected them like a miracle; they all moved on, the English army seeing them at a distance, took them for a reinforcement, and being still more dis-

heartened, fled from the sanguinary field, in which they had lost the flower of their army. After the battle, Ronald and Edith are united, and Robert is confirmed on the throne of Scotland.

This is a sketch of the main features of the story: we shall make several extracts from different parts, and which may enable those who have not seen the whole poem to estimate it in comparison with his former works. The introductory stanzas to this and many of his other works, are an imitation of Spenser's introductory verses to the cantos of his Faery Queen. The first of the following extracts is the commencement of the second canto; the next of the sixth, which is strongly descriptive of the termination of the late European war; the last, which is the conclusion of the poem, is full of feeling.

"Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board,
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!
Through the loud hall in joyous concert pour'd,
Let mirth and musick sound the dirge of Care!
But ask thou not if Happiness be there,
If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throe,
Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear;
Lift not the festal mask!—enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal wo."—C. II.

"O who, that shared them, ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening, and at prime;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won,
When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun!

"O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears!
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd,
The waste, the wo, the bloodshed, and the tears,
That track'd with terrour twenty rolling years,
All was forgot in that blithe jubilee!
Her down-cast eye even pale Affliction rears,
To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee,
That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace and liberty!"—C. VI.

" Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way ;
Go boldly forth ; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame.
There was—and O ! how many sorrows crowd
Into these two brief words !—*there was* a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allow'd,
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud !

" All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below !
What 'vails it us that patience to recall,
Which hid its own, to sooth all other wo ;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow
Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair ;—
And least of all, what 'vails the world should know,
That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there !"—C. VI.

We cannot help remarking, that the facility with which Mr. Scott introduces the most uncouth and barbarous Gaelick names, and blends them with the smoothest versification, creates almost a feeling of vexation in those who often labour in vain to produce harmonious rhymes, with common and flexible words. Many proofs of his power in this respect may be found in this poem. The following passages will shew the force and beauty of his descriptions. The first paints a wild scene near the sea shore in the Highlands, from canto third. The others are fragments from the relation of his voyage among the islands, from the fourth canto. The first of these describes the magnificent cave of Fingal in the island of Staffa.

" Awhile their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain-deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,
' St. Mary ! what a scene is here !
I've travers'd many a mountain-strand,
Abroad and in my native land,
And it has been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led ;
Thus, many a waste I've wander'd o'er,
Clombe many a crag, cross'd many a moor,
But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,

Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happ'd to roam.' "—

"No marvel thus the Monarch spake;
Far rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shatter'd way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen, but this, can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow;
On high Benmore green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencoe,
And copse on Cruchan-Ben,
But here, above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the springs sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side.

"And wilder, forward as they wound,
Where the proud cliffs and lake profound
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;
For from the mountain hoar,
Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,
So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Druid's stone
On its precarious base.
The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare,

And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or, on the eddying breezes whirl'd,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown."—CANTO III.

"Merrily, merrily, goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the groupe of islets gay
That guard fam'd Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturb'd repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And welter'd in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolong'd and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane,
That Nature's voice might seem to say,
'Well hast thou done, frail Child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard—but witness mine!'"—C. IV.

"Now launch'd once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fairy augury,
And steer for Arran's isle;
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-ghoil, 'the Mountain of the Wind,'

Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Lock-Ranza smile.
Thither their destin'd course they drew;
It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the landward view,
The ocean so serene;
Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd
O'er the calm deep, where hue of gold
With azure strove and green.
The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour,
The beach was silver sheen,
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,
With breathless pause between.
O who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!"—CANTO IV.

The description of the battle has many fine passages, though as a whole it is inferiour to the battle in Marmion. We regret that we can only take some fragments of it; the 19th, 20th, 24th, and 26th stanzas. The stratagem of digging holes to throw the cavalry into confusion, and which greatly contributed to the loss of the battle by Edward, is related in a very picturesque way.

"It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Sterling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah, gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'er match'd sought aid from heaven."

"On Gillie's hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum?
No!—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were toss'd,
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
And started from the ground;
Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frown'd."

"The king with scorn beheld their flight.
'Are these,' he said, 'our yeomen wight?
Each braggart churl could boast before,
Twelve Scottish lives his baldrick bore?
Fitter to plunder chase or park,
Than make a manly foe their mark.—
Forward, each gentleman and knight!
Let gentle blood shew generous might,
And chivalry redeem the fight!'—
To rightward of the wild affray,
The field shew'd fair and level way;
But in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That form'd a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banners spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,
As far as Sterling rock.
Down! down in headlong overthrow,
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field!

The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge ;—
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here !
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriours swell on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony !
They came like mountain-torrent red,
That thunders o'er its rocky bed ;
They broke like that same torrent's wave,
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.
Billows on billows burst and boil,
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,
And to their wild and tortured groan
Each adds new terrours of his own !"
" Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,
Unceasing blow by blow was met ;
The groans of those who fell
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang,
That from the blades and harness rang,
And in the battle yell.
Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,
Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot ;—
And O ! amid that waste of life,
What various motives fired the strife !
The aspiring Noble bled for fame,
The Patriot for his country's claim ;
This knight his youthful strength to prove,
And that to win his lady's love ;
Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,
From habit some, from hardihood.
But ruffian stern, and soldier good
The noble and the slave,
From various cause the same wild road,
On the same bloody morning, trode,
To that dark inn, the Grave !"—Canto VI.

One more quotation from the notes is subjoined for the use of our orators. The means hitherto tried to obtain eloquence and inspiration have sometimes failed; perhaps this receipt may be worth trying. Laying on the back in a dark room, with the head bound up, and a weight on the belly, appears to be a singular posture for studying. We hope some of our patriotic speakers may be induced to try the experiment according to this ancient Highland process, and communicate the result for the publick good.

'The character of the Highland bards, however high in an 'earlier period of society, seems soon to have degenerated. 'The Irish affirm, that in their kindred tribes severe laws be- 'came necessary to restrain their avarice. In the Highlands 'they seem gradually to have sunk into contempt, as well as 'the orators, or men of speech, with whose office that of family 'poet was often united.

'"The orators, in their language called Isdane, were in high 'esteem both in these islands and the continent; until within 'these forty years, they sat always among the nobles and chiefs 'of families in the streah, or circle. Their houses and little 'villages were sanctuaries, as well as churches, and they took 'place before doctors of physick. The orators, after the 'Druids were extinct, were brought in to preserve the gene- 'alogy of families, and to repeat the same at every succession 'of chief: and upon the occasion of marriages and births, they 'made epithalamiums and panegyricks, which the poet or bard 'pronounced. The orators, by the force of their eloquence, 'had a powerful ascendant over the greatest men in their time; 'for if any orator did but ask the habit, arms, horse, or any 'other thing belonging to the greatest man in these islands, it 'was readily granted them, sometimes out of respect, and 'sometimes for fear of being exclaimed against by a satire, 'which in those days was reckoned a great dishonour: but 'these gentlemen becoming insolent, lost ever since both the 'profit and esteem which was formerly due to their character; 'for neither their panegyricks nor satires are regarded to what 'they have been, and they are now allowed but a small salary. 'I must not omit to relate their way of study, which is very 'singular: They shut their doors and windows for a day's 'time, and lie on their backs, with a stone upon their belly, and 'plads about their heads, and their eyes being covered, they 'pump their brains for rhetorical encomium or panegyrick; 'and indeed they furnish such a stile from this dark cell, as is 'understood by very few: and if they purchase a couple of 'horses as the reward of their meditation, they think they have 'done a great matter. The poet, or bard, had a title to the 'bridegroom's upper garb, that is, the plad and bonnet; but 'now he is satisfyed with what the bridegroom pleases to give 'him on such occasions." '—NOTE 10 to C. II.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNALS.

The Barometer and Thermometer used in the following observations, are of the best construction. The Barometer is provided with a floating guage and scale of correction. The heights of the mercury are reduced to the temperature of 55° of Fahrenheit. The instruments are placed upon the side of a building having a northern aspect, about eleven feet from the ground, and thirty-one above the mean level of the sea.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 1815.

	Barometer.			Thermom.			Face of Sky.		Winds.	
Day.	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 A. M.	7 A. M.	9 P. M.	7 A. M.	9 P. M.
1	29.90	30.03	30.15	30	39	28	Fair	Fair	W 2	W
2	30.14	29.99	30.02	34	33	29	Clo	Clo	S E	E 2
3	30.20	30.23	30.29	28	43	28	Clo	Fair	N	W
4	30.32	30.09	29.92	33	48	48	Clo	Clo	S	S W 2
5	29.78	29.81	30.18	51	51	41	Clo	Clo	S W 2	E 1
6	30.33	30.30	30.39	38	40	33	Clo	Clo	S E	W
7	30.37	30.31	30.26	38	55	38	Clo	Clo	N W	E
8	30.10	30.05	30.09	34	38	33	Fair	Fair	E	E
9	30.34	30.35	30.35	30	45	31	Fair	Fair	N	E
10	30.36	30.18	30.00	37	5[illegible]	40	Fair	Clo	S W	S E
11	29.80	29.56	30.67	40	68	53	Clo	Fair	E	W
12	30.00	30.04	30.11	43	60	35	Fair	Fair	W 1	W
13	30.09	29.37	29.98	43	63	51	Fair	Clo	S W 1	W 1
14	29.98	29.97	29.98	43	58	52	Fair	Fair	E	N
15	30.12	30.10	30.02	32	48	38	Fair	Clo	N W 2	W
16	29.85	29.68	29.80	43	62	57	Clo	Fair	S W	N W
17	30.62	30.00	30.03	37	54	42	Fair	Fair	N W	S W
18	30.69	30.01	30.02	44	63	46	Clo	Fair	S	W
19	29.98	29.71	29.71	43	48	39	Clo	Clo	W	N E
20	29.92	29.96	30.06	4[illegible]	53	37	Clo	Clo	N 2	N W
21	30.11	30.15	30.15	39	52	43	Fair	Fair	N	E
22	30.03	29.88	30.50	4[illegible]	40	40	Clo	Clo	S E	N E 3
23	29.48	29.51	29.72	3[illegible]	40	41	Clo	Clo	N 3	N W
24	30.04	30.40	30.46	4[illegible]	48	34	Fair	Fair	N W	N W
25	30.63	30.60	30.45	35	48	37	Fair	Fair	N E	E
26	30.34	30.18	30.14	44	70	52	Fair	Fair	S	S 2
27	30.14	30.06	30.13	55	82	57	Fair	Fair	S W	S W
28	30.14	30.18	30.20	5[illegible]	48	38	Clo	Clo	N E 2	N E 1
29	30.06	29.98	29.96	3[illegible]	40	33	Clo	Clo	S E 1	N 1
30	29.88	29.59	30.04	37	52	42	Clo	Clo	N 1	N 2

Phe figures 1, 2, 3, denote the degrees of force of the wind.

Total of rain and snow reduced to water this month, 4.32.

MAY, 1815.

Day.	Barometer. 7 A. M.	Barometer. 2 P. M.	Barometer. 9 P. M.	Thermom. 7 A. M.	Thermom. 2 P. M.	Thermom. 9 P. M.	Face of Sky 7 A. M.	Face of Sky 9 P. M.	Winds. 7 A. M.	Winds. 9 P. M.
1	30.16	30.14	30.12	39	54	39	Fair	Fair	N W 1	W
2	30.15	30.07	29.98	40	56	44	Fair	Clo	E 1	E
3	29.84	29.03	29.90	40	40	37	Clo	Clo	N E 2	N E 2
4	29.92	29.91	30.02	42	56	42	Clo	Fair	N	W
5	30.12	30.11	30.16	42	62	45	Fair	Fair	N W	W
6	30.15	30.16	30.16	39	55	44	Fair	Clo	S E	E
7	30.13	30.12	30.13	41	47	40	Clo	Clo	E	N E
8	30.14	30.12	30.11	38	47	39	Clo	Fair	E 1	S W
9	30.10	29.98	29.96	43	59	41	Fair	Fair	W 1	W
10	29.92	29.92	30.01	45	58	42	Fair	Fair	W 1	W
11	30.06	30.04	30.04	45	62	48	Clo	Clo	N W	W
12	30.06	30.06	29.96	45	58	54	Fair	Clo	W	E 1
13	29.75	29.89	29.93	52	60	48	Clo	Clo	W 2	E
14	27.99	30.04	30.08	42	53	38	Fair	Fair	N W 2	W
15	30.09	30.11	30.14	46	56	57	Fair	Fair	N W 2	W
16	30.22	30.17	30.14	45	64	48	Fair	Clo	N W	S W
17	30.08	29.94	29.80	50	51	48	Clo	Clo	S	S W
18	29.97	29.98	30.03	55		53	Fair	Clo	N W 1	N
19	30.02	29.98	29.81	44	40	38	Clo	Clo	N E 2	N E
20	29.80	29.98	30.02	41	55	42	Clo	Fair	N W	N W 1
21	30.08	30.09	30.13	50	68	53	Fair	Fair	W 1	W 1
22	30.19	30.22	30.25	54	76	58	Clo	Fair	W 1	W 1
23	30.18	30.10	30.06	57	74	55	Fair	Fair	W 1	W 2
24	30.04	29.94	29.95	65	78	58	Clo	Fair	S W	W
25	29.95	30.01	30.05	60	74	58	Fair	Clo	S W	S W
26	30.11	30.11	30.12	57	71	56	Fair	Clo	N	W
27	30.09	30.07	29.97	62	79	66	Fair	Clo	W	SW2
28	29.97	29.76	29.74	62	79	75	Clo	Fair	E	S W
29	29.75	29.90	29.99	62	73	52	Clo	Fair	N E 1	W
30	30.06	30.06	30.09	53	68	54	Fair	Fair	W 1	W 1
31	30.20	30.19	30.20	52	63	54	Fair	Clo	W	E 1

Total of rain and snow reduced to water, 2.30.

May 28, Thermometer up to 86° at 6 P. M.

BRUNSWICK, BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

APRIL, 1815.

	Thermometer.					Barometer.			Winds.		Weather.	
	7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	Maximum of cold.	Maximum of heat.	7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	7 30 A. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	7 30 A. M.	15 minutes after sunset.
1	30.5	38	32	27.5	39	29.50	29.72	29.82	N W	N W	Fair	Fair
2	25	32	29	10	33	29.90	29.86	29.82	N E	N E	Clo	Snow
3	26	42.5	33 5	21	44	29.93	29.97	30.02	N W	S W	Fair	Fair
4	36	40	37.5	26	40	30.04	29.90	29.72	S W	S	Snow	Rain
5	41	46		31.5	46	29.48	29.70	29.90	S W	N E	Clo	Fair
6	31.5	46	35	26.5	46	30.15	30.10	30.09	N E	S E	Clo	Clo
*7	38	48	42	30	49	30.06	30.06	30.06	S W	S W	Fair	Clo
8	35	40	33	30.5	44	29.91	29.90	29.90	E	N E	Snow	Snow
9	33	47	37	29	50	30.06	30.09	30.10	N W	S W	Fair	Clo
10	36.5	48	38	26.5	49.5	30.01	29.98	29.90	S W	S	Fair	Clo
11	39.5	44	42.5	33	46	29.56	29.34	29.33	S E	S W	Clo	Fog
†12	40	48.5	45	33.7	50	29.73	29.79	29.82	N W	S W	Fair	Fair
13	39	58 5	47	28.5	60	29.77	29.67	29.70	S W	W	Fair	Fair
14	37	34	29.2	34	38.5	29.76	29.62	29.60	N E	N W	Snow	Clo
15	32	38.5	34.5	13.5	40	29.85	29.82	29 74	N W	S W	Fair	Clo
16	40	54	43	32	55.5	29.47	29.40	29.52	S W	N W	Fair	Fair
17	36	49	41	22.5	50	29.75	29.79	29.85	N W	S	Fair	Fair
18	43	50	42	34.5	51.5	29.89	29.90	29.92	S W	S E	Clo	Fair
19	43	45	38	27.5	45	29.75	29.57	29.51	S E	N W	Clo	Rain
‡20	43	54	46	35.7	61	29.70	29.75	29.82	N W	S W	Fair	Fair
21	40	56	45	31.5	60	29.97	29.99	29.97	S E	S E	Fair	Fair
22	40	49	45.5	26	50	29.85	29.78	29.63	N E	N E	Fair	Clo
23	37	41	40	35.5	41	29.31	29.34	29.42	N E	N E	Rain	Mist
24	42.5	46.5	41	39	47	29.77	29.91	30.09	N E	N E	Fair	Fair
25	36	46	89	23	47	30.33	30.32	30.29	N E	S W	Fair	Fair
26	44	63.5	62	36	66	29.96	29.88	29.81	S W	S W	Fair	Fair
27	54	75.5	59	42.5	77	29 79	29.80	29.85	S W	S W	Fair	Fair
28	47	64	47	45.5	65.5	30.12	30.13	30 08	N E	E	Fair	Clo
29	38	47	36.7	37	48	29.92	29.79	29.72	E	N E	Rain	Rain
30	37	49.5	44	32.5	50	29.64	29.67	29.79	N	N W	Clo	Clo
Mns.	38	48	40.5	30.1	49.6	29.82	27.81	29.82				

Mean temperature deduced from three observations each day 42.16°
ditto maxima of heat and cold 39.89
Mean pressure of the atmosphere - - - 29.82 in.
Greatest monthly range of barometer - - 1.02
Snow reduced to water and rain - - - 3.15

The maximum of heat, on the 27th, shows one of the extremes of our variable climate. On the 27th of April, 1814, the maximum of heat was 82.5°.

* Halo near sunset.
† Aurora Borealis.
‡ Bright halo about the moon.

MAY, 1815.

	Thermometer					Barometer.			Winds.		Weather.	
	7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	Maximum of cold.	Maximum of heat.	7 30 A. M.	1 P. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	7 30 A. M.	15 minutes after sunset.	7 30 A. M.	15 minutes after sunset.
1	42	54	50	31.5	56	29.88	29.87	29.89	N E	N	Fair	Fair
*2	42	51	42	24.5	52.5	29.90	29.80	29.74	S W	S W	Fair	Fair
3	42	37	38.5	37.5	38.5	29.68	29.69	29.68	E	N E	Hail	Clo
4	39	47	44	32	50	29.72	29.74	29.77	S W	S W	Rain	Fair
5	45	59	51	34	60	29.85	29.86	29.91	W	N W	Fair	Fair
6	46	58.5	45	33.5	60	29.95	29.99	29.99	N E	S	Fair	Fair
7	45	52	43	36	52.5	29.95	29.95	29.95	S E	S E	Rain	Clo
8	35.5	40	38	33	42	29.91	29.88	29 76	N E	N E	Snow	Clo
9	43	56	48.5	34.5	57.5	29.76	29 72	29.66	N W	S W	Fair	Fair
10	46	54	51	30	56	29.58	29.66	29.75	S W	N W	Fair	Fair
†11	48.5	61	48	29	63	29.87	29.77	29.77	S W	S W	Fair	Rain
‡12	49.5	68.5	46	34.5	71	29.80	29.80	29.69	S W	S	Fair	Rain
13	53	58.5	50	43.5	60	29.48	29.59	29.69	N W	N W	Fair	Fair
14	42.5	50	43	36	51.5	29.70	29.68	29.77	N W	N W	Fair	Fair
15	43	54	46.5	29.5	56	29.84	29.79	29.85	N W	N W	Fair	Fair
16	49	64	49	31	64	29.95	29.91	29.87	N W	S W	Fair	Fair
17	52	51.5	50	40	52	29.81	29.79	29.72	S	S	Fair	Rain
18	47	61.5	52.5	31	64	29.59	29.68	29.72	N W	N W	Fair	Fair
§19	42	41.5	34.5	38	42	29.94	29.90	29.70	N E	N E	Snow	Rain
20	42	50.5	45	34	52	29.46	29.51	29.56	N E	N W	Rain	Clo
21	47	65	58	30.5	68	29.76	29.77	29.83	N W	N W	Fair	Fair
22	57	76	52	35.5	78	29.95	29.96	29 90	W	S W	Fair	Fair
23	57	69	52	43.5	71	29.89	29.73	29.80	W	S W	Fair	Fair
24	51	70	52	47	71.5	29.79	29.74	29.71	W	S	Clo	Fair
25	55	74	58	37	79	29.74	29.71	29.72	S W	S	Fair	Clo
26	56	68	60	48.5	74	29.90	29.88	29.89	N W	N W	Fair	Fair
27	55	70	54	38.5	71	29.96	29.88	29.80	S W	S W	Fair	Clo
‖28	58	72	54	42.5	79	29.76	29.72	29.5	S W	S W	Fair	Clo
**29	56	70	64	50.5	70	29.55	29·60	29.7	N E	N W	Clo	Clo
30	50	70	68	45	73	29.72	29.78	29.7	N	N	Fair	Clo
31	56	63	51	43	65 ·	29.88	29.89	30.0	N W	S W	Fair	Clo
Mns.	48.1	59.2	49.6	36.6	61.3	29.79	29.78	29.77				

Mean temperature deduced from three observations each day - - 52.32°
ditto maxima of heat and cold - - - 48.94
Mean pressure of the atmosphere - - - 29.78 in.
Greatest monthly range of barometer - - - .54
Snow reduced to water and rain - - - 1.80

* Halo about sun, at 12 o'clock.
† Halo about sun, 11 o'clock, 45° diameter.
‡ Halo about sun, 11 o'clock, 45° diameter.
§ This day, 19th May, about four inches *snow* fell between 7 o'clock, A. M. and 12: some part of it remained till the following morning.
‖ Thunder.
** Thunder.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

KEPT AT ALBANY, BY DR. JONATHAN EIGHTS.

APRIL, 1815.

Day.	Thermom. 7 A. M.	Thermom. 3 P. M.	Thermom. 9 P. M.	Barometer. 7 A. M.	Barometer. 3 P. M.	Barometer. 9 P. M.	Winds. Morning.	Winds. Aftern.	Weather. Morning.	Weather. Aftern.
1	32	40	38	29.65	80	80	W	N W	Fair	Fair
2	36	38	36	29.70	60	65	S	S E	Snow	Clo
3	34	42	40	29.90	92	90	N W	W	Clo	Fair
4	40	50	50	29.80	65	58	S	S	Clo	Rain
5	50	48	46	29.15	60	85	S	N	Clo	Clo
6	42	48	42	29.90	98	30	S E	S	Clo	Rain
7	36	52	50	30.10	29.92	85	W	N	Fair	Clo & Rn
8	38	44	40	29.85	70	85	S	S E	Rain	Rain
9	40	50	46	30.00	3	30.00	N	N	Fair	Clo
10	44	46	48	29.95	65	60	S	S E	Fair	Rain
11	50	62	52	29.40	40	50	S	W	Clo	Fair
12	48	56	46	29.80	80	80	N W	N W	Fair	Fair
13	52	56	50	29.80	75	70	S	S W	Fair	Rain
14	46	44	44	29.60	60	70	N W	N W	Clo	Clo & Rn
15	36	52	48	29.90	68	68	S	S	Fair	Clo
16	45	56	50	29.53	50	55	S	N W	Fair	Fair
17	38	55	55	29.70	70	70	N	N	Fair	Clo
18	54	70	66	29.70	70	64	S	S E	Fair	Clo
19	58	58	56	29.50	50	50	S E	N	Rain	Clo
20	46	60	53	29.75	75	75	N W	N W	Fair	Fair
21	50	62	58	29.85	80	80	S	S	Fair	Fair
22	50	60	54	29.70	58	50	S	N W	Fair	Clo
23	48	50	52	29.35	45	60	N	N	Clo	Rain
24	48	54	46	29.82	30.5	10	N	N	Fair	Fair
25	46	58	52	30.20	10	8	N	S	Fair	Fair
26	50	68	66	30.5	29.90	85	S E	S E	Fair	Fair
27	58	75	66	29.85	85	90	S	S	Fair	Fair
28	58	66	56	29.80	85	85	S	S E	Fair	Fair
29	50	50	48	29.80	70	70	S	W	Rain	Rain
30	46	50	48	29.70	75	85	N	N W	Rain	Clo

Diseases.—Measles, Remittent Fevers, Rheumatisms, Gout, Intermittents.

MAY, 1815.

Thermom.				Barometer.			Winds.		Weather.	
Day.	7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	Morning.	Aftern.	Morning.	Aftern.
1	48	56	50	29.95	90	90	N	N	Fair	Clo
2	46	53	48	29.83	73	78	N	N	Clo	Clo
3	46	52	48	29.55	56	55	S	S E	Clo	Rain
4	48	56	50	29.68	75	80	W	W	Fair	Fair
5	48	58	52	29.95	95	95	W	W	Fair	Fair
6	48	52	52	29.90	80	80	S	S	Clo	Rain
7	48	50	50	29.70	80	80	S	W	Rain	Clo
8	46	52	48	29.85	85	85	N	N	Clo	Clo
9	48	52	52	29.80	70	65	S	S	Fair	Rain
10	50	48	46	29.75	70	70	W	W	Fair	Fair
11	46	54	50	29.75	70	75	S	S	Rain	Clo
12	45	55	56	29.80	45	45	S	S E	Clo	Rain
13	54	55	52	29.64	70	70	W	W	Clo	Fair
14	50	52	49	29.80	80	90	W	N	Fair	Clo
15	40	56	50	29.90	90	90	N	W	Clo	Fair
16	50	60	58	29.90	30. 5	29.85	W	S E	Fair	Fair
17	52	56	55	29.70	50	50	S	S	Clo	Clo
18	56	62	55	29.70	70	75	W	W	Fair	Fair
19	48	55	50	29.68	62	60	N W	N W	Rain	Clo
20	46	50	46	29.50	68	75	W	W	Clo	Clo
21	45	45	58	29.50	90	90	W	W	Fair	Fair
22	55	72	68	30.00	30.00	29.85	W	S	Fair	Fair
23	64	78	72	29.85	72	30.00	S	S	Fair	Fair
24	64	74	70	29.80	80	80	S	W	Fair	Fair
25	58	70	62	29.80	80	80	W	N W	Fair	Fair
26	60	70	65	29.90	29.90	90	W	W	Fair	Fair
27	56	74	70	29.90	90	75	W	S E	Fair	Fair
28	66	80	80	26.78	68	60	W	W	Fair	Fair
29	70	65	62	29.60	80	80	N W	N W	Rain	Fair
30	58	70	62	29.90	90	90	W	N W	Fair	Fair
31	66	72	66	29.90	62	82	S E	S E	Fair	Clo

Diseases.—Remittent and intermittent fevers, measles, gout, catarrhs, rheumatisms.—The remittent fevers were attended with a great suffusion of bile; the eyes, skin, nails, being highly coloured—Typhoid symptoms we represent in a number of cases.

T e month of May has been uncommonly cold and wet.—Vegetation muc backward.

May 19, rain and thunder.

MISCELLANEOUS AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICERS OF THE

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Elected at their annual meeting, May 30, 1815.

Edward H. Holyoke, M. D. President.
John T. Kirkland, D.D. L.LD. Vice President.

COUNSELLORS.

Hon. George Cabot,
Rev. John Lathrop, D.D.
Caleb Gannett, Esq.
Hon. John Davis, L.LD.
Rev. James Freeman, D.D.
Aaron Dexter, M.D.
Hon. Thomas Dawes,
Rev. Henry Ware, D.D.
Charles Bulfinch, Esq.
Wm. D. Peck, Professor Natural History.

John Farrar, Prof. Math. Recording Secretary.
Hon. Josiah Quincy, Corresponding Secretary.
Thomas L. Winthrop, Esq. Treasurer.
John C. Warren, M.D. Vice Treasurer.
Rev. Dr. Lathrop, Librarian.
John Gorham, M.D. Cabinet Keeper.

COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATIONS.

Rev. Dr. Kirkland.
Hon. Nathaniel Bowditch, Esq.
Prof. Farrar.
Rev. Dr. Freeman.
Prof. Willard.

The Linnæan Society of Massachusetts had their first quarterly meeting at the Athenæum, in June; when an introductory address was delivered to the members by the Hon. Judge Davis, which we have a hope may be published in the next number of this journal. This society, which has been very recently organized, has already made a considerable progress in collecting a cabinet of specimens in the different departments of Natural History; and their institution will hereafter be a splendid and valuable addition to our scientifick establishments.

The Massachusetts Bible Society have made their annual report in June, by which it appears, that they have distributed, in the course of the year, 2296 Bibles and 532 Testaments; that the receipts of the year, including the balance from last year of $2333,63, are $5377,12; that their expenditures are short of this sum $1631,49, which is a balance remaining in the treasurer's hands.

Wells & Lilly, Boston, have just published,

The Lord of the Isles, a poem, by Walter Scott, elegantly printed; price in extra boards *one dollar.*

An Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of Saint Paul, by Hannah More, two volumes in one, extra boards, price $1.

Edinburgh Review for *November*, 1814; being No. 47, price to subscribers $1 25. Edinburgh Review, volume *sixth*, price to subscribers $2 50.

A Letter to the Rev. S. Thacher, on the Aspersions contained in a late number of the Panoplist, on the Ministers of Boston and the vicinity, by Wm. E. Channing, Minister of the Church of Christ in Federal-street, Boston, second edition, price 20 cents sewed, $1 50 per dozen.

Latin Classicks, vols 5 and 6, of the works of Cicero; consisting of Orations.

They have in press, and will be ready in a few days, Discipline, a novel: by the author of Self Control; in two volumes 12mo. Also, Memoirs of the De Castro family.

William Plumer, Jun. of Epping, N. H. is preparing for publication, a History of the late war between the United States and Great-Britain. In reviewing the causes of the war, an account will be given of the most important controversies and negotiations, which have taken place between England and this country from the peace of 1783 to the war of 1812, accompanied by such notices of French aggressions as seem necessarily connected with the principal subject. Particular attention will also be bestowed on the effects of the war, on the state of parties, and the civil institutions of the United States; on the internal condition of the country, its commerce, arts, and manufactures; and on the probable influence of the late contest on the future relations of the two countries."

Four *Histories of the late war*, besides that of Mr. Plumer's in New-Hampshire, are advertised to be published. Some of them with plates. One in Philadelphia in 4 vols.; one in New-York; one at Cayuga, state of New-York; and one in Kentucky.

In a short time will be ready for the press, Travels through New-England and New-York.

In this work observations will be made concerning the Topography, Soil, Climate, Agriculture, Natural and Artificial Productions, Manufactures, Commerce, Learning, Manners, Morals, Government, and Religion, of these countries; the character of the aborigines; the first Colonists, and the present Inhabitants, will be exhibited; and remarks will be made concerning the accounts given of these countries, by European travellers.

The journies, whence these observations have been principally derived, have been made through most parts of both countries, and have occupied more than two years.

A work of this kind both for ourselves, as well as for foreigners, has long been wanting. We have no good descriptive work or our own country. Those who travel in it for amusement, or instruction, are obliged to grope their way without any guide, either to the natural beauties, the remarkable productions, or historical anecdotes, a knowledge of which affords such great assistance, and so much increases the pleasure of the traveller. Such a work is a desideratum. The publick, when they are informed, as we have been, that the author is the Rev. Dr. Dwight, President of Yale College, whose reputation has been too long established, to require any thing more than the mention of his name, will expect its publication with impatience.

Memoirs of John Howard Payne, the American Roscius; with criticisms on his acting in America, England, and Ireland, published in March—*price* 6*s.*

The Memoirs and confessions of Captain Thomas Ashe, author of the Spirit of the Book, Travels in America, &c. are preparing for the press. This *Captain* Ashe and *Sergeant* Cobbet, are the two principal authorities for all the libels published in England against the United States. The memoirs and confessions, if sincere, of a professed libeller, might be of some use.

In London and its suburbs, there were in the year 1814, 20,170 children christened, and 19,783 persons buried. Of these, 1343 were between 70 and 80—592 between 80 and 90—88 between 90 and 100—and 5 from 100 to 111 years of age. The number executed in London was seventeen.

The Russian Government has fixed on three *depots* for the importation of books: the cities of Riga and Revel, and by land, the town of Redeziwilow. Very few books are allowed to pass direct to Petersburgh, and French works especially are examined with great strictness.

Mr. Swartz has published at Leipsic, the History of Education, from the most ancient times to the present day. He begins by treating of education among the Indians, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Babylonians, the Arabs, Phenicians, Carthaginians, Phrygians and Lydians. The second period, which the writer calls the *classick period*, begins with the Hebrews, and passes on to the Greeks and Romans. The history of education among christians is divided into several periods; the *spread* of educa-

tion—the methods—the objects—have all acquired additional consequence in the estimation of the judicious.

The members of the French Institute, whose names were last year expunged, are Napoleon Bonaparte, Lucien Bonaparte, Joseph Bonaparte, Guyton de Morveau, Carnot, Monge, Cambaceres, Merlin, Ræderer, Garat, Sieyes, Lakanal, Gregoire, Cardinal Maury, and David the painter.

Mr. Olbers of Bremen, one of the most assiduous and successful observers in Europe, discovered a comet near the constellation of Perseus. It can only be seen with the best telescopes. At 55 minutes after 10 o'clock, it had 49° 7′ of right ascension, and 32° 7′ north declination. The 7th of March, at 40 minutes past 7, the right ascension was 49° 22′, and the north declination 32° 22′. Thus it advances slowly towards the constellation of Perseus in a north-east direction.

The Arch Duke Charles of Austria has composed a history of the Campaigns of 1796, which is announced for publication in the Vienna papers.

Lucien Bonaparte, in one of the notes to his poem on Charlemagne, has announced his intention to publish a second epick at some future time, the title of which is to be the *Cirneide*, from Cirnos, the Greek name of Corsica. The final expulsion of the Saracens from that island, with descriptions of the manners of the islanders, forms the subject. This poem, the author tells us, is intended to bear that relation to Charlemagne, which the Iliad bears to the Odyssey, as it will be in some measure connected with it; Isolier, one of the subordinate characters in Charlemagne, being its hero.

English Newspapers. By a return made to the House of Commons from the Post-Office, it appears, that in 1814, the number of

Daily papers sent to the Colonies was 129,503. charge *l.*12 14*s.*
do. to the Continent 215,762. charge from *l.*12 to *l.*14 6*s.*

Number of foreign papers imported was 62,301 from France, 4368 from the Netherlands, 3744 from Germany 5304 from all other parts. The number of newspapers despatched from the general Post-Office to different parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, for three months in 1814 and 1815, as follows:

	Daily Morning.	*Daily Eve.*	*Alternate Days.*	*W'kly.*
Feb. March, April, 1814.	16,537	290,259	98,378	81,291
Nov. Dec. 1814, Jan. 1815.	17,765	212,639	90,016	74,120.

The result is an increase of the Daily Morning Papers of 1229, and a decrease in three months of all the others, of 94,228. From this it would appear, that there are few things more affected by war than newspapers.

OBITUARY.

DEATHS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS AT HOME.

In New-Hampshire. In Bern, the widow Sarah Beebe, *in the 100th year of her age.*

In Massachusetts. At Plymouth, Hon. William Watson, aged 85. He held various important civil offices at different periods, and through a long life was a most respectable citizen. In Haverhill, Dr. Nathaniel Saltonstall, aged 69. He was descended of one of the oldest families in New-England. Never ambitious of publick, he practised all the duties and charities of private life, and died beloved and respected. At Gay-Head, Mrs. Skiff, aged 100 *years and nine months.* In Boston, Samuel Torrey, Esq. aged 57, a respectable merchant. James Ivers Esq. aged 88 years, a worthy citizen. In Alfred, Dr. John Hulbert, aged 83. In Stockbridge, Colonel E. Williams; both these venerable citizens were greatly respected. In Williamstown, Hon. Daniel Dewey, aged 48, lately a member of Congress, and one of the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. In Salem, George Crowninshield, Esq. aged 81.

In Rhode-Island. In Providence, Hon. Jabez Bowen, aged 76, for many years Chancellor of Brown University.

In New-Jersey. At New-Brunswick, Hon. Robert Morris, aged 71, District Judge of the District of New-Jersey.

In Pennsylvania. In Philadelphia, Brigadier General Jonathan Williams, aged 64, born in Boston. He was for many years at the head of the corps of Engineers, a vice-President of the American Philosophical Society, and recently elected a Member of Congress. General Francis Gurney, eminent for patriotism, services and virtues. Thomas Willing Francis, Esq. aged 48, an eminent merchant. In Lancaster, Rev. Henry Muhlenburg, D.D. aged 63, a distinguished scientifick character.

In Maryland. Hon. John Hanson Thomas, a very active and distinguished politician. General Roger Nelson, a patriot of the revolution, and a member of Congress.

In Virginia. Hon. Matthew Clay, Member of Congress.

In Louisiana. General F. L. Claiborne.

DEATHS BY VIOLENCE.

In New-Hampshire. In Dover, James Varney, suicide, by cutting his throat.

In Massachusetts. In Boston, F. Oberhart, a German confectioner, murdered in his shop between the hours of nine and ten in the evening. The perpetrators have not been discovered. A proclamation has been issued by the Governour, offering a reward of two hundred dollars for detection of the murderers.

In Maine. Mrs. Adams, wife of the High Sheriff of the county of Lincoln, was murdered in her own house in the middle of the day. Her husband was suspected of having committed this shocking crime, was arrested, has been tried and acquitted.

In Connecticut. In Reading, Mr. A. Nichols, suicide, by hanging himself with his garter.

In Vermont. In Plattsburgh, Andrew Toy, a soldier, killed accidentally while playing with bayonets with one of his comrades. In Waltham, near Middlebury, Isaac Hobbs, aged 73, was murdered by his son-in-law, Selab

Hickox. It is said, that a family quarrel had long existed; on the day of his death, Mr. Hobbs was at the house of Hickox, a contest arose, he was ordered out of the house, was followed by Hickox, and beaten by him with a club, so that he died. A jury of inquest pronounced a verdict of *wilful murder*. Hickox has been arrested.

In Pennsylvania. At Philadelphia, a young man named Emanuel Caux, shot himself.

In Maryland, Colonel Jarvis Spencer, assassinated by interposing to save the life of a friend.

In Virginia. At Norfolk, an under-sheriff, killed by a negro, whom he was conveying to prison.

In North-Carolina, Bela W. Strong, Esq. killed in a duel.

In South-Carolina. In Charleston, Dr. David Ramsay, aged 81, shot in the street by an insane person. Doctor Ramsay was the most distinguished literary character of the Southern States, and has published several valuable works. In the same city, a Jew Broker, named Devallers, killed in a quarrel with his brother-in-law, by a stroke from an umbrella stick. Captain E. Dick, of the United States 18th regiment, killed in a duel with Captain Hampton of the 43d regiment.

In Georgia, Robert Bessent, Esq. on his way to St. Mary's, was robbed and murdered by six Spaniards. He had with him in money and bonds, about 150,000 dollars, belonging to the United States. One of the assassins was shot in the attempt to apprehend him. Two men have been taken up on suspicion.

DEATHS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS ABROAD.

In England. Mrs. Abington, a celebrated Actress, at the age of 76. She had retired from the stage many years since. Many of the principal characters in the best modern comedies, were *originally* played by her. Sir William Shirley, Bart. aged 43, grandson of a former governour of Massachusetts—the title is extinct.

In Scotland. John Davies aged 108. He walked once every week till his death, six miles. Lieutenant General Sir James Stuart, who won the battle of Maida. William Harrison, Esq. F. R. S. aged 88. Lady Mary Fitzgerald, aged 90. Her death was occasioned by her clothes having accidentally caught fire. Captain R. H. Baudin, aged 83, the last remaining officer of the battle of Quebec, in which Wolfe was killed.

At Paris. The celebrated chemist, M. Parmentier, Lieutenant General Count de Serras.

At Vienna. M. Scavinger, one of the best chemists in Germany. He lost his life in preparing some Prussia acid, which he spilt on his arm.

In Switzerland. Dr. Mesmer, aged 81, the High Priest of Animal Magnetism. At Presburg, aged 82, the Princess Dowager of Lorraine.

At Venice. The Austrian General de Chasteller, stabbed by a Venetian lady in a fit of jealousy.

NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

Nº. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

The Simple Cobler of Aggavvam in America. Willing to help 'mend his Native Country, lamentably tattered, both in the upper-Leather and sole, with all the honest stiches he can take. And as willing never to bee paid for his work, by Old English wonted pay. It is his Trade to patch all the year long, gratis. Therefore I pray Gentlemen keep your purses. By Theodore de la Guard. In rebus arduis ac tenui spe, fortissima quæque consilia tutissima sunt.—*Cic. In English,*

When bootes and shoes are torne up to the lefts,
Coblers must thrust their awles up to the hefts.

This no time to feare Apelles gramm:
Ne Sutor quidem ultra crepidam.

London, printed by J. D. & R. I. for Stephen Bowtell, at the signe of the Bible in Popes Head-Alley, 1647.

This work is in its manner one of the most quaint and pedantick of a period, when quaintness and pedantry were the fashion; and in its principles one of the most violent and enthusiastick of an age, when violence and enthusiasm in religious affairs were almost universal. The author's political opinions are on the side of the Commonwealth party, though he professes great loyalty to the King: he shews himself to be a zealous puritan; and with willingness

to concede whatever is '*indifferent*;' he is the stubborn advocate of the most violent intolerance and relentless persecution. The work however is extremely curious, as the production of a scholar and a man of talents at so early a period of our history, and as affording many inferences respecting the state of society at that time. The author was *Nathaniel Ward*, born at Haverhill, in England, in 1570, the son of a clergyman of the established church. He received a degree of Master of Arts at Cambridge in 1595. He first studied law, travelled over several countries of the Continent. He studied under Pareus at Heidelberg, and there caught the principles of Calvinism, which proved afterwards to be of the most violent sort. He came to this country in 1634, and remained here some years, and was for a short period settled as a preacher at Ipswich, called Aggawam by the Indians. He returned to England in 1647, and settled at Sheffield, where he died.*

The following extracts will give an idea of his principles and style.

'My heart hath naturally detested foure things: The 'standing of the Apocrypha in the Bible; Forrainers dwell-'ing in my Countrey, to crowd our native Subjects into 'the corners of the Earth; Alchymized coines; Tolera-'tions of divers Religions, or of one Religion in segregant 'shapes: He that willingly assents to the last, if he exam-'ines his heart by day-light, his conscience will tell him, he 'is either an Athiest, or an Heretique, or an Hypocrite, or 'at best a captive to some lust: polypiety is the greatest 'impiety in the world. True Religion is *Ignis probationis*, 'which doth *congregare homogenea & segregare hetero-'genea*.'

'An easie head may soon demonstrate; that the premen-'tioned Planters, by Tolerating all Religions, had immazed 'themselves in the most intolerable confusions and inextri-'cable thraldoms the world ever heard of. I am perswaded 'the Devill himselfe was never willing with their proceedings, 'for feare it would breake his wind and wits to attend such a 'Province. I speake it seriously according to my meaning. 'How all Religions should enjoy their liberty, Iustice its

*In the Monthly Anthology for May, 1809, under the article *Retrospective Review*, there is a particular account of Ward, and his works.

† This probably alludes to Rhode Island.

'due regularity, Civil cohabitation morall honesty, in one 'and the same Iurisdiction, is beyond the Artique of my 'comprehension. If the whole conclave of Hell can so 'compromise, exadverse, and diamaticall contradictions, as 'to compolitize such a multimonstrous maufrey of hetero-'clytes and quicquidlibets quietly; I trust I may say with 'all humble reverence, they can doe more than the Senate 'of Heaven. My *modus loquendi* pardoned: I intirely 'wish much welfare and more wisdom to that Plantation.'

These extracts are a specimen of the author's implacable and intolerant spirit in religious matters. Like others of his school, his zeal can only be equalled by his rancour, and not satisfied with condemning the souls of those who differ from him to eternal perdition in the other world, he would devote their bodies to the most relentless persecution in this. How strange it appears to reason, how natural to human nature, that men who had been driven by persecution to cross the Atlantick, should become persecutors. How fully it illustrates the maxim, that those who would suffer martyrdom would inflict it. His political principles, though violent, were not so absurd; there is much truth and sagacity in the following remarks.

'Wee heare that *Majestas Imperii* hath challenged *Salus* '*Populi* into the field; the one fighting for Prerogatives, 'the other defending Liberties: Were *I* a Constable bigge 'enough, I would set one of them by the heeles to keep 'both their hands quiet; I meane onely in a paire of Stocks, 'made of sound Reason, handsomely fitted for the legges of 'their Understanding.

'If *Salus Populi* began, surely it was not that *Salus* '*Populi* which I left in *England:* that *Salus Populi* was 'as mannerly a *Salus Populi* as need bee: if I bee not 'much deceived, that *Salus Populi* suffer'd its nose to be 'held to the Grindstone, till it was almost ground to the 'gristles; and yet grew never the sharper for ought I could 'discerne; What was, before the world was made, I leave 'to better Antiquaries then myself; but I thinke, since the 'world began, it was never storyed that *Salus Populi* be-'gan with *Majestas Imperii*, unlesse *Majestas Imperii* first 'unharbour'd it, and hunted it to a stand, and then it must 'either turn head and live, or turn taile and dye: but more 'have benne storyed on the other hand than *Majestas Im-'perii* is willing to hear: I doubt not but *Majestas Imperii*

'knows, that Common-wealths cost as much the making as 'Crownes; and if they bee well made, would yet outsell 'an illfashioned Crown, in any Market overt, even in *Smith-field*, if they could be well vouched. But *Preces & Lachrymæ*, are the peoples weapons: so are Swords and 'Pistols, when God and Parliaments bid them Arme. 'Prayers and Teares are good weapons for them that have 'nothing but knees and eyes; but most men are made with 'teeth and nailes; onely they must neither scratch for 'Liberties, nor bite Prerogatives, till they have wept and 'prayed as God would have them. If Subjects must fight 'for their Kings against other Kingdomes, when their Kings 'will; I know no reason, but they may fight against their 'Kings for their own Kingdomes, when Parliaments say 'they may and must: but Parliaments must not say they 'must, till God sayes they may.'

His address to the King, towards whom he was very bitter, is bold and insulting, though he professes great loyalty and reverence. The following is one of the concluding paragraphs of the address.

'Sir you may now please to discover your Selfe where 'you please; I trust I have not indangered you: I presume 'your Eare-guard will keep farre enough from you what 'ever I have said: be it so, I have discharged my duty, let 'them look to theirs. If my tongue should reach your 'eares, which I little hope for; Let it be once said; the 'great King of great *Britaine*, tooke advise of a simple 'Cobler, yet such a Cobler, as will not exchange either his 'blood or his pride, with any Shoo-maker or Tanner in 'your Realme, nor with any of your late Bishops which 'have flattered you thus in peeces: J would not speake 'thus in the ears of the world, through the mouth of the 'Presse for all the plunder your plunderers have pillaged; 'were it not somewhat to abate your Royall indignation 'toward a loyall Subject; a Subject whose heart hath 'beene long carbonadoed, *des veniam verbo*, in flames of 'affection towards you. Your Majesty knows or may 'know, time was, when I did, or would have done you a 'better peece of service, then all your Troopes and Regi-'ments are now doing. Should J hear any Gentleman that 'follows you, of my yeares, say hee loves you better than 'I, if it were lawfull, I would sweare by my Sword, he said 'more than his sword would make good.'

Besides 'the four things which his heart naturally detest-'ed—the Apochrypha, Forrainers dwelling in his country, 'Alchymized coines, and Tolerations of divers religions;' he says in another place; 'since I knew what to feare, 'my timerous heart hath dreaded three things: a blazing 'starre appearing in the aire: a state comet, I mean a favor-'ite rising in a Kingdome; a new opinion spreading in reli-'gion.' Yet toleration in Religion, blazing stars in the air, and the Apocrypha were not the only evils that annoyed him: long hair and female dress, appear to have caused him full as much uneasiness, and to have excited the same vehement zeal in opposition, as false doctrines, or despotick government. This now seems sufficiently ridiculous, and the present age might be allowed to laugh at such extravagance, if every age had not its own peculiar absurdities.

'Should I not keep promise in speaking a little to 'Womens fashions, they would take it unkindly: * I was 'loath to pester better matter with such stuffe; I rather 'thought it meet to let them stand by themselves, like the '*Quæ Genus* in the Grammar, being Deficients, or Redun-'dants, not to be brought under any Rule: I shall therefore 'make bold for this once, to borrow a little of their loose 'tongue Liberty, and mispend a word or two upon their 'long-wasted, but short-skirted patience: a little use of my 'stirrup will doe no harme.

'Ridentem dicere verum, quid prohibet:

'Gray Gravity it selfe can well beteame,
That Language be adopted to the Theme.
Hee that to Parrots speaks, must parrotise;
He that instructs a foole, may act th' unwise.

'It is known more then enough, that I am neither Nigard, 'nor Cinick, to the due bravery of the true Gentry: if any 'man mislikes a bully among drossock more then I, let him 'take her for all mee: I honour the woman that can honour 'her self with her attire: a good Text alwayes deserves a fair 'Margent: I am not much offended, if I see a trimme, far 'trimmer than she that wears it: in a word, whatever Chris-'tianity or Civility will allow, I can afford with *London* mea-'sure: but when I heare a nugiperous Gentledame inquire 'what dresse the Queen is in this week: what the nudiuster-'tian fashion of the Court; I meane the very newest: with

* The '*Women*,' will smile at this naiveté.

'egge to be in it in all hast, what ever it be, I look at her 'as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of 'a cypher, the epitome of no thing, fitter to be kickt, if 'shee were of a kickable substance, than either honoured 'or humoured.

'To speak moderately, I truly confesse, it is beyond 'the kin of my understanding to conceive, how those 'women should have any true grace, or valuable vertue, 'that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such 'exotick garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely 'lustre, but transclouts them into gant bar-geese, ill-shapen-'shotten-shell-fish, Egyptian Hyeroglyphicks, or at the 'best into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper 'English woman should scorne with her heeles: it is no 'marvell they weare drailes, on the hinder part of their 'heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore-part, but a 'few Squirrills braines, to help them frisk from one ill-'favor'd fashion to another.

> 'These whimm' Crown'd shees, these fashion-fansying wits,
> Are empty thin brain'd shells, and fidling Kits.'

He afterwards mentions a very important fact, that there were 'five or six who practised these fashions in our 'Colony:' and also mentions that 'being a solitary wid-'dower almost twelve years,' he had sometimes thought of going to England for a wife, but had 'no heart for the 'voyage least their nauseous shapes and the sea should 'work too sorely upon my stomack.'

The following is a remarkable proof of the purity of manners in the early state of the Colony.

'I would my skill would serve also, as well as my heart, 'to translate Prince *Rupert*, for his Queen-mothers sake, '*Eliz:* a second. Mismeane me not. I have had him in mine 'armes when he was younger, I wish I had him there now: 'if I mistake not, hee promised then to be a good Prince, 'but I doubt he hath forgot it: if I thought he would not 'be angry with me, I would pray hard to his Maker, to 'make him a right Roundhead, a wise-hearted Palatine, a 'thankfull man to the English; to forgive all his sinnes, and 'at length to save his soule, notwithstanding all his God-'damne mee's: yet I may doe him wrong, I am not certaine 'hee useth that oath; I wish no man else would. I dare 'say the Devills dare not. I thank God I have lived in a

'Colony of many thousand English almost these twelve 'yeares, am held a very sociable man; yet I may con- 'siderately say, I never heard but one Oath sworne, nor 'never saw one man drunke, nor ever heard of three 'women Adulteresses, in all this time, that I can call to 'minde: If these sinnes bee amongst us privily, the Lord 'heale us, I would not bee understood to boast of our inno- 'cency; there is no cause I should, our hearts may be bad 'enough, and our lives much better.'

One extract from the conclusion of the book, is selected as a favourable specimen of his style, and another to shew to what horrible cruelty religious intolerance impels those, who have the power to persecute.

'Goe on brave Englishmen, in the name of God, go on 'prosperously, because of Truth and Righteousness: Yee 'that have the Cause of Religion, the life of your Kingdome 'and of all the good that is in it in your hands: Goe on 'undauntedly: As you are Called and Chosen, so be faith- 'full: Yee fight the battells of the Lord, bee neither desi- 'dious nor perfidious: You serve the King of Kings, who 'stiles you his heavenly Regiments: Consider well, what 'impregnable fighting it is in heaven, where the Lord of 'Hosts is your Generall, his Angells, your Colonells, the 'Stars, your fellow-souldiers, his Saints, your Oratours, his 'Promises, your victuallers, his Truth, your Trenches; 'where Drums are Harps, Trumpets joyful sounds; your 'Ensignes, Christs Banners; where your weapons and 'armour are spirituall, therefore irresistable, therefore im- 'piercable; where Sunne and wind cannot disadvantage 'you, you are above them, where hell it selfe cannot hurt 'you, where your swords are furbushed and sharpened, by 'him that made their metall, where your wounds, are bound 'up with the oyle of a good Cause, where your blood 'runnes into the veynes of Christ, where sudden death is 'present martyrdome and life; your funeralls resurrections; 'your honour, glory; where your widows and babes are 'received into perpetuall pensions; your names listed 'among *Davids* Worthies; where your greatest losses are 'greatest gaines; and where you leave the troubles of 'warre, to lye downe in downy beds of eternall rest.

'What good will it doe you, deare Countrymen, to live 'without lives, to enjoy *England* without the God of '*England*, your Kingdome without a Parliament, your

'Parliament without power, your Liberties without stability, 'your Lawes without Justice, your honours without vertue, 'your beings without tranquility, your wives without 'honesty, your children without morality, your servants 'without civility, your lands without propriety, your goods 'without immunity, the Gospel without salvation, your 'Churches without Ministery, your Ministers without piety, 'and all you have or can have, with more teares and bitter- 'nesse of heart, than all you have and shall have will 'sweeteen or wipe away?

'Goe on therefore Renowned Gentlemen, fall on resolv- 'edly, till your hands cleave to your swords, your swords 'to your enemies hearts, your hearts to victory, your 'victories to triumph, your triumphs to the everlasting 'praise of him that hath given you Spirits to offer your 'selves willingly, and to jeopard your lives in high perills, 'for his Name and service sake.

'And Wee your Brethren, though we necessarily abide 'beyond *Jordan*, and remaine on the American Sea-coasts, 'will send up Armies of prayers to the Throne of Grace, 'that the God of power and goodnesse, would incourage 'your hearts, cover your heads, strengthen your arms, par- 'don your sinnes, save your soules, and blesse your families, 'in the day of Battell. Wee will also pray, that the same 'Lord of Hosts, would discover the Counsells, defeat the 'Enterprizes, deride the hopes, disdaine the insolencies, 'and wound the hairy scalpes of your obstinate Enemies, 'and yet pardon all that are unwillingly misled. Wee will 'likewise helpe you to beleeve that God will be seene on 'the Mount, that it is all one with him, to save by many or 'few, and that he doth but humble and try you for the 'present, that he may doe you good at the latter end. All 'which hee bring to passe who is able to doe exceeding 'abundantly, above all we can aske or thinke, for his Truth 'and mercy sake in Jesus Christ. Amen. Amen.'

A Word of Ireland: Not of the Nation universally, nor of any man in it, that hath so much as one haire of Christianity or Humanity growing on his head or beard, but onely of the truculent Cut-throats, and such as shall take up Armes in their Defence.

'These *Irish* anciently called *Anthropophagi*, man- 'eaters: Have a Tradition among them, That when the

'Devill shewed our Saviour all the kingdomes of the Earth 'and their glory, that he would not shew him *Ireland*, but 'reserved it for himself: it is probably true, for he hath 'kept it ever since for his own peculiar; the old Fox fore-'saw it would eclipse the glory of all the rest: he thought 'it wisdome to keep it for a Boggards for himself, and all 'his unclean spirits imployed in this Hemisphere, and the 'people, to doe his Son and Heire, I mean the Pope, that 'service for which *Lewis* the eleventh kept his Barber '*Oliver*, which makes them so blood-thirsty. They are 'the very Offall of men, Dregges of Mankind, Reproach of 'Christendome, the Bots that crawle on the Beasts taile, J 'wonder *Rome* it self is not ashamed of them.

'J begge upon my hands and knees, that the Expedition 'against them may be undertaken while the hearts and 'hands of our Souldiery are hot, to whom J will be bold to 'say briefly: Happy is he that shall reward them as they 'have served us, and Cursed be he that shall do that work 'of the Lord negligently, Cursed be he that holdeth back 'his Sword from blood; yea, Cursed be he that maketh not 'his Sword starke drunk with *Irish* blood, that doth not re-'compence them double for their hellish treachery to the '*English*, that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and 'their Country a dwelling place for Dragons, an Astonish-'ment to Nations: Let not that eye look for pity, nor that 'hand to be spared, that pities or spares them, and let him 'be accursed, that curseth not them bitterly.'

This book had several editions in England and in this country, it is now scarce and costs in England about thirty shillings.

A Journal of Travels from New-Hampshire to Caratuck on the Continent of North-America. By George Keith, A. M. Late Missionary from the society for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, and now Rector of Edburton, in Sussex. London, printed by Joseph Downing, for Brab. Aylmer, at the three pigeons over against the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, 1706. *pp.* 92. *4to.*

This is the journal of a Missionary who came over in 1702, in the same ship with Governour Dudley, and after

passing two years in America returned to England. He appears to have had much zeal in his labours, and at the end of his book is a list of ten sermons or controversial tracts, that he published during his mission, which seems to have been mainly directed against the Quakers. From his account there were many more congregations of them, than now exist; and this might naturally have been inferred, because, all sects were then occupied in persecuting them: they were then turbulent, fanatical, and increasing; enjoying now, in common with others, perfect toleration and equality, their peculiarities hardly prevent their decrease, and they are now the most quiet, as they always were among the most useful citizens. Keith himself had been a Quaker, had recanted, and joined the church of England, from whose patronage he obtained a Rectorate. It was a proof of exquisite judgment that he should have been selected to annoy the Quakers, to whom he was particularly obnoxious, not only for his dereliction of their principles, but on account of a money transaction, relating to a bequest made to their poor, of which it seems they were defrauded, though Keith no doubt was innocent. He meddled but little with other sects, yet as might be expected, he could not pass through Boston, in those days, without some skirmishing. This took place between him and Increase Mather and Rev. Mr. Willard, in which one or two pamphlets were exchanged. In page 2, he says, in speaking of an attack began by him, answered by Mr. Mather, and replied to by Keith: 'This I had 'printed at New-York, the printer at Boston not daring to 'print it, least he should give offence to the independent 'preachers there.'—*Tempora mutantur.* In page 36 he gives an anecdote of himself that has quite a *generick* character. He was exposed to some danger in crossing a ferry to Rhode Island, during a storm, when the boat he was in was relieved by the exertions of John Burden, a Quaker. After being brought safe on shore, he offered money to the Quaker's men, which he would not allow them to accept; he then, 'thanked him very kindly for his help in our great danger, 'and said to him, John, ye have been the means under God 'to save our natural life, suffer me to be a means under God 'to save your soul, by good information to bring you out of 'your dangerous errours. He replied, George, save thy own 'soul, I have no need of thy help; then, said I, I will pray 'for your conversion; he replied, the prayers of the wick-

'ed are an abomination; so uncharitable was he in his 'opinion concerning me, (as they generally are concerning 'all those who differ from them) though charitable in this 'action.'

He speaks of preaching a sermon at a fast in New-York, in September, 1702, occasioned by a great mortality, *five hundred* having died within a few weeks, and *seventy* that same week. The difference of population considered, this mortality is as great, as that occasioned in late years by the yellow fever.

He complains, that there was a great want of ministers for the churches in Maryland and Virginia, which he says was owing to the incumbents receiving their salaries in tobacco, and the price of it was so low that they could not live. The journal contains few facts interesting to an historian, but a regular notice of his disputes with the Quakers, and every one of the texts from which he preached carefully recorded.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

ESSAY ON AMERICAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

"So multiplied are the connexions existing between nation and nation in modern times, that intellectual originality may justly be regarded as one of the greatest phenomena in nature."

Lond. Quart. Review, Oct. 1814.

The remark which stands at the head of this article, comes with peculiar force from the work which contains it. It has, with the writer of the following pages, unqualified belief. He has only regretted that the authors of that work have not always written under the influence of so liberal a sentiment. They might have found in its truth, some good reasons for the barrenness of American Literature.

National literature seems to be the product, the legitimate product, of a national language. Literary peculiarities and even literary originality being, the one little more than peculiarities of language, the other the result of that uncontrolled exercise of mind, which a slavery to a common tongue almost necessarily prevents. If then we are now asked, why is this country deficient in literature? I would answer, in the first place, because it possesses the same

language with a nation, totally unlike it in almost every relation; and in the second, delights more in the acquisition of foreign literature, than in a laborious independent exertion of its own intellectual powers.

Unhappily, so enslaving are these influences, that it is hardly to be hoped, that we shall ever make our language conform to our situation, our intellectual vigour and originality. But is it true, that a nation of real spirit and character will for ever consent to copy, even though it does not get rid of the language it inherited? would not what we have already accomplished in literature be thought well for a young people, if we wrote in our *own* tongue? Is it not the fact, that when we write we are regarded as Englishmen, and are required to do as well as if we lived in England?—With these inquiries we have at present no concern, our object is rather the causes why we have done no more.

The remotest germs of literature are the native peculiarities of the country in which it is to spring. These are diversified beyond all estimation, by the climate, and the various other circumstances which produce them.—Next to these are the social institutions, into which the various tribes of intellectual beings resolve themselves, for certain specifick objects. Then follow the relations which issue from these, which constitute the moral, religious, and political states, together with all the other various objects of history. All the circumstances now mentioned as the elements of literature, are essentially peculiar to every nation. And we accordingly find states, even bordering on each other, and the subjects at times of the same government, exhibiting striking peculiarities in their literary character. It will not refute this remark, to point to a celebrated modern poet of Scotland, and ask how he has done so much with a language similar to that, nay the same with that, of a sister kingdom. Mr. Scott has given us a mere translation of his national dialect, and has most happily rendered native beauties of idiom, and even national peculiarities, by another language. But his works do not form the smallest part of the Scotch literature. We look for that in the verses of Allan Ramsay, and in the far sweeter ones of Robert Burns. These authors are essentially original. They not only give us manners, which are but practical, intellectual operations, but give them to us in the language, that was made for them, and which only can give them their true form and pressure.

It will be easy to shew the importance of a peculiar language, to the rise and progress of literature in a country. In the first place, every nation has a strong attachment to its language. This enters into the sum total of its patriotism. Its language is valued, because it is the vehicle of the intellectual state of a country to all others. It is cultivated, that the character it may be the means of establishing, may be exalted. Above all other reasons it is loved because it is peculiar, gives a peculiar national character, and preserves the intellectual labours of man. Unfortunately for this country, language in itself can never have these attractions, and this importance. The language in which we speak and write, is the vernacular tongue of a nation which thinks it corrupted on every other lip but its own;—of a nation, which has limited its perfection by pronouncing it already perfect;—of a nation whose natural, political, religious, and literary relations and peculiarities, are totally unlike our own.

The whole external character of our country is totally unlike that of England. Our descriptions, of course, which must, if we ever have a poetry, be made in the language of another country, can never be distinctive. They can never possess the peculiar claims which those of native individuality teem with; which are more beautiful to a foreigner, because he is willing in reading them, to heighten the beauties of an obscure passage, by lending it the aid of his own imagination. How tame will his language sound, who would describe Niagara in language fitted for the falls at London bridge,* or attempt the majesty of the Mississippi in that which was made for the Thames? It is not meant to be even hinted, that the English language is incapable of all that language can do; but that peculiarities of country, especially the great distinctive characteristick ones, and manners likewise, can be perfectly rendered only by the language which they themselves have given use to. I mean a peculiar language.

If there be nothing peculiar in the language of a country, if it be strictly the same with that of a nation very distant from it, to say the least;—if it be a country, or rather *na-*

* These are specified because they are the only falls the author recollects to have seen in *England*.

*tion of ease,** if I may so say, a receptacle in the first place of men who had in view by emigration any thing but a literary speculation, their descendants will have nothing less at heart than the cultivation of their language, and other nations will hardly look to them for literary originality.—The peculiarities of character of his ancestors will more or less tincture the descendant, and if they depended on others for their language, he will be very willing to look to the same source for his literature. If he should presume to write, however, and endeavour to convey the sentiments and emotions which peculiar circumstances have given birth to in his heart, if he should attempt the still harder task of description, how incapable would foreigners to his country and his home, be, to judge of the truth of his feelings or descriptions; and though in his own countrymen the language might excite kindred feelings, to his transatlantick brethren, how little would there be in his labours to admire, but the *American language, and the American literature?*

In matters of science, and especially in those of the fine arts, the new country may even excel the old. By the pursuit of the first, they improve their physical condition, and original genius may find in the labours of his own pencil, a language which all nations understand, and which none has been daring enough to monopolize as the peculiar vehicle of its own genius. In science, and more especially in the fine arts, America has done its part for the world. If I loved their excellence in these pursuits half as much as Englishmen, or rather English reviewers despise our literary attainments, I would pay a passing compliment to the venerable President of the Academy, and hunt for a sentence of eulogy for the memory of Dr. Franklin.

In nothing perhaps can we so little pride ourselves, on account of our ancestry, as for its entails on our literature. And in the Babel of the revolution, which gave us a different moral and political existence, it is for our literature most heartily to be lamented, that we had not found a confusion of tongues. We might to this day have wanted a grammar, and a dictionary; but our descendants would have made for themselves a literature. Any man at all

* This allusion may not be perfectly familiar to every reader in this country. In Great Britain, as the parishes increase, so that the original parish church will not contain all the parishioners, new chapels are erected, connected with the original parish church, and these are called *Chapels of ease*. Ed.

conversant with other languages besides his own, is perpetually sensible how much the foreign literature depends upon its language. We even read most familiar thoughts, as if they were new. New words, to us, give the old sentiment a new form and spirit. And, I have little doubt, few have read the pleasures of memory, as contained in the Italian of Maffei in his Merope, without pronouncing it original, though he had read the same things before, as well, perhaps, better sung, by another poet.

The importance of a national language to the rise and progress of the literature of a country, can be argued from all we know of every nation which has pretended to originality. All will be found to have attached so much consequence to their own language, as to have despised most heartily, or carelessly regarded, all others but their own. Thus the French, in their best days, slighted the Augustan age of England, and even now regard her best literary productions with but slight admiration. It is also of great importance for a nation to possess and cherish peculiarities. These result from situation, from mind, or rather from the circumstances which most powerfully affect the mind. The institutions of government, &c. in the first instance borrow their peculiarities from the character of the people ; and from the government these are transferred to the people, a peculiarity of feeling is thus found at last to result from the government and other various institutions of the country. Unfortunately for this country, there is no national character, unless its absence constitute one : all acknowledge the wisdom which framed its constitution, but how few have been willing to permit its influence over their characters? Their biases have all been foreign. How unlike is this to what exists in other countries ? The smaller as well as the largest states of Europe, have regarded all others with a jealousy, which has bound them immovably to their national peculiarities. Hence all that we know of them is original. Hence their literary eminence. Now if the Germans had caught the foppery of France, and the language of England ; if they had ever adopted the government of the one, and the mode of religion of the other, we should not have been dazzled with the splendid obscurity of their metaphysicks, much less overwhelmed with the power of their drama, or enchanted with their sentimentality. The German government, and the Ger-

man established faith, gave rise to remarkable character, and their language could alone embody it. The genuine patriotism which the political institutions of this country might have produced, and even with the aid of the English language, might have lent its aid to the rise of literature among us, has been lost in a servile dependence on foreign politicians for political creeds, and the liberality with which nature has ornamented our native scenery, has been unnoticed in a love for the mere descriptions of foreign poetry. That we are not destitute of the materials for the poet, may be gained from what Mr. Campbell has done with them. His Gertrude only affords us the mournful reflection of regret, that a foreigner can do as much with all that is peculiar now left us, as one of our own countrymen, and that he has done more than we have any good reason to expect from them.

There is something peculiarly opposed to literary originality, in the colonial existence which was unfortunately so long the condition of America. This is mentioned incidentally under the head of the importance of a peculiar language to national literature. This circumstance precluded the possibility of our possessing such a language. All that can be expected from such a colony, made up of all sorts of materials, speaking not only the dialects of the original language, but the different languages of the three different nations from which it sprung, is to preserve a purity in one of them. It must first choose one, then guard it from even the least corruption to which it would be remarkably liable. It must be for ever jealous to prevent and put down, that adaptation of new terms for new objects, and especially for the new ideas, that different scenes and new relations might give rise to. It must wait for all improvements from abroad, acquire a literary tone from the mother country, and like the civil jurisprudence of India, should it be as original in literature as that may be in crime, it must wait for a decision on its merits or demerits, from the higher authorities of London. Farther, as a colony, it would never be supposed capable of altering or improving its literature, any more than its political or religious systems. When did England look to the West-Indies for any thing but its sugars, or to Canada for any thing but its furs.

If it should happen, that a mind of superiour capability should find its birth in such a country, the very character

of such a mind would drive it from home. It might not find time in its greater operations of thought to preserve the perfection of its language, and it would dread the contamination of an ill educated and strictly economical association. Such minds were phenomena in the American colonies, and the possibility of this occurrence was never admitted: hence the agents of government, and the leaders at the bar, &c. like the institutions themselves, were all transatlantick. The growth of prejudice was the natural production of the country, and in due time this flourished into revolution and independence.

Farther, so far are we from possessing a literature, that men of some considerable poetical merit, men who have cultivated their talents, have shrunk from American publication, and sought in another region for the patrons of genius. This country has a literature notwithstanding all that has been said in this paper to the contrary. But it is not the least indebted for it to the labour of its colonies. I now refer to the oral literature of its aborigines.

In their original language we have names of places, and things, which are but feebly rendered by our own, I should say by the English. Their words of description are either derived from incidents, and of which they are famed to convey most exact ideas, or are so formed as to convey their signification in their sounds; and although so ridiculous in the English dress as to be a new cause for English satire and merriment, are in themselves the very language for poetry, for they are made only for expression, and their objects are the very element for poetry.

The language of the Indian is no less peculiar than his manners. With him as with all other beings, language is but the expression of manner. It was made to express his emotions during his observance of nature, and these emotions were taught him at a school, in which the master was nature, and a most unsophisticated heart the scholar. Hence it is as bold as his own unshackled conceptions, and as rapid as his own step. It is now as rich as the soil on which he was nurtured, and ornamented with every blossom that blows in his path. It is now elevated and soaring, for his image is the eagle, and now precipitous and hoarse as the cataract among whose mists he is descanting. In the oral literature of the Indian, even when rendered in a language enfeebled by excessive cultivation, every one has

found genuine originality. Its beauties are most of them to be traced to its peculiarities. We are delighted with what appears its haughty independence, although we feel conscious at the same time it has never been submitted by its authors to the test of comparison. They have not advanced far enough in the diplomacy of letters to hazard a competition with neighbouring tribes. They are most perfectly contented with their language, and if it may be so called, their literary condition. That this remark is correct I will hazard the following anecdote. A Lancastrian school was established in one of the English provinces in this country, whose benevolent object it was, to improve the intellectual condition of the neighbouring Indians. One Indian submitted for a few hours to the task of being taught writing. His rude efforts were applauded, and he was asked if he would return to the school the next day. His answer is remarkable, and highly characteristick. 'How much will you pay me for coming.' This anecdote is not introduced with a view to show that the Indian was fearful of the debilitating effects of an English education on his *national literature*, but to shew with what perfect contentment he reposed in the knowledge of that which was peculiarly his own. The length to which this discussion has already extended compels the writer to bring it to a close; and this without entering more fully than has already been done, on what was considered the second cause of the barrenness of American literature, viz. the dependence of Americans on English literature, and their consequent negligence of the exertion of their own intellectual powers.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

In the last number some account was given of the Linnæan Society recently established in this town. This institution has commenced with considerable ardour, and their cabinet, in different branches of Natural History, contains many valuable articles. At the first anniversary meeting an address was delivered to the members by the Honourable Judge Davis, whose zeal in the cause of science, is only limited by the arduous duties of his important station. A wish to draw the notice of the publick towards this society, whose object and efforts so well merit their applause and

support, induced a request to their President that he would suffer his discourse to be printed, to which he consented with some difficulty, as it was not originally intended for publication.

An Address to the Linnæan Society of New-England, at their first anniversary meeting, at the Boston Athenæum, June 14th, 1815.

Gentlemen of the Linnæan Society of New-England,

In attempting a compliance with a request to address this society at the first meeting of all its branches, I find a renewal of the solicitude which I experienced, when first invited to the honourable place assigned to me by the immediate members. I was disposed to co-operate with the founders of the institution in their laudable pursuits, as far as other engagements of more commanding interest should permit, but was apprehensive that it would not be in my power suitably to discharge the duties incident to the situation to which I was invited. The worthy electors, who made the appointment, were pleased to receive my acceptance with an assurance of much indulgence. On this occasion I shall ask for a liberal exercise of that indulgence. The considerations which I have to suggest must be desultory. They were necessarily prepared under many disadvantages.

Natural history, in its broadest extent, may be said to comprehend the consideration of all natural bodies, or all the works of God, in the visible creation. It was thus considered by Pliny, and that immense magazine of facts and opinions, his natural history, embraces a view of the heavenly bodies, meteors, medicine, the arts, and all the various uses to which natural bodies are applicable.

The accuracy and precision which characterize modern investigations have led to a division of physical science into many different branches, and to natural history is assigned a more contracted field.

From the different points of view under which natural bodies and their phenomena are presented or considered, originate distinct branches of physical science, as astronomy, natural philosophy, and chemistry, leaving to natural history the description of the appearances and properties of natural bodies, and a consideration of the sensible differences which characterize them.

This limitation of the science is not to be regretted. To those who would aspire to a more extended range, we may repeat a precept which may be found not less pertinent in philosophy than in agriculture.

Laudato ingentia rura,
Exiguum colito.

The judicious naturalist acknowledges the wisdom and propriety of the injunctions by which he is confined, and which separate his labours from those of the chemist, the natural philosopher, the physician, the anatomist, the metallurgist, the artificer, and the cultivator. In his acknowledged department he finds abundant materials for employment, and is content with his legitimate survey of the three kingdoms of nature, though it should be merely auxiliary to speculations of a higher grade, or such as are more specially applicable to human wants, convenience, or enjoyment. In reality, however, as is justly observed by M. *Haüy*, 'All the sciences having reference to nature, con-'stitute but one science, which we have subdivided so that 'different minds may decide between them the different 'branches of studies, and each pursue, to its utmost extent, 'that which becomes the subject of its choice. We are 'not to be surprised, therefore, if it should occur that many 'sciences meet in the same truth, as that there is none, 'which is not attached to others, in points of contact more 'or less numerous.'

Collecting the views and objects of this society from its constitution and its letter to the corresponding and honorary members, we infer its dedication to natural history in the limited sense which has been suggested, having in view the research of all that we are able to discover of bodies, immediately, with a view to their classification, and 'more 'particularly for the purpose of assembling and determining 'specimens in the different departments of the science.'

If, gentlemen, in the prosecution of your laudable purposes, you should confine yourselves to these limits, you will still have performed a most useful service to your country, and to the whole scientifick community wherever dispersed.

The utility and necessity of methodical and systematical arrangement would seem to be apparent, for any considera-

ble advancement in the pursuits of the naturalist; but it often becomes necessary to defend the science against the sarcasms of the superficial, or the incautious remarks of some who are considered as wise, in regard to scientifick methods, the nomenclature and terminology which such methods indispensably require. *Buffon* hazarded his great reputation by uniting in censures of this description, derogatory to the methodical arrangement which had been generally approved by all who were devoted to natural science, and especially in regard to the systematical arrangement of Linnæus. The amiable and unfortunate *Malesherbes* exposed and refuted the mistakes of the celebrated naturalist, on this subject.* This intrepid civilian, who hazarded his life in his manly defence of his sovereign, was restrained from publishing his sound and seasonable strictures on Buffon by his friendship for that celebrated man. They have been given to the world since his decease, and are a masterly defence of Linnæus and his system against the most powerful attack, perhaps, which they had experienced.†

* Observations de *Lamoignon-Malesherbes*, sur L'histoire naturelle. Paris 1798.

† The comparative merits of Linnæus and Buffon were summarily sketched by the late Mr. Pennant, who will be acknowledged to have been a most competent judge on the subject. The nature of the work to which the following remarks were preliminary, did not lead the author to consider the botanick labours of the great Swedish naturalist, or his arrangement of minerals. It seems to be admitted, that his acquaintance with mineralogy was not so extensive, or accurate, as with zoology and botany.

'But while I thus freely offer my objections against embracing this system of 'quadrupeds, let me not be supposed insensible of the other merits of this great and 'extraordinary person, [Linnæus.] His arrangement of fishes, of insects, and of shells, 'are original and excellent; he hath, in all his classes, given philosophy a new lan-'guage; hath invented apt names, and taught the world a brevity, yet a fulness of 'description, unknown to past ages; he hath with great industry brought numbers of 'synonyma of every animal into one point of view, and hath given a concise account 'of the uses and manners of each, as far as his observations extended, or the informa-'tion of a numerous train of travelling disciples could contribute. His country may 'triumph in producing so vast a genius, whose spirit invigorates science in that chilly 'region, and diffuses it from thence to climates more favourable, which generally ac-'knowledge the advantages of its influences.

'Let us now turn our eyes to a genius of another kind, to whom the history of quad-'rupeds owes very considerable lights; I mean the *Comte de Buffon*, who, in the most 'beautiful language, and in the most agreeable manner, hath given the amplest de-'scriptions of the economy of the four-footed creation;* such is his eloquence, that 'we forget the exuberant manner in which he treats each subject, and the reflections 'he often casts on other writers, the creation of his own gay fancy. Having in his 'own mind a comprehensive view of every animal, he unfortunately deems it beneath 'him to shackle his lively spirit with systematick arrangement, so that the reader 'is forced to wander through numbers of volumes in search of any wished for subject. 'The misunderstanding between these two most able naturalists is most injurious to 'science. The *French* philosopher scarcely mentions the *Swede*, but to treat him 'with contempt; Linnæus, in return, never deigns even to quote *M. de Buffon*, not-'withstanding he must know what ample lights he might have drawn from him.

[*History of Quadrupeds, Pref. V.*]

* The anatomical part was the province of *M. D'Aubenton.*

The necessity of some systematick order is apparent at the moment we begin to contemplate the immense variety of nature. Without it all is indistinct and confused. He who reprobates or ridicules methods and systems, nomenclature and technical language in the science, would seem to discard the science itself; he would obliterate, indeed, what alone characterizes natural history as a science, and can hardly merit to be ranked among its votaries.

We are, say some, weary of these dry and barren tables, catalogues and indexes to the Book of Nature. Give us descriptions, full, accurate and complete, of natural objects, and in regard to animals and vegetables we would have their anatomy, their physiology, habits, pursuits, food, employment, instincts, capacities, mode of propagation, and the application of all things to the benefit, or injury, of man. All this is well, and it is granted, that a complete delineation in all their relations, of every species in nature (for the objector to systems will doubtless admit of species) is the great desideratum in natural science. If we should suppose this work accomplished, it would not supersede the necessity of system, but rather render it more urgent. A work, executed on this extensive scale, would require many ponderous volumes to comprehend it. So numerous a class of readers would already be acquainted with the name of the object, a description of which they might wish to peruse, that an alphabetical order of the articles in such a work would be most convenient. But let us suppose an object presented to view which is unknown. It is mentioned, we will presume, in the immense collection, and fully described; but how is the inquirer to find it? Days, weeks and months might be occupied in fruitless search, and if found at last, it would be, as it were, by accident. A systematick table, founded on characters derived from the object itself, is the only clue which could promptly guide the inquirer in such a labyrinth; and by the convenient roads of classes, orders and genera, conduct him successfully in his pursuit.

> Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum,
> Nascantur flores,

Says Virgil.—To the botanick student, flowers do not, indeed, present the names of kings, but they make a more

interesting communication; they give sure and ready indications by which their own names may be ascertained.

Let us not be driven from our pursuits by frigid exclamations against systems, as factitious and artificial, or by sarcasms on the trifling of names. If these artificial systems lead us to *names*, and names conduct us to *things*, and *things* be valuable and desirable, then the useful auxiliaries of systems and names are not to be despised or disregarded. While, therefore, in this institution, you will exercise your industry and influence to enrich your collection with every species that can be procured from the three kingdoms of nature, and to preserve the specimens with care; you will, we are persuaded, be particularly studious to arrange them in systematick order, as well for your own improvement as for the advancement of the science to which your institution is devoted.

The Linnæan arrangement and nomenclature will probably obtain your preference, not merely as a tribute of respect to the distinguished naturalist from whom you have derived the name of your society, but from its intrinsick merits, and from the high estimation in which it is almost universally held in other countries. Such a conformity in system and nomenclature has obvious conveniences, and prevents the waste of much precious time in verbal investigations and the examination of synonyms.

If, in this country, we come late into the field of science, we have the advantage of receiving it in its most improved state, divested of many crudities and useless encumbrances with which it had been involved in its progress to maturity.

A pure and classical taste should be cultivated and formed, from the excellent models and guides within our reach, and it is an eminent use of a society of this description, that it will aid in the accomplishment of such an object, check without offence individual errour or eccentricities, and offer a dignified and acceptable co-operation with our European brethren in this branch of science.

Our reverence for Linnæus and his immortal labours, should not render us inacce sible to the suggestions for improvement, which are occasionally presented. There is, doubtless, much room for improvement, especially in some departments to which his attention had not been very particularly directed. On this head, however, it may not be

amiss to observe, that we should proceed cautiously, and with great deliberation and reserve. The duplicate specimens, with which your collection will probably be furnished, will enable you to test the merit of different modes of classification.

Our country, Gentlemen, owes much to the elder continent. The cultivators of natural science, in Europe, have, indeed, derived rich and valued treasures from these western regions: but it has, generally, been by the instrumentality of travellers from among themselves. Fairly considered, however, the settlers of the American wilds have little with which to reproach themselves in regard to those pursuits by which man is elevated and ennobled. They have not been mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, nor have they indulged in inglorious ease, voluptuously to enjoy, without mental exertion, the abundance which a happy soil and climate have presented. The essential rudiments of education, useful arts, commerce, agriculture, military and naval skill, religion and laws, all interesting objects in the economy of nations, have, it must be acknowledged, uniformly commanded attention from the first settlement of the country.

It would be a laudable pride, if it should exist, now to engage in pursuits, not perhaps so essential, but evidently useful, ornamental, and improving, with a zeal which would indicate a hope and expectation of success. Your institution, probably, is in a degree, prompted by considerations of this sort; or rather perhaps, you have unconsciously, by your establishment, developed a germ, which our country is prepared to nourish and support, and which we would hope is not doomed merely to blossom and decay. The industry and perseverance, manifested by the immediate members since the establishment of the society are highly laudable; and the success which has attended their exertions, evinced by the respectable state of the cabinet, authorizes a pleasing expectation of its future prosperity, and advancement. The organization of the society and the rules it has prescribed, appear to have been judiciously conceived, and the experiment has, hitherto, tended to assure us that the institution is happily adapted to excite and reward attention, and to keep alive that active interest relative to its peculiar objects, which alone can ensure or promise a progressive improvement.

The immediate members of the society are pledged to much assiduity. Their industry, taste, perseverance and skill must be continually exercised in forming, arranging, and preserving the collection which they are ambitious to establish. In the infant state of the society, they seem unwilling it should be supposed, that they consider themselves as conferring honour by the invitations which they have given to many respectable gentlemen to be more remotely connected with the institution. They ask for the attention of those associates to the plan and to the pursuits of the society: they ask and hope to obtain, as circumstances may permit, their friendly encouragement and co-operation. In this interesting walk, you will not, gentlemen, be discouraged by slight impediments or objections. We may meet with persons, who view a pursuit of this description as frivolous, and will ask, what is its use? If the object we pursue be really of no use and be merely taken up as pastime, it would, indeed, be unworthy any systematick attention, and must be expected to be abandoned when the trifle should cease to please; but we apprehend, that the employments sanctioned and promoted by this association are not of this trivial and ephemeral character. We should be authorized to make this inference from the many great and distinguished minds, which such inquiries have not ceased to interest during a long and honourable life. It would not be difficult, however, to repel the suggestion from a consideration of the science itself, and of its views and objects. The question *cui bono?* is of vague import. To answer it intelligibly we must first determine what is to be understood by *use*. By the ancients, it would appear, every thing was considered applicable to the use of man either as food or as medicine, and the plant or the animal which was not found adapted to either of those purposes was disregarded.* The objector will admit an extension of the list, and if we can assure him that the objects of pursuit are applicable to the arts, or any of the usual purposes in human economy, he will acknowledge, that they are deserving of our attention and study. The list of

* Omnia corpora vel in *alimentum* vel in *medicinam* creata esse arbitrati sunt veteres, adeo ut circa utilitatem corporum naturalium semper quæreretur, num utilia esent esu, vel num morbum quendam profligarent vel etiam, quot virtutibus medicis hoc vel illud gauderet? Et si quædam planta aut animal quoddam ad hæcce prædicamenta referri nequiret, illud ut inutile linquebatur. [Gillibert, Fund. Botanica. Cui Bono? Resp. C. Gedner.]

uses, even thus extended, may be considered as too gross and limited, and the philosopher will be tempted to adopt the reply which is recorded in one of the academical treatises of Linnæus, to have been given by an electrician to a man of rank who observed his experiments, and coldly asked, *the use*. *It is the very question*, said the philosopher, *put to me, the other day, by Hendrick, the dry-salter*.

The naturalist has the satisfaction of knowing, that very many of the objects of his attention are immediately, or mediately, useful to man, in the popular acceptation of the phrase; and in regard to the residue, though their application to human use, as generally understood, may not be clearly manifested, still he is persuaded, that their place in the system is of wise ordination, and that there is an *use*, though he be not yet indulged with a knowledge of it.

The ideas of *use*, which were cherished by the ancients, led, probably, to luxurious and voluptuous refinements, and to an excessive augmentation of the list of medicines. Of this the writings of Pliny furnish abundant evidence. Very few of the prescriptions which he records have stood the test of experiment, or are sanctioned by modern practice; and the uses, medical or economical, of a great proportion of the vegetable and insect tribes remain to be ascertained. It should be observed, however, that as society advances, and knowledge increases, new uses of natural objects may be expected to appear. But there is a *moral use* in this fair creation, which can never be overlooked, and every member of it, however minute, or apparently mean, tends to promote this noble purpose, and to contribute to that beauty and harmony, by which the spirit of man is refreshed, soothed, and elevated, and beholds a present deity, while he surveys and contemplates the rich and varied scenery of nature. There are satisfactions of this character arising from an enlightened study of the various structures and properties of natural objects which abundantly satisfy the naturalist of the worth and value of his pursuits, though it may be difficult to make this impalpable ground of recommendation, altogether comprehensible to those, who indulge no such associations. 'To the sensualist and the sordid,' says one 'to the frivolous votary of fashion, the volume of nature is hermetically sealed. To the virtuous mind it exhibits such displays of wisdom, power, and happiness as can only be exceeded by an emancipation from the shackles of the thick veil of mortality.' Considerations of this or-

der may be thought by some too elevated to be derived from such a source, but it is certain that the contemplation of nature, is not unfruitful of the best instruction and most consoling intimations and influences. The love of simplicity, of truth and of order, which it generates, is highly estimable. The marks of supreme wisdom, and the consciousness of paternal goodness, sooth and tranquillize the heart of the naturalist as he surveys the rich domains assigned for occupation and enjoyment. Analogies of high interest are suggested. He thinks he perceives a correspondence between the exhibitions of nature, and the revelation graciously granted to man. The various modes of life, which he beholds, demonstrate the plan of omnipotence in a point most interesting to the race, and by perpetual examples or symbols confirm his hopes and expectations of a future existence, by a different modification of his being. These considerations, indeed, may be said to involve a departure from the definition of the science expressed at the beginning of this discourse. But if allurements, excitements, and enjoyments of this description are connected with our pursuits, and naturally more or less accompany them, we will gratefully accept and cherish them, without a solicitous inquiry as to their exact place in reference to the science. The uses of our occupation are indeed ever to be regarded. After delineating the more strict requirements essential to the botanist, 'Add,' says Linnæus, 'whatever uses of nature the physician, the economist, &c. have discovered, and of these whatever contributes most to the glory of the author of all and to the advantage of human life, that at length our posterity may enjoy the meridian light of the science.'*

Animated by considerations of the dignity and utility of your pursuits, and by the great examples of intelligence, consistency and worth, which we find in the annals of the science, we should not suffer ourselves to be disturbed

* Dugald Stewart, in his interesting *speculation concerning final causes*, expresses a wish that the scholastick phrase, *final cause*, could be dropped from the philosophical vocabulary, and that the words *ends* or *uses* might be employed to convey the same idea. He ably exposes the mistaken views from which these considerations had been excluded from physicks, as inconsistent with the acknowledged rules of philosophizing. It is not merely in a *moral view* he contends that the consideration of uses is interesting. 'There are some parts of nature,' he adds, 'in which it is necessary to complete the *physical theory*; nay, there are instances in which it has proved a powerful, and perhaps indispensable, organ of *physical discovery*.'

[*Elem. of Phil. of Hum. Mind, II.* 376, *Boston Ed.*]

by mistaken apprehensions or misrepresentations. 'Full 'well I know,' says Pliny, in one of his striking passages, 'that I shall have but small thanks of many, for the pains 'which I have taken in composing this history of the world, 'and of Nature's works: nay I am assured that I am by 'some ridiculed, for spending my time in what are consider-'ed such frivolous occupations. But I have this consolation, 'in these immense labours, that if I am despised, *Nature* 'herself is my associate in the contempt, which is cast upon 'me.' We should be unjust, however, to our age and country, if we should entertain any serious or uncomfortable apprehensions on this head. Individual devotion to these pursuits is, indeed, somewhat exposed to animadversion. It may become excessive, or it may be misdirected. An association such as we have now formed, has the double tendency to secure a wise and dignified course, such as shall acquire the publick approbation, and to confer encouragement and support, under unmerited censure, ridicule or reproach. Such a reception, however, is not apprehended. The time, indeed, seems to have arrived, when the reputation of the country would appear to be somewhat interested in exhibiting among ourselves some further advances in a science, which has so long engaged the zealous attention of enlightened men in other parts of the world. Some few have indeed arisen in our country, who have been honourable and applauded labourers, in this department of science. Such were Bartram and Colden, (I speak of those who are departed) and I have seen a catalogue of more than nine hundred articles collected by Governour Winthrop, of Connecticut, in early times, and sent to the Royal Society. The venerable Muhlenburg, whose multiplied labours in one department of natural history, have gained him merited honour both at home and abroad, we must now, with deep regret, place upon the list of *departed* worthies.

Spargite humum foliis
Pastores——.

While the musick of the groves is turned to melancholy at the untimely death of Wilson, the amiable and intelligent historian of the feathered tribe. Our literary societies, have given occasional attention to natural history, and several recent establishments in different states, manifest a spirit which, it may be hoped, will give to our country the

credit of contributing its proper share in the general accumulation of information in natural science. Devoted exclusively to this object, we are authorized to expect from this society, more than has hitherto been accomplished among us. Some publick encouragement is indeed desirable, but more will depend on the industry, perseverance, and hearty co-operation of all its members, in the proper labours and duties which they have undertaken and are pledged to perform.* When we look among the immediate members, we find youth and activity, and energy, talents, and skill. Their voluntary and assiduous labours have already done much, and promise a respectable standing to the association with which they are connected.

In the denomination of this society, it is hoped there is nothing assuming. It was merely wished to obtain a brief and significant appellation, and to express a respectful recollection and acknowledgment of the eminent talents and worth of a distinguished leader in the science. The territorial adjunct, should not be considered as expressive of narrow or partial views. Scientifick associations should be truly catholick. A name of more extended reference, might have appeared presumptuous; and the operative members, it was presumed, would generally be not remote from the location of the institution. This location is a happy one. We are in the midst of an intelligent, liberal, and enterprising community, and though the first attention of the society will properly be directed to our native productions; yet, as the plan of the institution contemplates a collection of natural objects from every country and clime, the commercial expeditions, from this and other parts in Massachusetts, will afford frequent and favourable opportunities for the promotion of such intentions. Natural history admits of numerous co-operators even from the most busy classes of the community. Most men are more or less disposed to read in the book of nature; and though the occupations of many may limit them to a paragraph or a sentence, yet they may be induced to render us some assistance. Milton in his fine Tractate of Education, gives a prominent place to Natural History. 'To set forward all these proceedings,'

* Les voyages frèquens de Pline et des autres anciens, et les dèpenses d'Alexandre jointes aux soins d'Aristote pour rassembler un grand nombre d'animaux, n'ont jamais pu tenir lieu des travaux continuels d'un grand nombre d'hommes rèpandus dans les differens pays et occupes sans cesse du meme objet.—*Obs. de L. Malesherbes.* 153.

says he, in reference to his projected establishment, 'what 'hinders but that they may procure, as oft as shall be 'needful, the helpful experiences of hunters, fowlers, fisher-'men, shepherds, gardeners, apothecaries; and in the other 'sciences, architects, engineers, mariners, anatomists, who 'doubtless would be ready, some for reward and some to 'favour such a hopeful seminary?' It should be mentioned, among the advantages of the location, that there is an easy access to the many valuable works on Natural History in the libraries of the institutions in the town and vicinity. The Boston Athenæum is richly furnished, in this particular, with works scarce and valuable, and which would be of difficult procurement to any individual. There is reason to believe that a connexion of the society with the Athenæum may be formed to mutual satisfaction, and with great utility. May we not hope also, that the youth in our university may be induced by the influences of this institution, and those who patronize it, to avail themselves more generally of the kindred establishment, with which that seminary has been liberally endowed. It was originated and furthered by the enlightened zeal of one whom we delight to remember, and who united a strong and disinterested love of natural science with steady application to business, and to the important duties of his station. Milton would give to his pupils such a real tincture of natural knowledge as they should never forget. He would familiarize them with Cato, Varro and Columilla, as well as the more elegant classicks. 'Then also,' he adds, 'those poets which are now counted 'most hard, will be both facile and pleasant, Orpheus, He-'siod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius, 'Lucretius, Manilius, and the rural part of Virgil.' By a competent acquaintance with this science, it may be added, the writings of intelligent travellers and voyagers, acquire augmented interest. He who should himself become a traveller will find manifest advantages from an extensive acquaintance with natural objects, especially those appertaining to his own country, and be a more intelligent and welcome guest among the best informed men in the regions which he may visit. Need I add, that these pursuits are peculiarly favourable to health and mental elasticity. No men have been more prompted to that activity and enterprise so favourable to strength and energy, than many

distinguished naturalists. The writings, inculcations and example of Linnæus excited a spirit of inquiry and research, which led to many laborious journeys and voyages, in every direction, by many of his ardent and enterprising disciples. Ternstrom proceeded to India, Montinus to Lapland, Hasselquist to Egypt and Palestine, Thoren to Malabar and Surat, Osbeck to China and Java, Loefling to Spain, Kæhler to Italy, Rolander to Surinam and St. Eustatia, and Martin to Spitzbergen. To this country came Peter Kalm, and the treasures, with which he returned, were a source of pure and lively satisfaction both to the preceptor and the pupil.* Be induced, my friends, to emulate such examples by an ardent prosecution of the science to which you have manifested an attachment. Much, it may be hoped, may be accomplished without an injurious interference with employments and engagements of more commanding obligation. We are in the midst of a community, who will not, it is presumed, permit disinterested pursuits of this description to languish for want of the requisite encouragement. Great is the influence of a metropolis. That, in which your institution is located, is distinguished for a spirit uniformly favourable to improvement and to every useful acquisition. The characters and views of many who have active influence in that metropolis and its vicinity may be misrepresented; but they are pure and generous. Their thoughts and deeds are for the best good of man in his various relations. Yet there are men, to whom the mild and salubrious air which we enjoy, seems to be irritating or oppressive, and who appear to regard with strange disgust the spirit which actuates our cherished guides and instructors, and predominates in our principal institutions.†

It is one of the characteristicks of the science, to which this institution is devoted, that its employments have a ten-

* Kalm returned from Canada, loaded with a very considerable collection of plants, of every one of which Linnæus got specimens.

Linnæus was ill with the gout when Kalm came home; however he got up and recovered, through pleasure at the sight of the plants. *Maton's Linnæus, p. 544.*

† These remarks were prompted by an injurious attack, in a number of the *Panoplist*, which had then just appeared, on the majority of the clergy in Boston and its vicinity, on the University at Cambridge, on the President of that institution, and, generally, on the whole class of *liberal christians*, so denominated by the Panoplist writer. An expression of sensibility, at that rude assault, may be thought to have been impertinent to the subject of this address, and to the occasion. If it be a transgression, however, it will find an excuse with men of generous minds, who will consider hardly any opportunity unseasonable for manifesting disapprobation of the sentiments and style of a calumnious publication.

dency to promote the benevolent affections. No root of bitterness, we are persuaded, will ever be found in the soil which we cultivate. 'As some men gaze with admiration,' says the Vicar of Wakefield, 'at the colour of a tulip, and others are smitten with the wing of a butterfly, so I am, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces.' We will not dispute with the Vicar, and his good taste is unquestionable; but there is reason to believe that happy human faces are as frequently found among the admirers of the tulip and the butterfly, as in pursuits of a more imposing character, and as genuine a relish for all the charities of life. Such, though nothing great or splendid should be accomplished, will be the valued fruit of your pursuits; perhaps also, the condition of our country, may be meliorated and improved by a mild and salutary alterative to mitigate and correct its prevalent asperities.

Proceed, my friends, in your new and cherished career with alacrity and hope, and may the pure enjoyment of liberal and enlightened minds, devoted to useful and honourable pursuit, constantly accompany and reward your labours.

FOR THE NORTH AMERICAN JOURNAL.

THERE is at the Boston Athenæum, a work in four thick octavo volumes, entitled *Biographie moderne, on Dictionnaire Biographique de tons les hommes morts et virans, qui ont marque a la per du* 18 *siecle, &c. &c.* second edition, printed at Breslau in 1806. This Biographical Dictionary contains some curious articles; a few American names are selected for translation, from which some opinion may be formed of the correctness and value of this work:—

ADAMS, (Sir John,) one of the founders of the American republick, was a schoolmaster before that revolution. Being made Vice President of Congress in 1789, he seconded Washington in avoiding the rupture which the French party wished to provoke with England. While ambassadour of his government to that power, in 1792, he published his defence of the American Constitutions. Becoming, by general Washington's retiring in March, 1797, President of the United States, he ordered a general fast,

to avoid war, with which the French Directory menaced the Anglo-Americans. In the course of these differences, he refused to recognize Dupont, as French consul at Philadelphia, and suspended citizen Rozieres from exercising the same functions at New York provisorily. The province of Pennsylvania was the first to approve his conduct. The year 1798 passed in hostile demonstrations and unsuccessful negotiations. After the rupture of those undertaken at Paris by M. Gerry, Sir Adams rendered to Congress an account of the disputes between the two countries, and analyzed their nature and objects; he called the young men to the defence of the country, and Washington to the command of the American forces, an employment which he promptly accepted. At the beginning of 1799, the order of John Adams to capture French vessels was published in France. This order was found among the papers of the Eliza, an American vessel captured by a French privateer, and carried to Bordeaux. While the Directory were complaining of these hostile acts, Congress, to which Adams had disclosed his proceedings, solemnly approved of them. Nevertheless, at the end of the winter he announced the mission of three agents, furnished with powers to treat and terminate all disputes. The 2d of December he presented to Congress an account of his administration, and of the advantages that had resulted from it; he laid open the measures which he had been obliged to take, for the suppression of certain movements in Pennsylvania, and protested that in these acts he had done nothing to injure the rights of the citizens. He made known the situation of the political relations of the United States with Europe, and especially with France, and announced the removal of the seat of government to the city of Washington. He was then succeeded by Jefferson, put into his place by the friends of democracy. John Adams has collected, with the intention to make it an elementary book, particularly destined to the instruction of youth, a selection of modern travels, of which J. F. Andre published a translation at Paris in 1799.

Adams, (Samuel,) a relation of John Adams, President of the United States, and older than him. He is governour of the province of Massachusetts. His talents and merit are vaunted. He died at the close of September,

1803, in the 82d year of his age; he was at that epoch still governour of Boston.

Franklin, (William.) The life of his father, Benjamin Franklin, who died in 1790, may be found in all biographical works, and we therefore feel ourselves dispensed from giving it; but we must manifest our astonishment, that none of these historians have ever given about his son William, those details, which would have aided in deciding on his own political conduct. William Franklin was born at Philadelphia in 1736, and was brought up with the greatest care. He had a share in his youth, in the astonishing discovery of lightning rods, which immortalized his father. He was made an officer at an early age in a provincial regiment, and attained to the rank of captain. He afterwards accompanied his father to England, visited every thing that was curious in that country, and was presented to lords Bute and Halifax. He was made governour of New Jersey, and held that important post, when the colonies placed themselves in a state of insurrection, against the mother country. He followed in these delicate circumstances, the line marked out to him by gratitude and duty, as the agent of the English ministry. He remained faithful to it in the midst of the general disaffection, and in spite of the solicitations and example of his father, who till then had shewn him much affection, but who had not the same motives for remaining faithful to England. William was arrested and confined many months in a prison. He could not get back to England till peace had confirmed the independence of America, when he obtained a moderate pension, on which he still lives. Governour Franklin was twice married; his first wife died near him during his confinement, without his being able to see her; he had a son by her who is in France; his other wife was an Irish woman.

Hamilton, a major in the service of the United States of America. He was arrested early in December, 1793, by order of Congress, who ordered that he should be tried as guilty of high treason, for having accepted from Genet, envoy of France, a commission to raise 5000 men in the United States destined to serve the French against England. In 1792 a decree of the National Assembly conferred upon him the title of French citizen. In 1804 he was killed in a duel by colonel Burr.

Jay, (J.) of Sainte-Foix, administrator of the Gironde, deputy of that department to the legislature, and after-

wards to the National Convention, voted for the death of Louis XVI. opposed to the party of the Gironde, he prolonged after the 31st of May the powers of the committee of publick safety; was elected secretary, presided over the Jacobins in January, 1794, and a month before the 9th of Thermidor, year 2, he gave to the Convention the details of the arrestation and death of Guadet, Salles and Barbaroux. In December, 1794, he concluded and signed with Lord Grenville, at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs, a treaty of Commerce and navigation between England and the United States of America. The French party burnt his effigy at Philadelphia, and exhaled its hatred against this negotiator, who had shewn himself so favourable to the interests of England.

Jefferson, (T.) President of the United States of America. Distinguished by his patriotism and his acquirements, he commenced by being secretary of the government, and afterwards Ambassadour in France. He published, in 1790, Reflexions on the Unity of Weights and Measures, and complained in 1796, in a letter which was made publick, that the English party had obtained the lead in his country. When John Adams was elected President of the United States, Mr. Jefferson was made Vice President by the French party; he was afterwards named President, to fill the place of this same John Adams. The Institute of France made him a foreign associate, and received from him a letter of thanks, dated Nov. 14th, 1800. His country owes to him the introduction of the practice of vaccine inoculation, as a substitute for the common variolous infection. He employed all his means to propagate this beneficial discovery, even among the savage tribes. Jefferson is vaunted for an affability without affectation, a popularity without baseness, intelligence, firmness, and all qualities which constitute a philanthropist. He was re-elected President of the United States in 1805, and at the opening of Congress made a discourse that developed great improvements in the publick administration.

Marshall, a general in the service of the United States, was, in 1798, a delegate extraordinary with Messrs. Pinckney and Gerry to the French Directory, for negotiations which were not attended with all the success, that had been expected. The American negotiators having refused to insert a stipulation about a loan exacted by the Directory, and not having experienced a suitable reception, the general de-

parted without ceremony for America, to render an account to his government of the state of things, and left his two colleagues at Paris.

Another MARSHALL, of the preceding family, has distinguished himself in England by his knowledge of agriculture, and has published an interesting work, in which he treats separately of the state of cultivation in the most fertile counties of England.

PINCKNEY, a citizen of the United States of America, possessing a high diplomatick representation in his country, was one of the commissioners sent to England in 1794, to arrange the disputes that had arisen with that power. He remained in quality of minister plenipotentiary, and at the end of 1795 made a journey into Spain, to regulate the interests of his country respecting Florida. In May 1796 he retired from his embassy in England; but in 1797, he was sent to the French Republick, and was one of the three commissioners, who commenced with that power a negotiation that was soon broken up, by the demands of money, that were made by the Directory. He went afterwards in quality of Minister from his government to the court of Madrid. In the month of October, 1802, he quitted his residence to go into Italy, as superintendant general of the American Consulates. He continued to exercise these functions in 1805.

DRAYTON, secretary of the government of New York. The general assembly of that city had him arrested the 5th of December, 1793, and ordered him to be proceeded against for high treason, for having recruited in the United States to form a corps, destined to assist the French against the English.

To shew that this misrepresentation, and absurdity is not confined to Americans, the following account of M. Giraud the late French Consul in this town is selected. It is only necessary to remark, that the whole of it is false except the first two sentences.

GIRAUD (M. A. A.) a deputy from the department of the *Charente Inférieure* to the National Convention, voted for the detention of Louis XVI. After the 27th of July, 1794, he presented a plan for the suppression of the law of the *maximum*. He afterwards occupied himself with the subjects of publick education, and the importation and circula-

tion of grains and merchandize. In February, 1795. He was chosen by the Convention to go to St. Domingo with Bourdon de l'Oise and Vardon; it is well known that these colonial proconsuls did not proceed on their mission. Becoming a member of the council of Five Hundred, he occupied himself with the finances, taxes and customs. In April, 1796, he accepted the place of Commissioner of the Directory to the Colonies, and went to St. Domingo, with Sonthonax, Raymond and Leblanc. He and his colleagues were denounced the 29th of May, 1799, by Vaublanc, as guilty of various offences, arbitrary acts, &c. After this denunciation Vaublanc proposed to recal him, to render an account of his conduct. A few days afterwards, his return was announced to the council; Tarbe asserted that Giraud had made an important report to the Directory, which had not been communicated to them; Vaublanc, who had denounced him, attested to his repentance, and that he had been seduced by Sonthonax.

It is quite unnecessary to remark on the falsehoods, the ridiculous absurdities, and the whimsical confounding of different persons in these extracts. President Adams is first qualified with a ridiculous title, and then confounded with an English compiler of Travels. Four different individuals are blended under the name of Pinckney. But the most preposterous account is that of General Hamilton and Mr. Jay. These blunders are too stupid to be wilful, and yet they are almost too extravagant to be fortuitous. The only American name that appears tolerably correct, is that of Washington, which is perhaps beyond the power of injury by malice and folly. The English characters are also disfigured, but not with such gross caricature. Mr. Pitt, is said to have been extravagantly fond of stately ceremony and ostentation in private life, the direct contrary of which, is true; and Lord Hawksbury (Liverpool) is said not to have ventured on publick speaking, since his famous speech about *the march to Paris*, though he has many and many times spoken 'for some three hours by the dial.' If the book had been published a few years later, his Lordship would have been classed in the first rank of prophets, since he foresaw the thing so long beforehand. Such works (and how many such have been published of late years,) are nuisances of the worst kind.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I ADDRESS you on a subject which causes some inconvenience here, and probably, the same difficulty exists in other parts of the United States; this is the irregularity and diversity of time. There is no common standard, and every district is regulated by a clock of its own. The difference between the time in Boston, and the villages about it, is always considerable, and in some instances it varies upwards of half an hour. There is generally this difference at least between Salem and Boston; this often interferes with appointments in business, and in certain circumstances a criminal might be able to prove an alibi on this very ground. In former times, dials were common in every town; and there are few towns or villages in Europe without them. I know but of one exposed to the publick in this part of the country, which is the vertical dial on the east end of the Old State House in Boston, but this is so much defaced, that it is almost useless. It would be a great convenience to many persons, if every city and village had a horizontal dial in some publick, central situation. The clocks and watches might then all be regulated by this, and time would have a common regulator. The period is not very remote when a watch was a rare machine, the hours were then noted by the dial and the hour-glass, now there is hardly any man, young or old, rich or poor, who does not own a watch of some kind; some of which are about the same use to the possessor, when the value of his time is considered, that a parasol is to a lady of colour, whose complexions are often guarded with this contrivance. The expense would be trifling to provide a dial for each town, and much convenience would result from their introduction.

Boston. Yours, O TEMPORA!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I SEND you some account of the works now going on at the Lead mine in Southampton; and also of the Basaltick Columns in South Hadley, which may serve to call the attention of the publick to two objects well worth visiting. There are persons living in the vicinity who can and ought

to give you a better account of them: this is at your service in the mean time. E. H.

SOUTHAMPTON LEAD MINE.

The lead mine at Southampton is becoming an object of very considerable curiosity and importance. Professor Silliman of Newhaven, who visited it in the summer of 1810, gave an interesting and particular account of it up to that time, in the New-York Mineralogical Journal.

The vein, which contains the ore, is very extensive in length; but, as far as it has yet been explored, is very narrow. Several shafts were sunk, one to the depth of seventy or eighty feet. But it was found extremely troublesome to work them, on account of the quantity of water; which was so great as to make it necessary to keep the machines for carrying it up, going night and day. For this reason the proprietors were induced to abandon the works at the vein for the present; and commenced running a level to it, from the foot of a hill about sixty rods distant from it.

It is this level which at present is the principal object of curiosity. The cavity of it is six feet square, and at the time the writer visited it (the middle of June last) extended seven hundred and twenty-six feet. At the further extremity, the perpendicular distance from the surface of the ground to the bottom of the cavern, is one hundred and ten feet; and where it strikes the vein it will be twenty or thirty feet more. Five hundred feet from the mouth, a shaft for the circulation of air has been sunk, (or rather *raised* from the bottom, for it was cut through from the bottom upwards,) which is ninety feet deep.

Except about one hundred feet at the entrance, which is sand, supported by timbers, the whole course of the cavern is through solid rock. The rock for the first few hundred feet, appears like indurated sand, thickly interspersed with pebbles of very hard quartz, from the size of buck-shot to that of a cannon ball. As you advance, the rock grows harder and firmer. At the extremity, it is principally granite of various appearances. In some places, masses of quartz and of felspar may be obtained distinct, that will weigh several pounds. In others it is quite fine and apparently compact. The colours are very various, generally different shades of green. The whole of the

compound rocks disentegrate on exposure to the atmosphere, so as to appear much like course sand.

In the progress of the work several interesting fossils have been found. Very good specimens of sulphate of barytes have occasionally been obtained. At about three hundred feet from the mouth, a small vein of coal was discovered nearly at right angles with the level. The coal was not very combustible, and was strongly impregnated with sulphur. Whether it will ever be an object to pursue it, is perhaps doubtful. Nearly a hundred feet farther on, is a vein of slate, about six inches thick, extending horizontally across the passage, and rising gradually as it advances, until it goes out at the roof. The slate is very soft and disentegrates slowly, on exposure to the weather.

This level has already been the labour of about four years; and it will probably take at least two more, to reach the vein. The nature of it necessarily limits the number of workmen to four or five; and the rock is so hard that it can be worked only by drilling and blasting. A day's labour, with all the hands, advances the work only half a foot. The bottom of it, is covered with water to the depth of two feet; except a few rods at the extremity, where it is kept back by a dam, in order to accommodate the workmen, on which a boat plies to transport the stone, workmen, visiters, &c. The water is supplied and renewed, by trickling down the roof and sides, and by a small stream which runs down the perpendicular shaft.

To a stranger the passage into the earth is peculiarly striking. You seat yourself in a flat bottomed boat, with two or three lamps in it—your boatman sitting forward, with a short pole in his hands, with which he pushes you along by propping it alternately, from side to side, against the projections in the walls. Till you have passed the timbered walls, your posture is very much constrained by the lowness of the roof. You may then sit at your ease, occasionally nodding your head, however, to avoid a projecting rock. The boatman sings a tune, which resounds through the cavern in a manner indescribably beautiful. As you approach the shaft, the resounding of the water-fall powerfully impresses your imagination, with the idea of an immense cataract. Having passed this, (which falls at the side, only giving you a very slight sprinkling) as you draw towards the end of the cavern, the total darkness, except the feeble light

which proceeds from your dim lamps, the thickness of the atmosphere, the sound of the workmen's hammers, and the sulphureous smell of the gunpowder, might well have furnished the poets with new images for their descents to Avernus. After viewing the works, and conversing with the workmen, who are very civil, you return in the same way you entered, and will be apt to feel no slight pleasure at again beholding the cheering beams of the sun.

BASALTICK COLUMNS.

On the west side of Mount Holyoke,* three miles from Northampton, is a series of basaltick columns, in some measure like those of the celebrated Giant's Causeway, in Ireland. They form the side of the mountain for a distance of ten or twelve rods, and vary in height from sixty to more than a hundred feet. Their course inclines a little from the perpendicular, sloping gently towards the mountain.

These pillars are uniformly hexagonal prisms, varying in regularity, their sides being from eight to thirty inches wide. The diameters of the different prisms are from two to four feet. In some parts, several ranges of columns appear to have been broken away; for the hill below seems composed almost entirely of their fragments. The forms of the fragments bear no direct resemblance to the original columns, but are mostly small rhomboidal prisms, with irregular terminations.

In one place for a length of about twenty feet, ten distinct ranges of columns may be seen projecting above, attached by their sides to the ranges within, whose lower portions are gone, while corresponding stumps (if they may be so called) are visible among the rubbish below. Four of these projecting ranges are only about fifteen feet above

* Mount Holyoke is a part of a range of mountains, that extends from the vicinity of New-Haven, in a north-easterly direction, into Massachusetts, and crosses Connecticut River between Easthampton and South-Hadley, when it takes the name above-mentioned. Nearly opposite Northampton, there is a high peak of this mountain, which commands a very extensive view of the surrounding country, and is a very frequent and fashionable resort for parties of pleasure and curiosity.

It is to be observed, that the measures and distances mentioned in the above article, are not given from actual measurement, but from the judgment of the writer. Being only on a short visit to that part of the country, he regrets that it was not in his power to collect materials for a more complete account of that interesting object of curiosity.

the tops of their stumps; and there is one column of which a space of only a foot in length is broken out. The lower extremities of the upper portions are uniformly *convex*, and the upper ends of the lower portions as uniformly *concave;* so that if it were possible to suppose they might slide down from their attachments, they appear as if they might fit pretty exactly.

This part of the mountain is covered with trees and shrubs, wherever there is room between the rocks for a tree to grow.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Edinburgh, 1814.

MANY of the bootmakers, tailors, and others of the useful and elegant arts in Edinburgh have on their signs, 'from such a street, London;' all which, in my humble opinion, proves much better than the best marshaller of syllogisms could do in ten tomes, that in respect to fashion, Edinburgh is a tributary province of the south. This is precisely, however, what was seen in London seventy or eighty years ago, when the oracle of the 'supreme bon ton' was fixed at Paris, by the consent of all the nations of Europe; and to this day, I am told, there is still to be seen in some obscure part of London, one of these signs, which probably, in the beginning of the last century, had considerable influence at the lady mayores's ball; it is, *Juan Baptista* somebody *de rue de Richelieu à Paris, tient magazin de corbeilles de marriage, de Baptêmes, eau de Perse pour teindre les cheveux en noir, lait Arabique pour les taches de rousseur, eau de Venus pour oter les rides, gratelangues,* &c. all in French, which, no doubt, according to the well known proverb often made the perfumer's chattels pass '*pro magnifico.*' And often have the wise sojourners under * Bow bell stopt and stared at this unknown writing on the wall, and, shrewd as they are at diving into the secrets of nature, without once suspecting the mystical charms which the words contained. But it is not the bootmakers alone who condescend to 'boo to the great man

* Bow Church is a large church in Cheapside, and, properly speaking, all those who live within the sound of the bell, are the genuine original cockneys; this therefore is classical ground. But from the contagious fascination of their manners, this elegant tribe have already spread itself far and wide, into other quarters and other cities.

from the south,' according to Sir Pertinax; Johnson, when he made his tour, observes, that the imitation of the English is universal; and though, since his time, the Scotch have, without the least question planted great numbers of trees, many of which evidently begin to count their circles about the year his book was published, and probably improved considerably in their English pronunciation, the ambition of copying their southern neighbours still prevails. It is true there are a few, who pride themselves on the false nationality of preserving what they call their native language, and, because Dr. Johnson and the English abused and ridiculed them, insist with a sort of absurd obstinacy, upon dealing out in the broadest accent, the vile Scotch of the common porters and carmen in the streets. There are few feelings so exalted and productive of great actions, as the nationality of the Scotch in most respects; but is it not an erroneous and contemptible nationality to attempt to continue a language, which, after all, is only a bad dialect of bad English, like the brogues of Cornwall, Somerset and twenty others? But the solid incorporation of England and Scotland, the breaking up of the old and powerful highland and lowland families by the unsuccessful attempts of the Stuart family, and the utter hopelessness of their restoration, the introduction of Scotch members into the British parliament—these, with other causes, have gradually enfeebled the attachment to their native habits and dialect, and have taught those, and this is the large proportion, who would flourish under English auspices, the importance of throwing off the highland kilt and the lowland brogue.

Speaking of the unfortunate but gallant house of Stuart, there is hardly a retainer left for them, either upon the mountain or in the valley. The battle of Culloden, the high road to England, and the truly beneficial effects of the union, have extinguished almost to the last spark the feelings of sympathy and devotion to that name. It sometimes does happen indeed, when the third or fourth bottle of Chateau Margeau has sunk into the veins of a descendant of an old chieftain, when his blood is heated and mantles on his cheek, when the glory of his ancestors, the swell of the pibroch, the warlike tread of his clan upon the heather, —when such bright visions rise to his imagination, it may be that a throb of ancient loyalty returns to his heart, and we may for a moment perceive a slight tinge of that e

and chivalrous gallantry and loyalty, for which, many of the Highland families were so distinguished during the middle of the last century. But I believe that the last of the Stuarts has seldom the honour of having his health drunk, or a short ejaculation whispered to heaven for his safety, except when the goodness of the claret raises the blood of these highland gentlemen, to within a few degrees of fever heat. But the prejudices of the reformation have fixed an unpopular name upon the Stuarts, with the lowland Scotch :—particularly the catholick part of the family.—The animosity of the Presbyterians against Mary was, as you recollect, even unto death, as a great part of the nation with Knox at their head, thought that she deserved capital punishment for murder and adultery. And the lectures and sermons of the reformer himself against this unfortunate princess, were none of the mildest, or most abounding in christian charity. Besides want of gallantry to Mary, which ought really to be forgiven only in a man whose heart was bent upon martyrdom, some of those accomplished round-heads in Scotland have wherewithal to reproach their consciences, and to hate the Stuarts for having betrayed a descendant of that princess. 'He would not take the covenant,' they said, 'and therefore it became not the body to concern themselves about his fortunes,' though they took precious good heed to concern themselves about the 400,000*l.* which they received from the English parliament for delivering up king Charles. It is, however, only in mint and anise that the Scotch pay tribute to the English ; in the shape of their garments or arrangement of their routs. But in the weightier matters of the law, in attachment to their country, in correct conduct and good education, no unprejudiced person, I should think, would call them inferiour. To begin with their literature : There is certainly a considerable difference between the learned men of Scotland and those of England ; the Scotch attend more to practical learning, to what will be most useful in the world ; the English, on the contrary, seem to place a higher value upon great skill in classical literature. You see these indefatigable Scotch tugging with a labouring oar over metaphysicks, politicks, and at length bringing out very complete and satisfactory books on such difficult subjects. While the English, with a different taste, and with less regard to worldly distinction, practise and apply

to the ancient languages, the advice which Horace gives only of one.

vos exemplaria græca
nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

This is the spirit of Eton, Westminster, and the higher places of education. You know that an English boy, almost the moment he can utter a sound, is taught to lisp Latin verses—if they commit any slight fault at school, they are set to make Latin verses, which after all is a very trifling punishment ; and I have often seen rows of hearty, round-faced, English boys, chaunting their Latin couplets, like a choir of Roman Catholick singers, and probably with about as much intelligence and edification to themselves. This system of education, however, has created a body of classical scholars in the nation, probably not equalled by any other country, in proportion to the number of persons who receive good educations ; and in no other country is there the same superfluity of wealth, which, after all, is the principal cause of great proficiency in classical learning.

But in Scotland, ten years ago, not one boy in fifty, even at the high school in Edinburgh, could make a Latin verse, and in some of the smaller schools, it was absolutely thought a kind of profane trifling unworthy a true covenanter. Mr. W. Scott, in his Scottish Minstrelsy, mentions the case of Mr. Wilson, the author of a poem called the Clyde—when he was inducted into the office of school-master at Greenock about thirty-five years ago, he was obliged 'formally, and in writing, to abjure the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making.' This was English poem-making, but doubtless the good people thought Latin poem-making still less profitable. To be sure, a volume of Latin verses did issue from the high school here, a few months since, but one would think from the specimen itself, and according to the report of the Quarterly Review, that the Scotch still held that noble vocation in considerable contempt. The fact is, that neither Latin nor Greek were much cultivated in Scotland before the reformation. Most of the distinguished Latin scholars, and Buchanan among the rest, either received their education upon the continent, or first acquired their fondness for it there ; and, as to Greek, the * bishops were entirely

* M'Cries' life of Knox.

ignorant of it in the middle of the sixteenth century, and 'græcum est, non legitur,' was a common saying, long after that period. This circumstance, with the poverty of the country, the necessity of getting that sort of learning which would get bread, have probably discouraged the progress of ancient literature as compared with England.

The Scotch may, however, boast that upon those branches, in which the hardest labour of the mind is demanded, where most originality and acuteness are necessary to excel, that the brown barren strip of country north of the Tweed, has produced authors of the first celebrity, and if we may calculate philosophers by the head, more probably in proportion to the number of well educated persons, than any other modern nation. In the present day, besides showing her fair quota in the annual battle of books, Edinburgh has a very large influence over the literary opinions of the British publick. I allude now to the Edinburgh Review, and there never was probably a journal of the kind, which has so much abused other books, and yet been so praised itself. This Review was commenced, as you recollect, in 1802; 700 copies were printed of the first number, which passed, however, to a third edition, and it has now increased to the uncommon, and I should think, unexampled distribution of 12 or 13,000 numbers *quarterly*. The present editor* was selected several years since—he receives about 1200l. annually, for superintending the work, and has moreover something more than a guinea for every page he contributes himself—a guinea a page is about the pay to other writers. The original contributors were Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Brown, Mr. Scott, Professor Playfair, Rev. Sidney Smith, and several other gentlemen less known to fame. It began with little other prospect of success, than a lamantable dearth at that time of able periodical publications, and a well grounded confidence derived from the weight of talent and learning enlisted, to bear it along.

Mr. Brougham was early and favourably known by his writings, and his large work on 'Colonial Policy,' was much commended by Mr. Pitt, in the British parliament. He is descended from a respectable, and, I believe, rather ancient family in the north of England, though, if I remember right,

* The Editor of this review has been so recently in this country, that the notice of him is omitted.

Lord Byron calls him a Pict in his scurrilous poem against 'Scotch Reviewers,' a poem for which the noble author has since made both publick and private atonement; however right he might be in abusing Mr. Brougham, who was himself the author of the review of Lord Byron's 'Poems of a Minor.' Mr. Brougham regularly eat through his twelve terms in the Temple, and began the practice with great prospects; but his most conspicuous exhibition as a speaker, was before the committee of the House of Commons, upon the subject of the Orders in Council; and his strenuous, unwearied, and finally successful efforts in that memorable cause, have excited at least a pretty strong admiration both of his talents and industry. Since his rejection at the election in Liverpool, he has again fastened himself down to his law-books, and gains reputation and practice apace. Indeed, he is one of those men, whose 'destiny,' as the French call it, pushes on to distinction, and it would be somewhat difficult to conceive the season or the government, under which a person with his resources would be unknown. Some say that his political course has been a little wavering, and that a niche was actually preparing for him in Mr. Pitt's cabinet. This is, however, mere report; but it is much more certain, that an application was made to government, to have him sent as ambassadour, to the Republick, during the Orders in Council. He is thought, however, to be one of those secret, proud, restless, untractable, mischievous spirits, that will belong neither to the majority or to a party; he would not bear the tame duty of defending, where there was a certain majority to support him, whether right or wrong, but he would prefer to batter down the walls and fix himself on the highest ruin. And as to a party, some one said to him one day, 'I suppose, Mr. Brougham, you belong to Lord Holland's party, as you are seen so much at Holland House.' Though before, he was intimate with this highly respectable and intelligent nobleman, Mr. Brougham immediately broke off all intercourse with him, and went about, I suppose, to convince the world that he had a party of his own. This is not very amiable, and some people would call it rather sulky; but it is said to be characterictick of him. He moreover delights to worry the ministers, to be a 'thorn 'in the side' of the government, and it is a thorn which sinks and rankles deep; he is also the defender on many occasions of the oppressed, the champion of all sorts of

rights and liberties, and there are very few prosecutions for libel against the government, in which Mr. Brougham does not appear as principal counsel for the defendant. Mr. Brougham is now about 39, a tall slender man, with a remarkable Pitt nose, and a very intelligent face, of uncommon good address, and soon satisfies a stranger that he has both talents and manners.—He has never been married, and has now rooms in the Temple. His reviews in the Edinburgh Review are principally on politicks and political economy.

Sir James Mackintosh was also, early distinguished by his writings; and his Vindiciæ Gallicæ has, I believe, always been thought the best answer ever made to Mr. Burke's French Revolution. Under Mr. Pitt's administration he (then Mr. Mackintosh) was sent out to India as a judge; this was thought to be a slight stain upon his escutcheon, as he was at the time sworn into the Scotch Whig Club. Be that as it may, he was knighted there, came home two or three years since, and has shown, both in publick and private, that he has not forgotten his former political attachments. The most remarkable thing about him lately is, I believe, his intimacy with Madame de Stäel, who pronounced him to be the most agreeable man she had seen in England, and he, with all due gallantry, said some quite as charming things about her Allemagne in the Edinburgh Review. He is engaged in writing a continuation of Hume's history, but, being very indolent, and remarkably fond of society, in which he wonderfully shines, there are no great hopes of its being soon finished.

Dr. Brown is an acute, ingenious philosopher, still quite young, nice and vigilant to the closest quirk and quibble of the science, and quite able to reign in the subtlest of the schools, though worthy of a far better fate. At the time of the religious controversy about Mr. Leslie, he wrote a very ingenious and celebrated pamphlet, upon that intricate and most repulsive subject of 'Cause and Effect.' And at the time Mr. Stewart left the professorship of Moral Philosophy in this University, he was recommended by that gentleman and chosen as his successour, though his merits alone were abundantly sufficient. Lately he has not written, as I am told, any articles for the Review.

I know very little about Mr. Smith, except that he is a clergyman in a parish in Yorkshire, is a great wit, goes to London every spring, dines in company every day, and

keeps people laughing the whole time. Mr. Smith continues to write in the Edinburgh Review, and he occasionally sends a witty article.

The Scotch having ceased any longer to wrangle and persecute about the Kirk, and generally having too much veneration for his majesty's ministers in every department to quarrel about politicks, who have we left upon the field but the doctors and philosophers? The most approved method of strangling patients, or strangling authors, that is the question—'Let him be bled every day,' said the pupil of Sangrado, and 'drink warm water abundantly.' 'By no means,' answered the little doctor Cuchillo, 'know, my friend, that I have both teeth and nails:' and I believe that it was something hardly more important than a little hot water, which has brought about a civil war between the physicians of Edinburgh. At any rate, great numbers of pamphlets expired in the glorious cause: and at last the battle was finished on the part of Dr. Gregory, by bringing into the field a huge folio of 350 pages, which he styled his own defence, and it also contained a moderate share of abuse against the other party. Dr. Gregory, however, though a very distinguished physician, was left at the end of the controversy, which lasted two years, almost without a single medical friend, and it is neither in case of life or death, that they can now be persuaded to have any communication with him.—The most important literary faction here is about Shakespeare. The world thought it bad enough when this unhappy author fell into the hands of the Germans, and one of the 'trade' wrote a concise commentary of 18 octavo volumes upon the character of Hamlet alone. But there is here a set of criticks who are guilty of downright treason against the great poet, and contend that the English theatre (Shakespeare, Ford, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others,) is inferiour to the French, simply because the French plays are written with elegance and smoothness, and according to classical rules. They do not pretend to say that the English authors have not genius, and have not written very interesting plays, but that there is a want of taste, of classical purity and precision, and those other faults which have always been perceived in Shakespeare. But Madame du Deffand, who was no great admirer of this poet, and said of his King Lear, that it was a 'mass of infernal horrours,' yet observed in answer to some one, who was

haranguing against Shakespeare for violating the unities, that as for herself, she knew nothing about the taste of Aristotle, and always formed her opinion from the impression she received, and not from rules of which she was ignorant. The substance of the observation of Voltaire concerning Shakespeare, 'how could a man be expected to write tragedies who did not know Latin,' is so often made, that it would not have been worth while to mention this French school, if several rather distinguished men did not belong to it, such as Mr. Alison, the author of the Essay on Taste —Mr. McKenzie—Dr. Brown, &c. Mr. Alison, for similar reasons, admires the poetry of Mr. Rogers—it is smooth, regular, and abounds in classical taste: and though he admits the great genius of Lord Byron, he finds that the impression on his mind is much diminished by that author's frequent irregularity, confusedness, and abruptness. Now it may be, that Mr. Alison, from having made it, as it were, a sort of profession, to analize works of merit, has fixed in his mind a kind of mechanical measure; just as it is said, that the great Italian architect could never tell if the shaft of a column was high enough, until he had put his rule upon it. The head of the Shakespeare school is the editor of the Edinburgh Review, and you will see his opinions very fully, and ably stated and defended in the review of Ford's works.—

Alas! that the author of 'The Man of Feeling,' he that has bathed in tears half the bright eyes in his majesty's dominions, should be a tax-gatherer, going about to distrain the chattels of widows and orphans, and creating, in the honest discharge of his duty, a great deal of real misery, which Regina Maria Roche, with real spirit, calls vulgar stuff —that every evening we should see this man, who has touched so gently the most delicate and pathetick feelings of our nature, locking up his iron cased door, and putting the heavy key into his greasy pocket. Now if he were locking up a cruel father, or a horrid black monk covered with cowls or scowls, how much better would he figure on the page of my history. Mr. McKenzie, however, is a gentleman, and a man of real feeling; he holds an office in the revenue department, and, I have no manner of doubt, the scenes which his duty sometimes obliges him to witness, have given his heart more real pangs, than the most touching of his writings have done to one half his fair readers. I

believe there is nothing very particular in his private history. He has now passed on to his seventieth year, is a thin man of the middle stature, with a ruddy Scotch complexion, wears a little flaxen coloured wig, and has a pretty large family. For any thing that I know to the contrary, his pilgrimage has never been much ruffled or gladdened beyond the dull 'see song' of us common mortals—no horrid slough of despondence—nor lions with red hot teeth—his greatest changes have probably been the change of his summer and winter wig—and his greatest migrations, as the honest Vicar of Wakefield says, 'have been from the brown bed to the blue'—And, after all, this must be the happiest sort of life, to pitch our little tent, no matter under what sun, and there always to abide, whether the wind blows from this side or that. Diogenes had his tub, and Madame du Deffand had her tub (*tonneau*,) and that is the great secret—As for your citizen of the world, he is, I am inclined to believe, a pretty uncomfortable sort of gentleman, and really does a good deal more of the gaping and yawning of mankind than we are aware of.—The real fact is, we must belong to what Mr. Burke calls a 'platoon' of society—to some party or other, either of politicians or whist players—we must have something to defend, and there must be in the newspaper a death, or a marriage, or an advertisement, or something that concerns our side, otherwise it is as Mr. Smith says—

> Sated with home, of wife and children tired,
> The restless soul is driven abroad to roam;
> Sated abroad, all seen, yet nought admired,
> The restless soul is driven to ramble home;
> Sated with both, beneath new Drury's dome,
> The fiend Ennui awhile consents to pine,
> There growls, and curses, like a deadly gnome,
> Scorning to view fantastick Columbine,
> Viewing with scorn and hate the nonsense of the Nine.

However, as for the rest, Mr. McKenzie is a very amiable, excellent man, very much beloved in Edinburgh, uncommonly cheerful, and fond of society, and skips home with great alacrity from his dull office every day, to enjoy the conversation of his family and friends.

Mrs. Hamilton, the author of Letters on Education, &c. is pretty much such another personage—very cheerful,

amiable, possessing strong natural sense and highly cultivated. Mrs. Hamilton lives in a very pleasant manner with her sister, Mrs. Blake, now a widow. This last lady has a just veneration for the character of our Washington, and as a mark of her devotion, constantly wears, very prettily set in a broach, a small piece of the hemlock tree which grows over his tomb at Mount Vernon—they receive a good deal of company, though it is principally of the literary people; and Mrs. Hamilton, like all other persons here, is perfectly accessible to every body, properly introduced.

Mr. Leslie, the present professor of Mathematicks in the college, is one of the most extraordinary men of his time; he was born to the humble calling of a shepherd's boy—However, as he tended his flocks alone on the side of the mountain, he had leisure for contemplation, and his talents were made known to some gentlemen in the neighbourhood, by one of the accidents rather common to men of surprising genius. He was adopted and educated, and his course since has been equally rapid and brilliant.—The first particular notice which the publick had of him, was, I believe, at the time of his election to his present professorship. I believe it is necessary that all the officers of the University should profess a belief in the christian religion—now Mr. Leslie had either said or written something, which, to the zealous presbyterians, savoured of deism. The 'Kirk' was said to be in danger, and it is very clear that civil liberty was also in danger, if the mere accusation of deism could place an individual under the 'ban' of the church. A sort of publick council was then assembled, consisting of the most distinguished of both parties, by whom the fatal expression of Leslie was deliberately weighed and discussed. Professor Stewart, lord Lauderdale, Mr. Playfair, and others, took a very lively interest on the side of Mr. Leslie, and delivered several celebrated speeches.—The inquiry lasted some time, and as you recollect, Mr. Leslie was finally declared to have full faith in the christian religion, as far as the counts in the indictment went to prove the contrary. Mr. Leslie is a great chemist as well as mathematician, and his uncommonly interesting and ingenious experiments on heat and cold, have made him very favourably known both on the continent and in this country. His great hobby, however, is his disco-

very of freezing water under an exhausted receiver. The moment the water froze, he jumped into the mail coach and flew off to London, and there for three or four months, this little fat philosopher kept running about from the patent office to the India house, and the secretary of state's office, preaching and insisting that he could supply the whole torrid zone with ice, and his own pockets with gold, and though General somebody told him, that he had one night made forty thousand pounds of ice by evaporation, in some part of India, this was nothing to his exhausted receiver, and his courage was not at all dismayed. He however despatched some of his air pumps to India. But if the experiment is ingenious, the expense is considerable, and the operation performed by one of the most delicate machines in the 'chemical apparatus.' Mr. Leslie has great ardour, penetration, and clearness of mind, and though he works very hard, he does no plodding. He seeks after every kind of knowledge and accomplishment, and probably vaunts himself as much upon his bows and compliments, as upon working his air pump. But nature never made this ingenious professor for a hero of romance. He resembles not a little the description of Gil Perez, the uncle of Gil Blas, except that he is full of spirit, and is always changing and inventing something. A few years since, it is said, he met with a great calamity, and which now makes a regular laugh in the class every warm day; his hair grew very gray, and, as I have said, he took a particular glory in his appearance, the chemist set about making a preparation, which turns vegetable substances of a beautiful brown, and in his eagerness to '*s'adonizer*,' poured it all over his big head. Either the learned chymist had mistaken the acid, or his hair resented the indignity; however that melancholy fact may be, his venerable gray locks instantaneously shone forth of a resplendent, deep coloured purple, and, appalling as such a spectacle would be to a common mortal, the professor seemed highly delighted with his '*coiffure*,' and was observed to be particularly gay on that memorable occasion. There are certain, however, of the school of scandal, who insist that Mr. Leslie is really mistaking purple for brown, and every morning still continues to anoint his head with this fatal mixture. At any rate, the purple in particular lights faithfully maintains its place, and whenever the heat of argument, or the heat of the weather warms his blood beyond the common temperature, copious

distillations of the purple grape are seen streaming down his face. This distinguished man is now about forty, and considering how highly he is favoured by nature—his great talents and extensive information, and his uncommon and unceasing thirst after knowledge, one certainly feels considerable reluctance to speak lightly of him. But if a man conceals his great endowments with so little caution as utterly to take away his personal dignity, though his vanity may display a simplicity rather than a weakness of character; if he regulates his speech and actions with so little propriety, as to be constantly saying rude and unwarrantable things, though without being aware or intending to offend—if, in one word, giving up the gravity of his age and situation, he is ever interposing his own manners, and actually preventing the world from paying him that tribute, which talents and learning always receive—how can one be blamed, if he fail to respect such a character, even under the diadem or the laurel. He has been a great traveller, and is still one of the most restless of beings. Many years since, he was a very short time in some part of the southern states of our republick. I never, however, heard him make any very important remark about us, except that we had no partridges, which, I suppose, the sportsmen will say depends entirely on Mr. Leslie's idea of a partridge.—He has been in almost every part of the continent, and having no family, and hardly any associates, he usually passes his summers (when, you know, there is no term at the college,) in making excursions. The last time we heard of him he was in some obscure house in the 'rue Voltaire,' at Paris, quarrelling and battling with the French chymists, and there for the present we must leave him.—

ORIGINAL POETRY.

'THE SINE QUA NON.'

When Adam was stationed in Eden's fair bower,
The lord of the beast, of the bird and the flower,
He exclaim'd, tho' creation my sceptre may own,
To happiness still there's a *sine qua non*,
Sine qua non, sine qua non,
To happiness still there's a sine qua non.

Then Deity pitied the creature he made,
And sent in compassion a help-mate and aid;
From Adam while sleeping, he pluck'd out a bone,
And formed of the *rib* the sweet *sine qua non*,
Sine qua non, &c.

Oh! then laugh'd the landscape and garden around,
And man blest with *beauty*, true happiness found;
What our ancestor did all his children have done,
And *woman* is still the sweet *sine qua non*,
Sine qua non, &c.

The parson will hammer and stammer all day,
That life's joys are fleeting, and man is but clay,
Still, though not recorded in Mark, Luke, or John,
He *sticks to his text* of the *sine qua non*,
Sine qua non, &c.

The lawyer, who labours and sweats in his cause,
And puzzles his brain in expounding the laws,
Quits the forum with joy, and, without *pro* or *con*,
Finds a *precedent pat* in the *sine qua non*,
Sine qua non, &c.

Oh! tell us, ye heirs of Hippocrates' skill,
Ye men of the mortar, the pestle and pill,
What *drop* can encrimson the cheek pale and wan,
Like the *dew* from the lips of the *sine qua non?*
Sine qua non, &c.

The poet may sing of the charms of the lyre,
Of Helicon's fount and Promethean fire,

Though his musick surpasses the Mantuan swan,
Yet what is it all to the *sine qua non?*
Sine qua non, &c.

Then fill up a bumper—let's drink to the smile,
That sorrow, misfortune, and care can beguile;
In life's chequer'd path may we gaily move on,
Ever cheer'd by the love of the *sine qua non,*
Sine qua non, &c.

A SECRETARY OF THE EMBASSY.

The following lines were sent to a friend in this country from England, in manuscript—they have never been printed.

IMPROMPTU BY LORD BYRON,

ON A LADY'S REMARKING THE MELANCHOLY OF HIS COUNTENANCE.

If from the heart where sorrows sit,
Their dusky shadows mount too high,
Or on the changing aspect flit,
Or cloud the brow or dim the eye;
Heed not the gloom, it soon will sink,
My thoughts their prison know too well,
Back to the heart they hence will shrink,
And bleed within their silent cell.

A gentleman lately received from a friend in England, a letter of condolence on the loss of a son, whose virtues and talents gave promise of the greatest excellence; and the writer enclosed the following copy of an epitaph, recently composed for the monument of an interesting young woman, the only child of a man of ancient family and large fortune, all whose hopes were blasted by her death. The thought is not new, but it is very finely expressed.

When at the holy altar's foot is giv'n,
The blushing maiden to the enamour'd youth,
Whose well tried honour, constancy and truth,
Afford the promise of an earthly heaven;
Tho' to far distant friends and country led,
Fond parents triumph mid the tears they shed.
Shall we then grieve, that a celestial spouse,
Hath borne this virgin treasure from our sight,
To share the blessings of eternal light,
The end of all our prayers and all our vows?
We should rejoice, but cannot as we ought,
Great God! forgive the involuntary fault.

MAXIMS, CHARACTERS AND REFLECTIONS.

A short account of this book, and several characters from it were given in the last number; the following extracts are taken from the same work.

'VERY nice scruples are sometimes the effect of a great 'mind, but oftener of a little one.'

'Some men talk sensibly and act foolishly, some talk 'foolishly and act sensibly; the first laugh at the last, the 'last cheat the first.'*

'CHRYSANTES is more sought after than any man I know: 'he is alike the favourite of the old, the young, the men of 'parts and the illiterate. No one ever calls him by his sur-'name, or Mr.; it is the smallest diminutive of his christian 'name that he goes by, and were there any thing in the lan-'guage correspondent to ANIMULA that would doubtless be 'his appellation. Adrian could not have invented any thing 'more fondling for his own soul, than every one would be-'stow upon this *Mignion*. Hear then the rare qualities 'that have dignified this *Deliciæ humani generis*. CHRY-'SANTES is in his person unwieldy, clumsy, and vulgar, and 'his countenance is not only correspondent to his figure in 'regard to his features, but is wholly unanimated and with-'out expression; his behaviour must consequently be equal-'ly destitute of grace and delicacy. "What are his morals?" 'Execrable; all his sensations towards human nature are 'confined to the little circle of his own person. "But what, 'then, are his charms?" Nay, if you don't find them out it 'is not my fault. Will you sit up? CHRYSANTES is your 'man; provided your Champaigne be good, or your purse 'full and exposed to be emptied. Dice, cards, heads or 'tails, CHRYSANTES has no choice, he is all complaisance; 'only if you leave it to him he had *rather* play for indefinite 'sums, and it is very easy for each man to tell his lump. He 'never mistakes; he will tell you, every time he wins, to a 'guinea, what he had before him; no man reckons better, or 'so fast as he: he is the best companion, the *honestest fel-'low* in the world. "But what is his conversation? is it

* 'The author does not mean, that to *cheat* is to *act sensibly* in any other sense, 'than as every man may be said to act sensibly who takes the most effectual means to 'obtain his purpose, let his purpose be what it will.'

'the awful profound of reasoning, or the gay superficies of 'wit that thus attracts the literati?" Neither; you are tired 'with the paradox!—CHRYSANTES has the best cook in 'the world, the best wines; and a great house whose door '*hates the thresholds.*'

'If you find your friend covetous, hope he is inconsis- 'tent too—he has nothing else for it.'*

'Some men are like certain stuffs, beautiful on one side, 'hideous on the other.'

'Men often prove the violence of their own prejudices, 'even by the violence with which they attack the preju- 'dices of other people.'

'Nothing so easy as to keep up an established character 'of sense by conversation, nothing so difficult as to acquire 'one by it; at least a conversation superiour to that which 'keeps it up, may not give it.'

'The oak which is generally considered as the king of 'trees, is that also which arrives latest at perfection; and 'perhaps, in some sense, the same observation may be true 'with respect to mankind.'

'Polydore and Craterus past their childhood together, 'and received, in every respect, the same education; and 'yet they came into the world with opposite characters. 'Polydore had what is called *bright parts*, which he neg- 'lected to use; Craterus had what is called *good solid* '*sense*, which he exerted with constant and unwearied dili- 'gence. Polydore had so lively a relish for pleasure, that 'his life was wasted in perpetual dissipation; Craterus had 'so much regard to the *main chance*, that he was never 'seduced to idleness or irregularity, but improved such 'talents as he had to the utmost advantage. They both 'obtained seats in parliament almost as soon as they were 'of age; and Craterus attended at the house with so much 'punctuality, and so assiduously applied to the subject of 'every question, that he became almost a man of business 'the first year. But Polydore, all this while, neither knew, 'nor cared what was doing; he sometimes attended indeed 'in appearance, but his mind was absent, except in some 'sudden start of recollection, when he cursed the dull tedi-

* 'The meaning is, that a conduct, in every particular consistent with an avaricious 'principle, would include almost every vice; as a conduct, in every particular con- 'sistent with a generous principle, would include almost every virtue: but as this 'perfect consistency is never found in human actions, the world gains in one instance 'what it loses in the other.'

'ous debate that kept him from his pleasures. Thus Po-
'lydore, with superiour natural talents, always appeared
'inferiour to Craterus, except in matters of taste, for in
'these his superiority appeared without an effort; it was
'the effect of nature, instant and spontaneous: but where
'a series of principles were to be traced, and connexions
'discovered, Craterus had greatly the advantage; for
'though Polydore was more able he was less willing to ap-
'ply, and the effect of mere indolence was sometimes mis-
'taken for that of incapacity. Polydore was many years
'short of that maturity, at which Craterus was arrived:
'Craterus was all he could ever be; Polydore, in compari-
'son of what he might be, was as yet nothing. Polydore
'put one in mind of a high-bred pack of true vermin fox-
'hounds at the beginning of the season, which dash'd, flew,
'and run riot nobody knows where, and had a spirit that
'twenty whippers-in could not restrain; Craterus, of a
'staunch pack of southerns, which were never off the true
'scent, but would eat, drink, and comply with all other calls
'of nature in the height of the chase, though fifty whip-
'pers-in should sweat in vain to get them forwards. Cra-
'terus one day told Polydore, that it was a shame for a
'member to know so little of the business of the house:
'Pooh—d—n it, says he, I tell you—you are *premature*.'

'Wit gives confidence less than confidence gives wit.'

'Many men will reason and act *sensibly* on various oc-
'casions, and yet be even *absurd* in speculation and prac-
'tice, with respect to things extremely plain, which hap-
'pen to lie out of their way; as musical clocks will play
'such a number of tunes, and difficult ones too, but not
'one beyond them.

'Fogramo is a kind of philosopher, a mathematician, a
'chymist, a man of letters in short, and a deep reasoner;
'he has had more than one literary dispute, and always with
'success: he utterly despises and disregards trifles; and
'of all trifles, he very justly thinks that dress is the greatest:
'however, he naturally falls into what is suitable and pro-
'per, and has a certain dignity; his cloaths therefore are
'always black, and his wigs white; but once made, he
'scarcely remembers that he possesses any such things,
'and he puts them on purely from its being necessary that
'he should. Fogramo wanted to move his person from
'one part of the island to another; on what account I

'never learnt, but on some important one you may be sure: 'he was told of the late invention of *post-chays*, of their 'great expedition, conveniency, and cheapness, provided 'one could get a fellow-traveller; and that to effect this 'one need only to advertise for a *post-chay* companion. 'Fogramo approved of all this, and did it: Jack Flash was 'in a certain coffee-house near the *garden*, and read the 'advertisement; he wanted to go to the same place at the 'same time, cash was short, he was in a hurry, so, *d—n 'him*, he was his man. The travellers met according to 'appointment, and after some admiration of each other, and 'some swearing from Jack about the horses and the tackle, 'Fogramo freely, and *sans ceremonie*, got into the chaise 'and placed himself commodiously in about the middle of 'it. Jack claps one hand on the ostler's shoulder, and the 'other on the top of the wheel, and brushes in after him: 'having but little room, he bustles and bestirs himself *a 'few;* and Fogramo mechanically, as it were, retired into 'his corner. Off they go, most prodigiously fast, according 'to Fogramo; and according to Flash—doctors differ— 'damnably slow. One began to swear, the other to groan, 'too politely however to be troublesome; for however each 'jolt might affect Fogramo he resolved not to vent his dis- 'pleasure: but he began to reflect on the scheme he had 'undertaken, and to doubt somewhat of the charms of a '*post-chay*, still with the utmost politeness and attention to 'his companion—is not that indeed regarding one's self? 'Fogramo, however, *who was a rational and consequential 'person*, had observed that the *young gentleman* had carried 'all before him, and shewn peculiar knowledge and under- 'standing about the chaise, horses, harness, and all their ap- 'purtenances, and doubted not but he was *a man of the 'world:* "*Captain*," says he, "you seem to *know the world* 'very well."—"Yes, sir, a little, I know men a little, but 'nothing to my knowledge of women; but there's nothing 'in that, for to be sure there I have had some experience!" '"Some experience! why sure, *Captain*, you can't have 'been married more than once?" Jack went off so loud and 'so very nonsensically, that Fogramo, *who was a rational 'and consequential person*, began to recover his original idea 'of Jack, and sat up very tight in his corner. Jack hummed 'a little and fell fast asleep, a thing he had not done in the 'last twenty-four hours: his sleep was as profound, as his

'waking had been turbulent; as the deadest calm follows 'the most furious storm. Fogramo, though broad awake, 'was soon no more conscious of his *chay* situation, than his 'companion; sometimes he was in the sky among the pla-'nets and suns, sometimes in the earth amongst minerals 'and fossils, sometimes in the sea with monsters and wrecks. 'At length, however, Fogramo began to awake out of his 'dream by an accident; and though Jack continued in his, 'yet he made many wry faces; the chaise bump'd conti-'nually against the side quarter, and Fogramo was surpris-'ed to find his jolts renewed upon him with greater force 'than ever; the road was not stony, and he could not con-'ceive the meaning of it: he looked about him, out of the 'window, within the window; but the solving twenty pro-'blems was nothing compared to his difficulty of discover-'ing the *cause* of these repeated jolts and knocks, it was— '*out of his way.* At length they jolted his friend Jack 'broad awake, and looking out of the window, "D—n your 'body," says he, "where did you learn your road-work, 'boy? d—n you, where are your eyes you dog? why an't 'they in your poll by G—d? can't you see, d—n ye, that 'your near horse don't draw an ounce? Pull the *chay* 'over, do ye blood of a b—ch!" '*

'The true *use* of conversation is the perceiving, perhaps 'adopting, the ideas of others; the *end* proposed is, the 'displaying our own.'

'There are faults which, as they become greater, dis-'please less.

'Is that young Eschylus coming down † Fops-alley? 'No sure—Yes it is; it is his figure: and yet it is not his 'air—Yes, faith, now he is nearer, I see it is Eschylus. 'But, heavens! what a metamorphosis! let any thing but '—*himself be his parallel!*—Poor boy! it was but last 'year so humble, so modest, so condescending! and how 'glad was one to encourage him! and can a few fleeting 'moons then have made so great an alteration? My dear 'Eschylus, I am hurt,—I mean for you—What! don't you 'know me, my dear Eschylus?—You have got a touch of 'the *qui vive* too, have you not? I must not laugh; but

* 'These characters were intended partly to illustrate the maxim that immediately 'precedes them; and partly to contrast two characters widely different, by shewing 'them in such circumstances as might shew at once their weakness and their strength.

† 'A place in the opera house.'

'yet the thing diverts me, I want to laugh: What a pup-
'py!—bow to the countess too!—well faith, I shall laugh.
'Why you are not perfect, you cock your chin, and look
'about you, and affect to be agreeable,—very disagreea-
'bly! depend upon it, if you don't play the monkey *better*,
'you will be—very ridiculous!

'Ha! there he is. Observe Dorimon, young Eschylus;
'he does it with a swing!—Dorimon is something like a
'coxcomb; why, he would beat you *under his leg*.—Yes,
'Dorimon, you make me laugh; but I love to laugh with
'you, Dorimon. My dear Dorimon! will you sit by me?
'*tant mieux!* Tell me then, thou happy Dog! how many
'this last week?—Ha, only one countess? ay, you are dis-
'creet. Come, the kept mistresses, you *may* own them;
'faith I won't divulge—Well, I'll keep the secret; and
'really that's a vast number for one week. Look, Eschy-
'lus, see how easy it sits upon him! look at his cloaths too,
'they are not *too fine*, and they sit well upon him; nor is
'my friend afraid of rumpling them or himself. Yes, Dori-
'mon *is* a coxcomb! and, believe me, Eschylus, there are
'faults which displease even from being *incomplete*.'

'You would know how a man talks, to judge of his
'understanding; and yet, possibly, however great the
'paradox, the very contrary method might be less fallible;
'the knowing how he hears, might shew it you much bet-
'ter. There is a kind of mechanical flow belonging to a
'man's conversation, which, when *put in motion*, goes
'perhaps, roundly, and ingeniously, and yet seems, some-
'times, less the operation of reason than habit; he may
'at the same time be destitute of the faculty of dividing,
'weighing, distinguishing, and judging: *hearing* then may,
'perhaps, be more the test of sense than *speaking*.

'How stupid is young Theocles! he was with us an
'hour; and whilst Cleon, the other young man his com-
'panion, entertained us with a great deal of sensible con-
'versation, he had not one word to say for himself; he will
'surely make a bad figure in the world; he can have no
'parts. Thus was I told by every one present, nor did I
'contradict it; and yet, as to myself, how differently did I
'think! Theocles, I observed, did not once fail expressing
'in his countenance, that he understood and tasted every
'thing that was said; Cleon never—he attended to nothing
'but what he himself uttered; that was a superficial flow, a

'something, a nothing, yet all that it could ever be, incapable of increase or improvement. Theocles, on the contrary, with ten times the qualifications for talking, thought 'he had too few to expose his sentiments amongst those 'which his amiable prejudice esteemed so much superiour 'to his own: Theocles was diffident for the same reason 'that lambs are playful; the cause was nature and propriety. I saw him smile with a delicate approbation of sentiment, at an account of generosity and love; I saw him 'smile with scorn and indignation at a story of meanness 'and dishonour; I saw his eyes animated, and his features 'glow, at an account of spirit and gallantry: and Cleon all 'this time altered not a muscle of his face. As soon as he 'had an opportunity, he told his own story indeed, properly, and without confusion: Theocles told no story, he had 'not a word to offer.—What a difference!

'Scholarship, or, if you will, learning, is perpetually rung 'in my ears as the *summum bonum*, the one thing necessary to man: to say of a person that he is a good scholar, 'seems to imply every kind of superiority; to say he is no 'scholar, just the contrary. But I confess, that after much 'reflection and much inquiry, I am yet at a loss to comprehend this mighty advantage of scholarship; some advantages, to be sure, it has, but perhaps its disadvantages 'are not less: it sometimes prevents the excursions of a 'vigorous understanding, by keeping it in a beaten track; 'it perpetuates errour, by imposing received opinions upon 'those who, if they had begun the inquiry, would have discovered truth; it divides the attention, and sometimes 'fixes it to subjects which are not suited to that particular 'genius and turn of mind which nature would have exerted 'upon some other, the object of her own choice, with infinite advantage: by loading the memory it restrains imagination, and by multiplying precepts it anticipates the 'judgment. Give me the man whose knowledge is derived 'from the copious source of his own reason, whose mind is 'filled with ideas that sprung not from books but thought; 'whose principles are consistent because deduced in a 'regular series from each other, and not scraps of different 'systems gleaned from the works of others, and huddled 'together without examining their incongruity. Where is 'the scholar whose opinion is entirely his own? and where 'is the genius whom we wish to have known the opinions

'of others? Are we sure that Shakespeare would have 'been the wonder he was, had he been *a deep scholar?*—*'

'I lately went into a great and curious library; and, 'however uncommon, these were my reflections: Behold, 'said I to myself, at once the glory and disgrace of human 'nature! What monuments of ingenuity and knowledge! 'of ingenuity employed to render errour specious, and of 'knowledge which has little more than these specious er-'rours for its objects. How many of those that have 'written on the same subject and agree, agree only because 'they have implicitly adopted the same opinions, which 'they have employed their minds not to examine but to 'defend! how many of those that differ, differ only because 'they have adopted contrary opinions, which they also 'defend, without examination! Is not far the greater part 'of the learned labour that surrounds me, the work of per-'verted reason, of prejudicial zeal, of mercenary self-inte-'rest? Does not the strength of the writer's understanding 'often prove the depravity of his heart? And would not 'the honest mind that could read and remember all the 'volumes that I see, be rather bewildered than instructed, 'and rather doubt of all things than believe any?'

'O clever! and in a man of fashion too! Gyges will quote 'you from Virgil and Horace, *in Latin*, till you stare again! '—Its true, that he is aukwardly dressed; that he lives ill; 'and above all, that he generally takes the false side of the 'question: *but he will* quote,—*ye gods! how he will* 'quote!'

'Melissa† has not much *common*, but a great deal of *un-'common*, or, if you will, *out of the way* sense. She un-'derstands Latin, has written much verse, has read a good 'deal of history, and a great deal of metaphysicks; she is 'a zealous enemy of superstition and priestcraft, and holds 'Moses and all such people extremely cheap. Melissa

* 'The author does not intend by this article to deny, that by consulting books a 'man may gain an acquaintance with the sciences in general, which he could never 'gain without them; but he believes, with Mr. Pope, that "the proper science of 'mankind is man," and that the knowledge of man is not best acquired by what is 'generally called learning. And though he firmly believes, that Shakespeare's 'excellence was owing to his study of the living world, from which books would ne-'cessarily have diverted his attention; yet he is also willing to allow, that the dis-'coveries of Newton depended upon his acquaintance with books, at least upon his 'knowledge of principles which others had discovered; for without the principles 'of arithmetick and geometry, which is not probable he would have discovered 'merely by the force of his own thought, he could not have produced a new system 'of philosophy.'

† Mrs. M—c.

'will sport a subject with you willingly; and if you talk 'more upon it than she, I had almost said better, I am not 'a little mistaken: her words flow with such easy volubili- 'ty, that certainly, if you have any taste, Melissa will at- 'tract your attention, possibly your admiration; but then 'you must not turn the stream, you must not put her mind 'out of its course, for the road once lost she will wander 'farther and farther from it in endless perplexity; she goes 'on where she sees the track, but never yet asked herself 'whither it would lead her: she talks not from sentiment 'but from memory, and a kind of instinct; so that though 'what she says is rational, yet she has not herself deduced 'it from reason. The regular dependance of one principle 'upon another is what she least regards, and she is there- 'fore so inconsistent that often has Melissa disputed power- 'fully, nay self-persuasively on Monday on one side, and 'on Tuesday on the other. In her discourse too, she con- 'siders herself much more than the person she speaks to; 'and therefore she often tells a sentimental story to a civil 'listening country farmer, and some cant joke of one socie- 'ty to a member of another. As to others, indeed, Melissa 'thinks little about them; and be you a celebrated author, 'a man of sense, a blockhead, a coxcomb, or a pedant, she 'equally attends to you and to herself. Minuties she little 'regards; she is not one of those prying mortals, who from 'a word, a motion, or look, will catch the ideas or designs 'of another; and though very knowing in theory, yet as 'she knows theory only by rote, she is often extremely 'ignorant in the practice of the very theory she is so 'well acquainted with. Melissa rather likes than despises 'dress, and there too her disregard of minuties taste and 'connexion manifests itself: she has been known to change 'her shoes in the morning without changing the buckles, 'and so wear her shoes a whole day with the two straps 'pointing towards each other; nor does she care how they 'sit to her feet, or how or of what they are made: her ri- 'bands too are either left to the choice of her maid, or else 'perhaps oddly chosen by herself; and when she has put 'on a rich gown which required one kind of assortment, 'she has been known totally to spoil its effect by another. 'With Melissa, in short, you must distinguish between a 'love for dress, and a taste for dress. But has not nature, 'when she gave such flying agility to the roe, refused him

'the strength of the lion? why then may not Corinna pos-
'sess those feminine graces which are refused to Melissa?
'Corinna was one day so much admired in the presence of
'Melissa for the becoming elegance of her cloaths, that
'Melissa ordered the very same for herself; and yet,
'strange consequence! no one admired them at all upon
'her: she proved, that it is the person which adorns the
'dress, not the dress the person. Corinna pulls her hair
'about with her fingers for two minutes, and no head is so
'well coiffed; Melissa sits sometimes two hours to her *Ac-*
'*comodeur*, and few appear worse. Melissa, in short, fixes
'her chief attention on *your great objects;* Corinna, on
'the graceful ones. With Melissa and Corinna you have
'your choice—as your taste happens to be—between a
'lady of—*masculine knowledge*, or—*feminine ignorance.*'

'Camilla* is really what writers have so often imagined;
'or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which
'they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough
'to conceive: to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished,
'she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it
'is the particular I would describe. In her person she is
'almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and
'inspiring a kind of tender respect: the tone of her voice
'is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without
'expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of
'almost every excellence she is unconscious of any, and
'thus heightens them all: she is modest and diffident of
'her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the
'subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its
'true light: she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipi-
'tancy to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges
'truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated
'for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of
'them serves only to display a new beauty in her charac-
'ter, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps
'from her possessing that very ignorance. The great
'characteristick of Camilla's understanding is taste; but
'when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that
'she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to
'triumph she persuades the more. With the most refined
'sentiments she possessed the softest sensibility, and it
'lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla

* Lady Kildare.

'melancholy? does she sigh? every body is affected: they 'inquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; 'they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, 'and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high 'born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the 'brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others 'seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet 'when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others 'with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to 'the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gayety 'free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet 'never inferiour; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or 'aukward; for shame and aukwardness are the effects of 'pride, which is too often called modesty: nay to the most 'critical discernment she adds something of a blushing timi- 'dity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy 'even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! 'By this silent unassuming merit, she over-awes the turbu- 'lent and the proud; and stops the torrent of that indecent, 'that over-bearing noise, with which inferiour natures in 'superiour stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. 'Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence, Camilla.'

'You see a character that you admire, and you think it 'perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different cha- 'racter is imperfect? What, will you allow a variety of beau- 'ty almost equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, 'and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! 'How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora!* 'In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact 'regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety: 'in Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a 'graceful negligence, and an uncontrolled, yet blameless 'freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about 'her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her and 'to love her, is the same thing; but you cannot know her 'by description. Her person is rather touching than ma- 'jestick, her features more expressive than regular, and her 'manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, 'than because it is conformable to any that custom has 'established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect 'musick that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweet- 'ness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play 'of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds

* Mrs. Greville.

'you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely 'maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of 'the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the 'Loves. Artless sensibility, wild native feminine gayety, 'and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange 'characteristicks of Flora. Her countenance glows with 'youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish 'than increase, rather to hide than adorn; and while Ca-'milla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora en-'chants you by the neglect of hers. Thus different are 'the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and 'Flora! Yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the 'extent of her power to please, she has also proved that 'truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and 'tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both 'favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree 'than they are possessed by Flora: she is just as attentive 'to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; 'and though she could submit to any misfortune that could 'befal herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the mis-'fortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest 'sensibility and the most lively gayety, and both are ex-'pressed with the most bewitching mixture in her counte-'nance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps 'you at a respectful yet admiring distance, Flora excites 'the most ardent yet elegant desire. Camilla reminds you 'of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility 'of Calisto: Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility 'of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of 'woman.'*

'There is, amongst friends, a neglect that is flattering, 'and an attention that is mortifying.'

'If you have a *great deal of taste* for a particular sub-'ject, you may do very well with a person who has *no* '*taste at all*; but there is no doing with one who has a '*little taste* for it.'

'Courage to think, is infinitely more rare than courage 'to act; and yet the danger in the first case is generally '*imaginary*, in the last *real*.'

* 'The author had the article of scholarship in view, through all the characters 'that follow it in succession, of which this is the last.'

'The medium between too scrupulously returning, and 'too easily accepting obligations, is the finest and most dif-'ficult medium I know in the world.'

'Respect is better procured by exacting than soliciting 'it.'

'Some prejudices are to the mind, what the atmosphere 'is to the body; we cannot feel without the one, nor 'breathe without the other.'

'Some men have a reasonable understanding, and a ridi-'culous character.

'Fabricius is of a very uncommon cast; I hardly know 'so strong an instance of the contrariety between the un-'derstanding and character, as in him: he is, perhaps, the 'most sensible, the most droll, and the most foolish man 'you ever met with. Hark! what a roar of laughter! O! 'it is a ring Fabricius has got round him; he is certainly 'entertaining his company, with the most facetious and the 'most absurd stories you can conceive. Shall we get upon 'the table to see over the heads of those that surround him, 'what he is doing?—See how he gesticulates! how he 'mimicks the drawling affectation of the lady he is talking 'about!—What! sure he is not dancing! Yes, that decent 'brown coat, waistcoat, breeches, stockings, and square 'toed shoes; that decent figure, that long black bob, is 'dancing like on antick!—And now again he is recounting. 'Were it possible for you to get through the crowd and 'listen to him, you would find that Fabricius is master 'of the keenest discernment, the most judicious discrimi-'nation you can conceive: he will extract—nay, take care 'he don't from you—he will extract every grain of ridicule 'out of a character, as a loadstone the particles of steel 'from those of sand that are mixed with them; he will hold 'them up to the light, and expose these absurdities, even 'though with them he exposes his own; nothing escapes 'him: nay, in these comick descriptions he will often mix 'the most ingenious observations, and the justest reason-'ings; and you are for a moment suspended between the 'admiration of his wit and his understanding: but as soon 'as the torrent of his humour breaks in upon you, every 'serious consideration is hurried away before it, and you 'think of nothing, you desire nothing, but those extatick 'breaks of laughter which he extorts from you: ask not 'for any relation of what he says, he alone can give it you;

'he is a living farce, a puppet-shew, and we all supply the 'scenes, the incidents, and the fable of it. "Thus he 'uses the characters of others: what is his own?" Humo-'rous you see, and, if the character of another, would be 'the best subject of humour to him. Fabricius possesses 'four thousand pounds per annum; but were you to judge 'of his rank in the world, either by his own appearance, or 'by that of the people he is connected with, you would 'perhaps suppose he had as many hundreds out of which 'he saved about half. He keeps no house, no equipage, 'no servants, no company; you would take him for a me-'chanick: no dignity in his appearance, no carriage, no 'address; yet he is perfectly free, and will converse with 'you, I mean *to* you, as long as you will hear him. "What 'are the subjects of his discourse?" Men,—and women— 'If you would see the comick side of the world, he is your 'man: he carries constantly in his mind a kind of human 'raree show, which he will exhibit gratis, without loss of 'time, to any person who cares, or does not care, to see 'it; and this from morrow to morrow, as long as opportu-'nity serves. Then you may depend upon the existence of 'the originals he gives you such *original copies* of; they 'are all his own, or your intimates and friends: if you have 'not discovered their latent characteristicks, he will shew 'them. "*My* friends and intimates! will he ridicule *my* 'friends and intimates to *me?* is that consistent with pro-'priety and decorum?" Nay, I only said it was droll; and 'the oddity and impropriety of it certainly makes it droll 'in a higher degree. Not a little Miss but stares with 'astonishment at the choice of his subjects; and if *he* paints '*them*, *they* paint *him*, as well as they can. Fabricius is a 'man of taste too, and a man of letters: with the polite arts, 'and the unpolite professors of them, he is particularly 'connected: but his excellence is in the *out of the way* 'arts; he chiefly delights in the useless and neglected stu-'dies; he will set his mind on something that you, and I, 'and others would choose to forget, and make a voyage to 'Aleppo to get to the bottom of it. When he is serious, 'he will talk to you and reason on these subjects extreme-'ly well; and you will at least allow, that if he is in an 'errour, it is fed not by wild fancy, but by reason and 'sense: Fabricius almost tempts one sometimes to think, 'that sense had lost her way, and was fallen into the hands

'of a fool. He has great talents in horsemanship too, and 'nothing can be more comick than his exercising those 'talents; his ideas are so much elevated above the brute 'creation, that he does not know one horse from another, 'and he is very apt—But what end of describing Fabricius? 'What pity is it, O Fabricius! that no power of nature, or 'necromancy, could at once transform thee into another, 'and leave thee thyself! what an account wouldst thou 'give of thyself!'

'I have heard of some creature which when dressed for 'food, has in its different parts the tastes of many others. 'It puts me in mind of Sicinius, who is by fits a French '*Agrëable*, an English farmer, a keen sportsman, and a 'book-worm; not to mention several other little turns of 'whim or fancy, to which Scicinius sometimes gives his 'mind. Nothing is more jaunty than young Sicinius: if 'you saw him at the opera or play-house, and had never 'heard who he was, you would certainly ask; for his ap-'pearance is striking, his cloaths hang so easy about him, 'he is so minutely well dressed, I mean with that com-'manding ease as well as propriety, that the assemblage of 'the whole must strike even those eyes, by which par-'ticular parts would be undistinguished.—He lolls, he talks, 'he holds his tongue, still with a certain uncommon supe-'riority—he is the truth of an *Agrëable*—You would 'scarce think, whilst you saw some fashionable woman 'almost paying her court to Sicinius on the out side of her 'side-box, that he intended going the next morning, per-'haps that very night, to his old house in the country, to 'shut himself up there for many months; but still less would 'you believe, that he was just come from the baker's club, 'where he had talked his five minutes, and worn his great 'wig and great coat like a true and orthodox member of that 'celebrated and learned society. Will you follow him to his 'old house in the country?—You will see him with his hair 'hanging about his ears, and not only with as bad a coat as 'any farmer in the country, but also with as bad an air: 'yes, he is a Proteus: so far from being *absurd* about 'things that happen to lie out of his way, he constantly 'finds out the very *something* which distinguishes every 'class of men: he assumes the most contrary characters, 'and is this moment the very reverse of what he was the 'last.—Sicinius takes his oaken stick, gets a-stride a kind

'of *half-cart* mare, and kicks her to market to a neighbour-
'ing town; there he will look at and cheapen some hay, or
'oats, and no one understands both more minutely; nor
'will he fail to wet the bargain with the seller. He has
'been known to drink very near his gallon of bad ale in an
'evening with a set of farmers in the midst of tobacco-
'smoak, to which he fairly contributed his full share of
'whiffs, nay, and to talk just as well, and as much as the
'best of them.—Were it not for scandalizing, I would men-
'tion too how much Sicinius would be found to have chang-
'ed his taste as to his ladies—but that—As to this rustick
'life, he may perhaps continue it some time, perhaps turn
'short about and assume another, it is just as it happens;
'however, you may be certain whatever are his avocations,
'he will always be—*totus in illis*—He has been known to
'remain a whole year together in an odd character, and
'to have been quite despaired of by his acquaintance who
'were in another.—However, I think they all recover him
'again first or last.—At present indeed Sicinius mixes two
'characters together, which you must allow to be extreme-
'ly different—He is a pedant and a fox-hunter. He boards
'with a nobleman's keeper at his little hut, lives absolutely
'by himself, and is up every other morning in December
'two hours before it is light to attend the fox-hounds, six,
'twelve or fourteen miles from home, and he has no com-
'panion or attendant but a little pocket Horace. He
'divides his conversation between the hounds and his Ho-
'race. In the field Sicinius speaks to no living creature,
'except (I say) a hound; and to hounds no one speaks so
'well—no man makes a *try* like him, or *gets* so well *into*
'hounds; nor does he ever quit the field while even a ter-
'rier remains in it—he has been known to stay many hours
'after star-light with labourers and whippers-in and terriers
'at an earth.—No man is so keen or so good a sportsman
'as Sicinius; nor would any, who did not know it, suspect
'that all the while he had his little Horace in his pocket:
'when he does not hunt, he converses with him—or his
'horse; and perhaps next year we may see a translation
'of Horace by Sicinius. One half of the year perhaps he
'is a sober man, and drinks little or no wine; the next,
'possibly, he is as great a reveller as Marc Anthony, and
'few men become jollity better. If you should get up at
'four o'clock in the morning to go a hunting, during Sici-

'nius's revelling season, you may, perhaps, meet him with 'his fine clothes unbuttoned, and his fine lace ruffles as 'black as the ground, staggering home down both sides of 'the street. When Sicinius sets about it, he is quite the '*agréable debauché*. What he will enter upon next, I can't 'say; but I expect to hear, one day or other, that he has 'taken orders, and is—an archbishop.'

'Weakness of mind is still more disgusting than vice.'

'Weak men often, from the very principle of their weak-'ness, derive a certain susceptibility, delicacy and taste, 'which render them, in those particulars, much superiour 'to men of stronger and more consistent minds who laugh 'at them.'

'Some men have the strange faculty of commanding an 'inattention to what is well worth the hearing.'

'A proud man never shews his pride so much as when 'he is civil.'

'Things which men call the causes of their melancholy, 'are, I believe, often the effects of it.'

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

I wish you would be good enough to insert the following copy of an advertisement which lately appeared in *the New-York Gazette*, as it may render a service to an individual, who is probably much affected by what he may consider an irreparable loss. 'Lost a small bundle of writings, 'stating, *what are distinguishing signs of a truly renew-'ed and gracious state.* The finder, by leaving the same 'at S. Wood's, 357, Pearl-street, shall be entitled to two 'dollars.' The person advertising, who offers two dollars for the recovery of these inestimable manuscripts, appears to be deplorably ignorant of the value of similar writings. If he should not succeed in finding these, he may, by sending to Boston, obtain whole reams either printed or manuscript, at less than half the price that these would cost him.

A. F.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW.

Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Vol. 3d. Part 2d. pp. 333, Cambridge, Hilliard and Metcalf.

We see with great pleasure that this most respectable society is steadily pursuing its course, and we may add *vires acquirit eundo*. The present publication, which is the second part of the third volume, is the most valuable of their transactions. It contains, among other papers, several very interesting and important astronomical and mathematical articles, and a memoir on the present state of the English language in the United States, which would be sufficient in itself, to give a value to the volume. It is to be regretted, that there are so few chemical or mineralogical communications; the very complete analysis of the sulphate of Barytes from Hatfield, shews that this is not from want of skill. The field of mineralogy in our country is so rich and extensive, and has been so imperfectly explored, that the society would render great service by collecting accurate investigations on this branch of science. The papers of professors Farrar, Cleveland, and Dean, prove, that we are possessed of able astronomical observers, and men who feel that ardour in the cause of science, which is so honourable to a country, while we may congratulate this society and the publick, that they possess in Mr. Bowditch a man, who, to the greatest modesty and simplicity of manners, joins such profound acquisitions in mathematicks and astronomy, as must place him in the very first class of scientifick men at the present day. We shall endeavour to give some account of this volume, though many of the papers, are of a description, that cannot be abbreviated or made intelligible by an abstract.

No. XXXII. An estimate of the height, direction, velocity and magnitude of the meteor, that exploded over Weston in Connecticut, December 14th, 1807. With methods of calculating observations made on such bodies. By Nathaniel Bowditch, A.M. A.A.S. &c.

The object of this paper is fully stated by the author in the following words. 'The extraordinary meteor which appeared at Weston in Connecticut, on the fourteenth of 'December, 1807, and exploded with several discharges, 'having excited great attention throughout the United 'States, and being one of those phenomena of which, few 'exact observations are to be found in the history of physical science, I have thought that a collection of the best 'observations of its appearance at different places, with the 'necessary deductions for determining, as accurately as possible, the height, velocity, direction and magnitude of the 'body, would not be unacceptable to the Academy, since 'facts of this kind, besides being objects of great curiosity, 'may be useful in the investigation of the origin and 'nature of these meteors; and as the methods of making 'these calculations, are not fully explained in any treatise 'of trigonometry, common in this country, I have given 'the solutions of two of the most necessary problems, with 'examples calculated at full length.'

In the first of these problems, the situation of the meteor is determined by means of its azimuths, observed in two given places at the same moment of time, and its angular elevation above the horizon of one of those places. In the second problem, the situation is obtained by means of one azimuth, and the angular elevation observed at both places, by a theorem which appears to be new, as it is not noticed in any treatise of sphericks we have seen. These solutions are applied to the observations made at Wenham, in the Latitude of 42° 40′ 15″ North, and Longitude of 70° 50′ 15″ West from Greenwich; at Weston, in the Latitude of 41° 15′ North, and Longitude 73° 27′ West; and at Rutland in the Latitude of 43° 36′ North, and Longitude of 72° 58′ 15″ West.

From the observations made at those places, the author shows, by various calculations, that the course of the meteor '*was about S. 7° W. in a direction nearly parallel to the surface of the earth, and at the height of eighteen miles*'—it passed over a space of more than 107 miles while visible at Rutland and Weston, and this time was by estimation about thirty seconds, therefore the *velocity of the meteor probably exceeded three miles per second*, which is fourteen times as swift as the motion of sound, and nearly

as great, as the velocity of a satellite, revolving about the earth at the same distance.

At the time of the first appearance of the meteor at Weston, it was 113 miles distant from that place, nearly in a north direction ; it was then but little elevated above the horizon ; at the time of explosion, near the zenith of Weston, it was only 20 miles distant from the observer ; at the same moment it could have been seen at Wenham, at the distance of 167 miles, and this is the greatest distance at which it was seen.

Some of the observers supposed the meteor to have appeared as large as the moon when full, others estimated it at one half, or one quarter of that magnitude. The real diameter of the meteor resulting from the greatest of these estimates would exceed a mile. 'The least of all the 'limits of that diameter is 491 feet. A body of this last 'magnitude, and of the same specifick gravity as the stone 'that fell at Weston (which weighed about 225 pounds to 'a cubick foot) would contain a quantity of matter exceeding in weight *six millions of tons*. If the specifick gravity were the same as that of the air at the surface of the 'earth, the quantity of matter would exceed *two thousand* '*tons*, and if the specifick gravity were the same as that of 'the air at the height of the meteor, the quantity of matter 'would exceed *fifty tons*. Either of these estimates exceeds by far the weight of the whole mass that fell near 'Weston, which, by the accounts published, does not appear 'to have been greater than half a ton, and would not form a 'sphere of two feet diameter of the same specifick gravity as 'the stone, as was observed by Professor Day, in his valuable paper on the origin of meteorick stones. A sphere of 'this diameter, seen at the distance of the meteor from 'Wenham, would hardly be visible without the assistance of 'a telescope, since its apparent diameter would not exceed 'two thirds of a second. These facts seem to favour the 'opinion, that part of the mass continued on its course without falling to the earth near Weston, and the gradual disappearance of the meteor, observed by Judge Whealer, 'is agreeable to this hypothesis.'

'As it is but within a few years, that observations of these 'meteors have been carefully made, we have not yet sufficient data for a well-grounded theory of their nature and 'origin : none that has yet been proposed is free from

'difficulties. The greatness of the mass of the Weston 'meteor does not accord, either with the supposition of its 'having been formed in our atmosphere, or projected from 'a volcano of the earth or moon; and the striking unifor- 'mity of all the masses that have fallen at different places 'and times (which indicates a common origin) does not, if 'we reason from the anology of the planetary system, 'altogether agree with the supposition, that such bodies are 'satellites of the earth.'

No. XXXIII. This paper communicated by Dr. Gorham, gives an account of a very complete analysis of sulphate of Barytes, found at Hatfield and Northampton, in Massachusetts. The results make the component parts of the mineral as follows: Barytes 58.50. Sulphurick acid 29.83. Sile 4. Alumina 2. Water 3. Loss 2.67.

No. XXXIV. *Investigation of the apparent motion of the Earth viewed from the Moon, arising from the Moon's librations. By James Dean, A. M. Professor of Mathematicks, &c.*

The following extract will shew the object of this paper.

'If the moon moved uniformly about the earth in the 'ecliptick, with an angular motion exactly equal to that of 'the moon's diurnal rotation, and in the same direction, and 'the lunar equator coincided with the ecliptick, the earth, 'viewed from any part of the moon's surface, would 'always appear in the same situation above the horizon of 'the spectator, or with the same azimuth and altitude. To 'a spectator placed on the centre of the moon's disc the 'earth would constantly appear in the zenith; to one situ- 'ated on the borders of the disc it would appear in a par- 'ticular point of the horizon, and in other points of the disc 'it would appear at a fixed altitude and azimuth, corres- 'ponding to the place of the observer. The inequality of 'the moon's motion about the earth, combined with 'the effect of the lunar orbit and equator (which cause 'the moon's librations) produce to a spectator, placed on the 'surface of the moon, an apparent motion of the earth 'about its mean place, supposed at rest; to investigate 'which is the object of the present memoir.'

In this investigation, only the two greatest of the inequalities of the motion are noticed, that arising from the chief

term of the elliptical motion of the moon in her orbit, which is about 6° 18′, and that arising from the inclination of the lunar orbit to the ecliptick, which is about 6° 39′. By the former, the earth, viewed from the moon, would appear to the east or west of its mean place; and, by the latter, it would appear to the north or south of the mean place. These two inequalities produce a wonderful variety, in the apparent curves described by the earth about its mean place. For when the moon's apogee, and the ascending node of the lunar orbit, are in conjunction, this apparent motion in each lunation appears to be made nearly in a straight line, or rather in an arch of a great circle of the heavens, 18 degrees in length. As the apogee advances and the nodes recede, this line opens into an oval, and when the apogee is 90° forward of the ascending node, the apparent motion will be in an oval curve 12° 36′ broad, from east to west, and 13° 18′ long, from north to south, which will be described *according to the order of the signs* in each lunation. As the line of apsides advances in the orbit, this oval contracts in width, and finally becomes a right line, or rather a great circle, 18 degrees in length (nearly at right angles to the former line or great circle) which is then described in every lunation. This great circle again becomes of an oval form as the apogee advances farther in the orbit, and when the apogee is 270° from the moon's ascending node, it again becomes an oval 12° 36′ broad from east to west, and 13° 18′ long from north to south; but the motion in this case will be *contrary to the order of the signs*, or opposite to its former motion. As the apogee advances, this oval contracts and it finally becomes a straight line, or a great circle, when the apogee and ascending node again coincide, and then all these motions will recommence in the same order. The period of this cycle of motions is but little short of six years.

The author shows how these motions may be imitated by a pendulum suspended from two points, on which subject we shall hereafter have occasion to speak in our review of the 52d article of this volume.

Nos. XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII, contain observations of the Solar Eclipse of Sept. 17, 1811, made at Portland, by the Rev. I. Nichols; at Bowdoin College,

Brunswick, by Professor Cleveland; at Burlington College, by Professor Dean and J. Johnson, Esq.; and at Nantucket by Walter Folger, jr. Esq.

No. XXXIX. *On the Eclipse of the Sun of Sept.* 17, 1811, *with the longitudes of several places in this country, deduced from all the observations of the Eclipses of the Sun and Transits of Mercury and Venus, that have been published in the Transactions of the Royal Societies of Paris and London, the Philosophical Society held at Philadelphia, and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. By Nathaniel Bowditch, A. A. S. &c.*

In addition to the observations of the eclipse of Sept. 17, 1811, mentioned in the preceding papers, we have here those made at Salem, Monticello, Washington, Williamsburg, New-Brunswick, New-Haven, Rutland, and New-York. These observations are more important, as the eclipse was not observed in Europe, and the observations are useful in determining the errours of the Lunar Tables. According to Mr. Bowditch's calculation from these observations, the ecliptick conjunction of the sun and moon was at 6^h 57′ 6″,1, apparent time at Greenwich, at which time the sun's longitude, by De Lambre's tables, (Vince's edition) was 173° 56′ 32″,4, the moon's longitude by Burg's Tables (same edition) was 173° 56′ 44″,4, their difference 12″,0, represents the errour of the lunar tables in longitude, supposing the sun's longitude to be correct. At the same time the moon's latitude by Burg's, Tables, was 56′ 50″,8 N. by observations of this eclipse 36′ 40″,2, errour of the tables—10″,6. In reducing these observations to Greenwich, the longitude of Harvard-Hall, in our University of Cambridge was used, estimating it at 4^h 44′ 29″,7, west from the Royal observatory at Greenwich, as found by Mr. Bowditch from the mean of several observations of Solar Eclipses and Transits, made at Cambridge and its vicinity, the longitude of this place he supposes to be '*more accurately ascertained than that of* '*any other place in the United States.*'

Having computed the longitudes of the places where the eclipse of Sept. 17, 1811, was observed, Mr. Bowditch then calculates the longitudes of those places in America, where the Solar Eclipses of Aug. 5, 1766; June 24, 1778; Oct. 27, 1780; April 3, 1791; June 26, 1805, and June 16, 1806, were observed; also those where the Transit of Venus of June 3, 1769, and those of Mercury of Nov. 5,

1743; Nov. 9, 1769; Nov. 12, 1782, and Nov. 9, 1789, were observed.

At the end of this paper is given an explanation and demonstration of the method of computing the altitude and longitude of the Nonagexinal degree of the ecliptick, published in the third edition of Mr. Bowditch's 'Practical 'Navigator.' This method is peculiarly adapted to the case where more than one of the phases of the eclipse are to be calculated, or where the operation is to be repeated to obtain a more accurate result.

No. XL, contains observations of the eclipse of the sun of September 17, 1811, of the variation of the magnetical needle, and several meridian altitudes of the sun, moon, and stars, at Deerfield, Massachusetts, by Epaphras Hoyt.

No. XLI, by Professor Farrar, contains a general description of the comet of 1811, and a regular series of observations from September 6th to January 8th. During this time, according to Professor Farrar, 'it described an arch of 132°, as seen from the earth. The apparent motion at first was about one degree per day; its velocity increased, till it amounted to a little more than one degree and three fourths per day, and then began to decrease, and continued to decrease till it disappeared; when its daily motion, as referred to the earth, was only about twenty minutes. It came within the circle of perpetual apparition about the 20th of September, and continued within it twenty days. It reached its greatest apparent northern declination, which was fifty degrees, about the 2d of October, and its greatest northern latitude, sixty-three and a half degrees, about the 17th of the same month. When it was first seen on the 6th of September its longitude was about eighteen degrees less than that of the sun. After continuing for some time at about the same distance, it gained upon the sun, and the 11th of September came up with it, and passing it arrived at its greatest elongation, fifty-three degrees, about the 10th of November. From this time it began to fall back with respect to the sun, and continued to approach it with an accelerated motion, till it was at length lost in the twilight.'

The general appearance of the comet, the remarkable form and length of the tail, as described by Professor Farrar, are such as every one will recollect. The account is accompanied with a drawing not very well executed. It

represents the head of the comet surrounded with a dark space of considerable extent, and exteriour to this a luminous arch resembling a halo. This zone of light after passing about half way round the comet, moves on in a rectilinear course, forming the two branches of the tail. The whole appearance was such as would arise from light reflected from particles of the comet's atmosphere, driven off by the impulse of the solar rays, the stronger light of the envelope, and two branches of the tail being supposed to proceed from the greater depth of illuminated atmosphere in those directions. A hollow luminous cylinder terminated by a luminous hemispherical cap would evidently present the strongest light toward the edges and the weakest in the middle, with a gradual variation of intensity through the intermediate space. This hypothesis is rendered the more probable from the very great extent and opacity of a comet's atmosphere, compared with the atmospheres of the planets, as also from the circumstance of the smallness of the attractive force exerted by the comet to confine this fluid. The diameter of the solid body of this comet, according to Dr. Herschel, was only 428 miles, while that of the atmosphere was 507,000. The diameter of the comet of 1807 was 538 miles, that of the atmosphere 188,680.

The observations for determining the elements of the orbit of this comet, consist of the distances of several of the most remarkable fixed stars in its neighbourhood, taken with a common sextant. We are happy to learn, that the College is about to be provided with the means of making astronomical observations with more facility and accuracy, that the Corporation have it in contemplation to erect a respectable observatory, and to furnish it with the best instruments. We are persuaded that such an establishment would add very much to the reputation of our beloved university, and contribute something toward raising the scientifick character of our country.

No. XLII. *Elements of the orbit of the Comet of* 1811. By Nathaniel Bowditch.

This paper contains the geocentrick longitudes and latitudes of the Comet in fifty-seven observations, made at Cambridge, Nantucket and Salem, from September 6, 1811, to December 20, 1811, with an abstract of the calculation

of the elements of its orbit, computed by combining all these observations. These elements are as follows :—

Perihelion distance, 1,035131, the mean distance of the earth from the sun being unity.
Time of passing the Perihelion, September 12d, 4h. 0' 48" mean time at Greenwich.
Longitude of the Perihelion, counted on the orbit of the Comet 75° 7' 49".
Longitude of the Ascending Node, - - - 140° 25' 46".
Inclination of the orbit to the Ecliptick, - - - 73° 5' 11".
Motion *retrograde*.

The geocentrick longitudes and latitudes being computed by these elements, and compared with the observations, and the difference or errours being found, they satisfy the following conditions :—The *sum* of the errours in longitude and latitude for *all* the observations, *noticing the signs is nothing*, and the same takes place by separating the observations into two nearly equal portions, including in one portion the observations from September 6, to October 17, and in the other, those from October 18, to December 20. These conditions being satisfied, the *sum* of all the errours in longitude and latitude *neglecting their signs is a minimum*, or less than it would be if any of the elements were varied from the above values, still satisfying the first mentioned conditions. These elements were afterwards found to agree very nearly with those published by European Astronomers.

No. XLIII. *Estimate of the height of the White Hills in New-Hampshire, By Nathaniel Bowditch.*

The White Hills are the highest mountains in New-England. They have been estimated, by Dr. Belknap, in his history of New-Hampshire, to be more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea: but by the barometrical observations of Dr. Cutler and Professor Peck, computed in this paper, this estimate appears to be too great. The result of the calculations made from these observations is, that their height is not far from 7,000 feet above the level of the sea.

No. XLIV. *Method of displaying at one view all the annual cycles of the equation of time, in a complete revolution of the sun's apogee. By James Dean, A. M. A. A. S. Professor.*

This is done by means of a figure engraved on one of the plates with a moveable card attached to it, by which the equation of time, arising from the obliquity of the ecliptick, and the inequalities of the motion of the earth in its orbit, is shewn in a simple manner, by inspection, for any situation of the sun's apogee. We shall not attempt to give a description of this method, as it would require a reference to the figure.

No. XLV, is a letter from the Reverend T. Alden, giving an account of the effect of the electrick fluid, on a lady, in a house struck by lightning, in New-Jersey. The fluid entered at the elbow, passed up the arm, down the body, into the foot, from whence it escaped into the floor, tore up some of the boards, and went off in different directions. The principal object of the letter, however, is to mention the utility of galvanism, to remove the effects of similar shocks. Galvanism was applied in fifteen minutes from the time of her having received the shock, and though the torpor occasioned by it remained for two or three days, she was in a week perfectly recovered.

No. XLVI, is a communication from J. Tilden, Esq. relating to a very curious phenomenon, in the manner that lamprey eels are affected by human saliva. The experiment, quite familiar to the people of the country, was tried near the falls of Machias, where these fish adhere to the rocks so tenaciously, that it is difficult to remove them by a blow with a stone or a stick: 'but on spitting into the 'water they instantly spring out of it in the greatest agita-'tion.' They appeared to be in great pain, and when they fell back into the water, did not resume their places, but floated down with the current. A small stone wet with saliva, and thrown into a large body of water will produce the same extraordinary effect on these fish. If all facts which are difficult to be accounted for, should be considered incredible, this would certainly be one of the number. We know that the human tongue can distil gall and bitterness, that it can dry up the sources of happiness, curdle the blood more speedily than the bite of the Cobra di Capello, and extinguish life itself in agony: but, these effects

we thought were confined to its influence on our own species. That the unfortunate *Petromyzon marinus* should be so affected by what passes from it, is indeed wonderful; and the way in which it acts upon them certainly merits investigation.

We might, perhaps, without presumption, reproach the society, with having suffered such a curious fact to remain so long in their possession unheeded. Mr. Tilden's letter is dated in November, 1809. We think if the members were divided into different classes or committees, having separate branches confided to their particular care, that they would proceed with more energy and effect. If such an arrangement were made, so curious a fact as this communicated by Mr. Tilden would not have remained, six years, without further inquiry.

No. XLVII. *On the variation of the magnetical needle, by Nathaniel Bowditch.*

The object of this paper is to prove that the variation of the magnetical needle in this part of the country, continues to *decrease*, in the same manner as it has done since the times of the earliest observations; which is contrary to the opinion of some of our surveyors, who have supposed that a sudden and very unexpected change has been observed in it, particularly in New-York, between the years 1804 and 1807, where the variation was supposed by some persons to have increased as much as 45 minutes, but in general they have not taken notice of the *diurnal variation*, which sometimes exceeds even that quantity. For, by the observations made at Cambridge by Professor Sewall, in 1782, the variations changed from 6^{0} 21′ to 7^{0} 8′ in two months, and Mr. Bowditch noticed a change of 48′ in the years 1811, 1812, at Salem. A greater difference than this will sometimes be found by using different instruments, as appears by the observations in this paper made in April, 1810. Indeed a much greater difference than this was observed by the celebrated Cook in one of his voyages around the world, in some observations made on shore, with several azimuth compasses constructed with great care and expense for his use on that voyage.

Mr. Bowditch observed the variation at Salem at different hours of the day, from April, 1810, to May, 1811, and

by the mean of more than five thousand observations it was found to be 6° 22′ 35″ west. Twenty-nine years before that time it had been observed, in nearly the same place, by the late venerable President Willard, and found to be 7° 2′ W. By making an allowance of 2′ for the difference of the situations, it appears that the annual decrease is 1′ 19″, which is at nearly the usual rate observed many years ago. For, in 1708, the variation was 9° W. which, compared with the observations of President Willard, give nearly the same annual decrease.

We have extracted from this article the following table of the variation for each hour of the day, deduced from the mean of the observations at Salem just mentioned. It appears from this table, that the variation at 6 H. A. M. was 6° 19′ 1″, it increased gradually till 2 P. M. when it was at its *maximum* 6° 27′ 9″, it then decreased till 10 H. P. M. when it was 6° 20′ 38″

Hour	Mean Variation in 1810, 1811.
A. M.	West
6	6° 19′ 1″
7	6 19 7
8	6 19 9
9	6 20 28
10	6 21 15
11	6 22 46
12	6 24 7
P. M.	
1	6 25 47
2	6 27 9
3	6 27 0
4	6 25 57
5	6 24 26
6	6 23 19
7	6 21 55
8	6 21 11
9	6 20 54
10	6 20 38

No. XLVIII. *Description of a Cometarium, by James Dean, A.M. &c.*

This instrument is designed for a similar use to that of the Cometarium explained by Ferguson in his Astronomy, but it is superiour, because it is capable of representing any degree of eccentricity, and being made with toothed-wheels, it is much less liable to errour than the banded instrument of Ferguson. We cannot easily describe this instrument without a scheme to refer to.

No. XLIX, is an account of an earthquake, by the Hon. S. Tenney, that happened in November, 1810, and was most strongly felt in New-Hampshire. It furnishes another document for the history of earthquakes in this country. The noise of the reports, in the present instance, announced a more violent concussion, than the one which actually took place. The trembling motion lasted about a minute. The author describes it a little in the style of an amateur, as producing a most 'beautiful vibration of the floor.' There is no affectation in this; the earthquakes, though they have been numerous in the eastern states, have never yet occasioned much mischief, the horrour, therefore, which is felt at the slightest shock, by the inhabitants of those countries which have been ravaged by them, is fortunately unknown here, though it may, perhaps, be apprehended from the shocks we have already received, that they may be more serious at a future period.

No. L, is a communication on the same subject from governour Sargent, giving a minute detail of the repeated shocks that took place on some parts of the River Mississipi, at the close of 1811, and 1812. These were of great violence and did much damage, they were also felt to a great distance, though their greatest ravages were between the Natchez and the Chickasaw Bluffs. Governour Sargent's paper is accompanied with a meteorological diary, and is a valuable document.

No. LI. In this memoir we have an abstract of meteorological observations taken at Cambridge from 1790 to 1813, with abridged tables and results, giving a more complete view of the state of the Barometer, Thermometer, winds and weather, than is to be found respecting any other place in this country. These tables make known to us several of the anomalies of our climate. The Barometer, it seems, has a tendency to stand higher in the morning and evening than at

mid-day, and higher about the time of the equinones than at the solstices; and the fluctuations are greater in winter than in summer. From a table, intended to test the influence of the wind on the Barometer, it appears that the greatest and least elevations often occur with the wind in the same quarter, but the greatest elevation takes place almost invariably in fair weather, and generally with the wind between the points of west and north, and the least elevation during foul weather and rain. The annual range of the Barometer is about two inches; that is, the variation of atmospherick pressure, is about one fifteenth of the whole quantity.

The temperature of our atmosphere, according to the view here presented, has peculiarities still more striking. The annual variation of the Thermometer, frequently exceeds an hundred degrees, whereas in the corresponding latitudes of Europe, it seldom amounts to two thirds of this quantity. The monthly and daily variations also are very remarkable; and it is worthy of notice, that while the former is greatest in winter and least in summer, the reverse is true with respect to the latter. The ordinary variation of the Thermometer, during the day in winter, is about eight degrees, in summer it is not less than twelve or thirteen degrees. The monthly variation, at a mean, is about fifty degrees in January, and about thirty-four in July.

With regard to the hygrometrical character of our climate, it is a singular fact that we have more fair weather and a drier atmosphere, at the same time, that we have more rain, than is known in almost any part of Europe. We have ordinarily about two hundred fair days in the course of the year, a little more than one hundred cloudy without rain, and about sixty during which there is a fall of rain or snow. The number of rainy days alone is about forty-four. The proportion of fair weather in the summer months is about one third greater than in the winter months.

Our prevailing winds are from the west and north-west. In the winter season the wind blows from this quarter more than half the time, and from the north-west only one third of the time. Thence the excessive cold of our climate. The influence of the wind upon the temperature of the air is clearly shown in the last of this collection of meteorological tables. It exhibits the means of a number of observations, taken for fair weather and foul, for morning, noon, and night, during the winter and summer months; and so selected

and detached from all other circumstances, affecting the Thermometer, as to exhibit as fairly as could well be done, the simple effect of the *direction* of the wind. From this table it appears, that, during the winter in fair weather, the wind from the north-west is about sixteen degrees colder than the wind from the east and south-east. In summer the warmest wind is from the south-west and the coldest from the north-east and east. The difference of temperature, at a mean, is about ten or twelve degrees.

LII. On the motion of a Pendulum, suspended from two Points. By Nathaniel Bowditch, A.A.S. &c.

In this paper is given the theory of the curves described by a pendulum suspended from *two* points. Professor Dean first started this subject in his investigation of the motion of the earth, as viewed from the moon, in article 34th of this volume, in which he has shewn how the great variety of curves described by the earth in the motion treated of by him, could be imitated by such a pendulum. Mr. Bowditch has taken up the subject in a general manner, and shewn, that there is an endless variety in the curves described, depending on the proportions which the different parts of the pendulum bear to each other.

To give an idea of these motions, we shall describe the manner in which one of the experiments, mentioned in this work, may be repeated, and we shall modify the method a little, on account of not having a figure to refer to.

A line 4 3-4 inches in length being measured on a horizontal plane, and in the direction of the meridian, its middle point is called the *centre of the pendulum*, and its extremities the *points of suspension*. To these points must be attached the ends of a small flexible thread nearly five inches in length, and the middle point of this thread is called the *centre of the thread*. To this last centre, as a point of suspension, must be attached a pendulum of the common form, composed of a thread 46 1-2 inches in length, and a smooth leaden ball, of half an inch diameter or more. This constitutes one of the pendulums spoken of in this paper. When it remains at rest, supported by its *two* points of suspension, the respective *centres* of the pendulum thread and ball will evidently be in the same vertical line, and in this experiment the distance from the *centre* of the pendulum to the *centre* of the thread is about 2-3 of an inch. If a small velocity be now given to the ball in the direction of

the plane of the meridian, it will vibrate backwards and forwards about the centre of the thread, like a common pendulum suspended from that centre, and the same will take place if the projection be made in the direction of the prime vertical, (or in an east or west direction,) only the vibrations will now be made about the centre of the pendulum, instead of the centre of the thread; and there is nothing particular in either of these motions. But this will not be the case if the ball is projected in an oblique direction, as for example, in a south-west direction, for then the pendulum will at first vibrate backwards and forwards in the direction of the line of projection, then its path will gradually expand into an elliptical form, and at the end of about seventy vibrations, it will be nearly *arcular*, and the motion will be in the direction of *the sun's diurnal motion*; after a few more vibrations the curve will become *elliptical*, and the ellipticity will gradually decrease; till at the end of seventy more vibrations the curve will become nearly a *right line* in a direction *at right angles to the former right line*, that is, in the direction of the north-west and south east. After vibrating a few times in this way, it will again become *elliptical*, and, at the end of seventy more vibrations, it will be again of a circular form, but the motion will be in an *opposite direction* to what it was before; for it will now be *contrary to the sun's diurnal motion*. In a few more vibrations the curve will again be elliptical, and at the end of two hundred and eighty vibrations from the commencement of the motion, it will fall into the same right line in which the pendulum was first projected, the cycle of motions will then be completed, and the pendulum will recommence the description of the former curves.

In this experiment, the distance of the ball from the centre of the thread is much greater than the distance from the centre of the thread to the centre of the pendulum, the ratio of these quantities being as 2-3 : 46 1-2, or nearly 70 : 1. It is proved in this paper, that four times the ratio of these two distances will nearly express the number of vibrations necessary to complete the cycle of motions, so that by varying the ratio of these lines, we may form a pendulum, whose motions will be completed in any proposed number of vibrations. Every variation, in this ratio, will produce changes in the forms of the curves, and in the times of vibration; but it is remarkable that the distance of the two

points of suspension from each other may be varied at pleasure, without affecting either the forms of the curves or the times of vibration; the arcs of vibration being always supposed to be sufficiently small to keep the pendulum always supported upon those *two* points, and never upon *one* only.

When the centre of the thread is nearly three times as far from the centre of the pendulum as from the centre of the ball, the pendulum will, for a short time, vibrate backwards and forwards in a parabolick arch, (like a semi-ellipsis,) this will gradually change into a curve of two branches, which will finally form a figure like the numerical character 8; after a few more vibrations, the pendulum will describe another similar parabolick arc, but in an inverted position and direction, and then will recommence the description in a retrograde order, of the curves already passed over, till it falls into the curve first described, and then the cycle of motions will recommence in the same order as at first.

We shall not notice any more of these curves, and shall close our account of this article by observing, that a *general* method of computing the times of vibration in these curves, as well as their form, is given, and the whole calculation is made by the algebraical, or rather fluxionary calculus with occasional references to geometrical figures.

No. LIV, *is a memoir on the present state of the English language in the United States of America, with a vocabulary, containing various words and phrases which have been supposed to be peculiar to this country. By John Pickering, A. A. S.*

It is not our intention to enter now into an examination of this valuable paper, which occupies nearly one hundred pages, because we have been informed that Mr. Pickering intends to publish it again in a separate volume, with additions. Dr. Franklin, Dr. Witherspoon, and others of less note, have written on this subject; but all that has hitherto appeared, are only hints, or desultory essays, in comparison with this memoir, from which, we trust, the Academy will derive honour, the author credit, and the publick improvement.

The subject is very interesting, and, perhaps, more important than many are in the habit of considering it. Literary men should preserve the purity of a language, with the utmost zeal and caution; it is the sacred fire of Vesta,

whose extinction would be ominous if not fatal to the republick of letters. In spite of those egregious writers and speakers, who think, that to alter our language will promote our patriotism, we hope that a sound respect for the great standard authors of the language will so far prevail, that innovation and false taste will be rigidly proscribed. Indeed, if this should not be done, we should despair of the destiny of our country, for we believe that, without any exception to the contrary, the corruption, decay and loss of every language has always accompanied the decline and fall of every nation with whom it originated. Our relative condition, in this respect, might furnish some curious philosophical speculations, which we have not now room to pursue to their full extent. If the Roman empire, in the time of Augustus, or even the Antonines, had been able to colonize an extensive continent, and had planted with those colonies the seeds of learning from the metropolis, could such a colony have survived the degradation of the empire? would the orations of Cicero, and the odes of Horace, have found admirers, and imitators in that colony after the decline of the parent state; or would they have accompanied the course of the latter, till all learning should have dwindled into the obscure quibbles of sectarian theology, and Greek sophistry, expressed in a barbarous phraseology, well suited to these subjects? It is asserted by some naturalists, that a tree cannot be prolonged by ingrafting its shoots, beyond a certain period, and that when the original stock dies, the scions, however vigorous may be the tree, to which they are transferred, will also perish. It may be hoped that there will be no analogy to this fact, in the fate of nations: we might otherwise anticipate a premature decrepitude, since our parent state has already passed her Augustan age, and, unless the course of experience is to be falsified in her favour, and the seemingly inevitable tendency of human institutions to be averted; she must deteriorate and perish, like the illustrious nations of antiquity, whom she has rivalled. If, however, by being transplanted here, into a virgin soil, our constitution has been renovated, and we are now starting in a youthful career, to proceed through a natural progress to maturity, and far removed old age, it will be a new example in the history of the world; the first instance in which any nation will have had the privilege of going through a second edition, if the stale

figure will be tolerated, enlarged, if not improved. It may be asserted without extravagance, that one of the surest indications of our being destined to give this fortunate example, will be our preserving, the energy and beauty of the language in all its original purity. We may, perhaps, now presume that our imperfections are owing to the want of care and cultivation, and not to the exhaustion of a worn out soil. The manifest tendency, and evident progress towards deterioration in the language in England, produced by a variety of causes, easily discerned, should put us more on our guard, and make us more rigid in referring all decisions on the language of our own writers, to the standard of the great classick authors of England. Vicious idioms, and that jargon of language, which are invading their literature in every direction, have not yet reached the highest class of productions, though the inferiour ones are almost overrun with them. Historical and philosophical, as well as most works in belles lettres are still pure, but the periodical productions, particularly of the newspaper class, the novels and romances, much of the poetry and the drama, and generally all the lighter kinds of books, are deeply and incurably infected. We are exposed to the same infection from most of its sources, but generally in a less degree, and from some we are almost wholly exempt. Still we have many things to guard against, and much correction and study to endure before we arrive at those noble heights of literature, that we may eventually reach, and where we may, in turn, erect monuments that shall be admired by the civilized world, in the same range with those of the classick authors of ancient and modern learning.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Pickering, that we should pay particular attention to the remarks of English criticks on our productions, and carefully note all the innovations which they may point out, and where these are useless and awkward, as in almost every instance they will be, we should denounce them without mercy. This recommendation is more necessary, because it is difficult to avoid irritation, at the indecent and unfair remarks of many of the English journalists, with some of whom it has become a habit, on other subjects as well as language, to pollute their pens when any thing American is before them, with scurrility and misrepresentation. Even the monstrous perversions and fancies of Mr. Barlow, which it would puzzle

the grammarian as much to class, as it would the naturalist to arrange the Sphynxes and Centaurs under the system of Linnæus; even these, obviously individual absurdities, were put down against the nation at large, by the Edinburgh Review, from whose general character we expect manly and honourable treatment.

With the greatest deference to their ancestors, we are not disposed blindly to submit to the writers of the present day in England, not only, because we cannot always expect justice from our contemporaries, but for another reason also, that they have degenerated themselves from their own models. We contend that we have the same privilege that they have, and sometimes more reason for introducing new terms; at the same time we would only use this privilege with the utmost caution, and should hold the practice on all common occasions, more honoured in the breach than in the observance. To some of the words they have introduced, we should cheerfully give the freedom of the republick of letters—*accede* for instance, now a common and convenient word, was fifty years ago considered pedantick—see also *inimical*, and others in Walker. There are some of our words that we must contend for in turn, and maintain their rights because they are eminently useful, and grew, not out of individual caprice, but the peculiarities of our situation. Such are the words, *locate*, *girdle*, and two or three others. We think too that we could not well spare *influential*, and *subscriber;* but *lengthy* we can never give up. We have a particular affection for it, and in spite of its cisatlantick origin, it will obtain a footing in England, where they have as great or greater need of it. We feel grateful to a word that has so often given vent to our feelings. At least with us it associates, *long*, *tedious*, *awkward*, and half a dozen others, that it would be extremely inconvenient to call into use every time we have occasion for them.

We shall look forward with eagerness to a separate edition of Mr. Pickering's work; no man is better qualified for the undertaking, by his various knowledge, his travelled experience, and habitual accuracy and depth of research. To those who know how slow and difficult it is to mature a work of this kind, the present memoir will afford a sufficient proof of the ability and labour of the author.

An Introductory Discourse, delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, on the fourth of May, 1814. *By De Witt Clinton, L. L. D. President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, &c. New-York; Published by David Longworth, at the Shakespeare Gallery. N. Van Riper, Print.* 1815. *Octavo, pp.* 148.

This discourse and its accompaniments occupies 148 octavo pages, closely printed with a small type; and if it were published in the style of modern English printing, with large types and wide spaces, would form a volume of five hundred pages. It would require a wonderful combination of talents to do it justice, such a combination as we can hardly hope for, when arrived at maturity; but now, being in our infancy, if we were able to treat this work according to the rules of art, it would be a labour in our cradle, that would be ominous to all monsters hereafter. Every subject is touched upon, literature, law, physick, and divinity, natural history in all its ramifications, horticulture, agriculture, legislation, and political economy. The notes are equally miscellaneous, and embrace every subject from Indian fables about mammoth bones, to translations of the piscatory eclogues of Sannazarius, by Dr. Mitchell. Now if all this had proceeded from a regular professor, we should have prepared all the weapons of criticism, for the perpetrator; because every man who has made the attempt, knows that there is little difficulty in accumulating a confused mass of discordant materials, and still less in supporting them by even as great a chaos of pedantry, as was exhibited in the 'Pursuits of Literature;' but to condense learning in a discourse, with unity, simplicity, and harmony—*hoc opus hic labor est.* A German toyman might carve and dress 'Our Lady of Loretto:' a different talent was required, to produce the Venus de Medicis. The great art is to abbreviate, polish, and refine, not to accumulate; which may be illustrated by the answer of an eminent person in this vicinity, to one of his parishioners, who complained to him, that his sermons were too long, *I know it*, said he, *but I have not time to make them shorter.*

We have made these remarks to shew we were not blind to the defects of this performance; that we might have a fairer opportunity to express our respect for the talents and exertions of the author, in the support of science. He, perhaps, may not be able, entirely, to repel the charge of ostentation; but we are sincerely disposed to attribute this work to different motives, to a wish of exciting every class of his hearers, to undertake the labours before them; and by pointing out how much was wanted; that men of the most different taste and acquirements, might find, in the vast variety, some branch to suit them. It was, besides, a discourse to a new society, whose objects seem, indeed, too miscellaneous to admit of very great success, unless divided into distinct classes, and they might, perhaps, expect that some allusion should be made to each of their objects. We feel too much satisfaction, when we find a man like Mr. Clinton, reclaimed from the ordinary routine of politicks; to occupy himself in advancing the liberal and beneficent purposes of science and literature, not to congratulate him for his good fortune, and to hail him with respect. He was once a persecutor, and (as he possessed both talents and principle) in due time a martyr. If, without abandoning high and enlarged views of politicks, he will devote some of the energy and weight of his character, to the cause he has here espoused, he will render a service to his state, that will be remembered, when even the names of the mean factions that now disgrace it, are forgotten.

A considerable portion of this discourse, is occupied in the investigation of the causes, that have hitherto impeded, and of those which may hereafter promote learning in this country, particularly in the state of New-York. This is now a favourite topick, we shall, therefore, select some passages from this part of the address, which will be a specimen of his style, and his mode of thinking on this subject.

'Ancient migrations were generally the offspring of want. 'Sometimes a whole people departed for their natal soil, 'and sought for better destinies in a milder climate and a 'more prolifick land. Sometimes, when population became 'surchanged, and subsistence difficult, a portion of a na- 'tion would change its habitation: at other times, colonies 'were planted for the purpose of retaining conquered coun- 'tries, and checking the predatory incursions of barbarian 'hordes. A different principle seems to have led to the

'first colonization of America. The discovery of this 'western world appears to have infused a new spirit into 'Europe: the imaginations of men were dazzled, with fabu- 'lous stories of dorados, or mountains of gold, and of foun- 'tains by which the human race flourished in immortal 'youth. In this land the god of wealth was supposed to 'have erected his temples, and his votaries flocked from all 'quarters to propitiate his blessings. When experience 'had sobered the distempered fancies of these adventurers, 'and had convinced them of their delusion, they still dis- 'covered that, although the precious metals were not within 'their grasp, yet that their cupidity could be amply grati- 'fied by the abundant products of the soil. The settlement 'of this country was thus made with a view to the acquisi- 'tion of wealth; knowledge was out of the question. The 'attachments of the emigrants, like their origin, were exotic; 'the land of their adoption was considered as secondary 'and inferior, in every respect, to the land of their nativity; 'and their anxious eyes were constantly directed to the 'period when they could return to their native soil laden 'with the bounties of the new world. This country was 'also planted at a time when the intellectual world was in- 'volved in cimmerian darkness. The scholastic philosophy 'was the reigning knowledge of the times;—a philosophy 'of words and notions, conversant only in logical distinc- 'tions, abstractions, and subtleties; which left real science 'wholly uncultivated to hunt after occult qualities, abstract 'notions, and objects of impertinent curiosity. This sys- 'tem, which was founded by the commentators on Aristo- 'tle, who were called profound, irrefragable, and angelic 'doctors, corrupted every department of knowledge and 'maintained its supremacy for several centuries. The sta- 'gyrite was even considered as entitled to the honours of 'an evangelist; and Melancthon complains that his ethics 'were read to the people, instead of the gospel, in sacred 'assemblies. In this great serbonian bog the human mind 'lay ingulfed, entranced, and bewildered for ages; and the 'glimmering rays of light which the peripatetic philosophy 'shed over the world, were confined to the cloister and the 'college. At this period this country was first settled by 'the countrymen indeed of Erasmus and of Grotius; but 'the works of Erasmus were locked up in latin;—Grotius 'was scarcely known, and few of our ancestors were ac-

'quainted with the first elements of knowledge. They set-
'tled here under the auspices of a dutch west-india com-
'pany, and when the province was surrendered to the
'english, in 1674, no advantages resulted to the cause of
'knowledge. Charles II. was a witty sensualist—James II.
'was a contracted bigot—William of Orange was a mere
'soldier. The constellation of intellectual luminaries which
'shone in the augustan age of England diffused but little
'light across the Atlantic: the two first of the Brunswick
'kings had neither knowledge themselves, nor did they
'value it in others; and with the third dynasty we mea-
'sured swords, and a severance of the empire ensued.

'There is something in the nature of provincial govern-
'ment which tends to engender faction, and to prevent the
'expansion of intellect. It inevitably creates two distinct
'interests; one regarding the colony as subservient in every
'respect to the mother country, and the other rising up in
'opposition to this assumption. The governor and princi-
'pal magistrates, who derive their appointments from an
'extrinsic source, feel independent of the people over whom
'they are placed. The operation of this principle has
'been powerfully experienced in our territorial govern-
'ments, which have been the constant theatre of intestine
'divisions; and when the human mind is called away from
'the interest of science to aid, by its faculties, the agita-
'tions of party, little can be expected from energies thus
'perverted and abused. The annals of our colonial state
'present a continual controversy between the ministers of
'the crown, and the representatives of the people. What
'did the governor and judges care for a country where they
'were strangers? where their continuance was transient;
'and to which they were attached by no tie that reaches
'the human heart. Their offices emanated from another
'country;—to that source they looked for patronage and
'support, to that alone their views extended; and having
'got, what Archimedes wanted, another world on which to
'erect their engines they governed this at pleasure.

'The colonial governors were, generally speaking, little
'entitled to respect. They were delegated to this country
'not as men qualified to govern, but as men whose wants
'dro : them into exile; not as men entitled by merit to
'their high eminence, but as men who owed it to the solici-
'tations of powerful friends and to the influence of court

'intrigue. Thus circumstanced and thus characterized, is 'it wonderful to find them sometimes patroling the city 'disguised in female dress; at other times assailing the 'representatives of the people with the most virulent 'abuse, and defrauding the province by the most despica- 'ble acts of peculation; and at all times despising know- 'ledge and overlooking the public prosperity? Justice, 'however, requires that we should except from this cen- 'sure Hunter and Burnet. Hunter was a man of wit, a 'correspondent of Swift, and a friend of Addison. Bur- 'net, the son of the celebrated bishop of Salisbury, was 'devoted to literature; they were the best governors that 'ever presided over the colony.

'The love of fame is the most active principle of our 'nature. To be honoured when living,—to be venerated 'when dead,—is the parent source of those writings which 'have illuminated,—of those actions which have benefited 'and dazzled mankind. All that poetry has created, that 'philosophy has discovered, that heroism has performed, 'may be principally ascribed to this exalted passion. True 'it is,

> "When fame's loud trump hath blown its noblest blast,
> Though long the sound, the echo sleeps at last;
> And glory, like the phœnix 'midst her fires,
> Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires."
>
> LORD BYRON.

'Yet, as long as man is susceptible of sublime emotions, 'so long will he commit himself to this master feeling of a 'noble nature. What would have become of the sublime 'work of Milton, if he had written for the fifteen pounds 'which he received from the bookseller; and where would 'have been the writings of Bacon, if he had not aspired to 'immortal fame? "My name and memory," said this prince 'of philosophers in his will, "I leave to foreign nations, and 'to my own countrymen after some time be passed over." 'When with one hand he demolished the philosophy of the 'schools, and with the other erected a magnificent temple 'dedicated to truth and genuine knowledge, he was ani- 'mated in his progress, and cheered in his exertions by the 'persuasion that after ages would erect an imperishable 'monument to his fame.

'But in order that this passion may have its full scope 'and complete operation it is not only necessary that there 'should be a proper subject, but a suitable place and an 'enlightened public. The actor, in order to act well his 'part, must have a good theatre and a respectable audience. 'Would Demosthenes and Cicero have astonished mankind 'by their oratory, if they had spoken in Sparta or in Car- 'thage? would Addison have written his Spectators in 'Kamtschatka, or Locke his work on the Understanding at 'Madrid? destroy the inducement to act, take away the 'capacity to judge, and annihilate the value of applause, 'and poetry sinks into dulness; philosophy loses its power 'of research; and eloquence evaporates into froth and 'mummery.

'A provincial government, like ours before the revolu- 'tion, was entirely incompetent to call into activity this en- 'nobling propensity of our nature. A small population, 'scattered over an extensive country, and composed almost 'entirely of strangers to literature; a government deriva- 'tive and dependent, without patronage and influence, and 'in hostility to the public sentiment; a people divided into 'political and religious parties, and a parent country watch- 'ing all their movements with a stepmother's feelings, and 'keeping down their prosperity with the arm of power, 'could not be expected to produce those literary worthies 'who have illuminated the other hemisphere.

'History justifies the remark that free governments, al- 'though happier in themselves, are as oppressive to their 'provinces as despotic ones. It was a common saying in 'Greece that a free man in Sparta was the freest man; and 'a slave, the greatest slave in the world. This remark 'may be justly applied to the ancient republics which had 'provinces under their controul. The people of the parent 'country were free, and those remote were harassed with 'all kinds of exactions, borne down by the high hand of 'oppression, and under the subjection of a military despo- 'tism. The colonial system of modern times is equally 'calculated to build up the mother country on the depres- 'sion of its colonies. That all their exports shall go to, 'and all their imports be derived from it, is the fundamen- 'tal principle. Admitting occasional departures from this 'system, is it possible that an infant country, so bandaged 'and cramped, could attain to that maturity of growth

'which is essential to the promotion and encouragement of 'literature? Accordingly we do not find in any colony of 'modern times any peculiar devotion to letters, or any ex- 'traordinary progress in the cultivation of the human mind. 'The most fertile soil,—the most benign climate,—all that 'nature can produce and art can perfect, are incompetent 'to remove the benumbing effects, which a provincial and 'dependent position operates upon the efforts of genius.

'These difficulties, so embarrassing, were augmented from 'other causes. The population of this colony was derived 'from several nations. The original emigrants were dutch. 'The next in order of time were from England. The 'revocation of the edict of Nantz, and the persecutions in 'the Palatinate, occasioned considerable migrations from 'France and Germany; Scotland and Ireland also furnished 'a great accession of inhabitants. Four different languages 'were for a long time used; and the people were separated 'from each other by a diversity of manners and opinions, 'and strong national prejudices. How, then, was it possible 'to combine their energies in any common effort? Two 'centuries have not entirely extinguished the lines of na- 'tional separation. The dutch and german languages are 'still spoken in some settlements. Five or six generations 'have, in a great measure, amalgamated these discordant 'elements. National antipathies have subsided, a national 'character has been formed, and a national physiognomy is 'supposed to be established. The triumph and general 'adoption of the english language have been the principal 'means of melting us down into one people, and of extin- 'guishing those stubborn prejudices and violent animosities 'which formed a wall of partition between the inhabitants 'of the same land. In a country whose population was 'thus composed, it was not to be expected that a great 'taste for literature would be considered an essential accom- 'paniment.'

'Mental, in many cases, acts directly the reverse of 'corporeal vision; and magnifies objects, not in proportion 'to their propinquity but in the ratio of their distance. This 'obliquity of the human mind springs from a variety of 'causes, and operates in a variety of directions. It inces- 'santly magnifies the talents and morals of the past, at the 'expense of the present times; and its wanderings never 'appear in a more striking view than in its judgments of

'men. By its magic influence the dwarf of antiquity starts 'up into a giant; and, like the phenomenon called the Mi-'rage, it translates the men and the things of this earth to 'the skies. These remarks are made, not to depreciate 'those who have gone before us, but to warn us not to 'depreciate ourselves. The panegyrics which have been 'pronounced upon the works of some of our predecessors 'appear strange, when we consider their writings with an 'unprejudiced mind; and, perhaps, the same observation 'may, without arrogance, be applied to many of the di-'vines, the physicians, the jurists, and the statesmen 'whose praises have reached us through the organ of tra-'dition, and whose memories have descended to us adorned 'with the laurels of genius: but let not this discourage ex-'ertion:—what they are to us! many of you will deserv-'edly be to future generations; and the pious feelings of 'posterity may cherish your worth with equal ardour and 'embalm you in their hearts with equal affection.

'The spring which was given to the human mind; the 'improvement which seminaries of education produced; and 'the general, extensive, and augmented popularity of intel-'lectual illumination, paved the way for those political dis-'cussions which ushered in the american revolution, and 'finally dismembered the british empire. The study of 'the law as a liberal profession, necessarily leads to inves-'tigations with regard to the origin of government, the con-'stitutions of states, and the objects of jurisprudence. 'The influence of this profession upon the political events 'of the times could not escape the sagacity of Burke: he 'assigns it as one of the causes of the revolution. "This 'study," says he, "render men acute, inquisitive, dex-'terous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resour-'ces. In other countries the people, more simple and of a 'less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in govern-'ment by an actual grievance: here they anticipate the 'evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the 'badness of the principle; they augur misgovernment at a 'distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every 'tainted breeze."*

'The statesmen who appeared at the dawn of the revo-'lution attracted the admiration of Europe; and the mas-

* 'Speech on conciliation with America.'

'terly state papers which our state convention, and the gen-
'eral congress promulgated, breathed the genius of Greece
'and the invincible spirit of Rome; and covered with glory
'the american name. "When," said the elder Pitt, "when
'your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from
'America;—when you consider their decency, firmness,
'and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish
'to make it your own. For myself I must declare and
'avow, that in all my reading and observation,—and it has
'been my favourite study, (I have read Thucydides, and
'have studied and admired the master states of the world,)
'that, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wis-
'dom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult
'circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in
'preference to the general congress at Philadelphia." '*

'But, although there is a vast mass of knowledge spread
'over the state, yet it is, generally speaking, of the com-
'mon kind: all know the elementary parts of instruction,
'but few know the higher branches of science; and there is
'not so much concentrated knowledge in so many individu-
'als, as in Europe. This arises from a number of causes
'which do not disparage our intellectual character, and
'which, it is to be hoped, will cease to operate after a
'short time.

'In the first place we have, with scarcely any intermis-
'sion, been distracted by party spirit! in its bitterest forms
'of exacerbation. Our ingenuity has been employed, not
'in cultivating a vernacular literature, or in increasing the
'stock of human knowledge; but in raising up and pulling
'down the parties which agitate the community. This vio-
'lent spirit has split society asunder, has poisoned the in-
'tercourse of private life, has spread a morbid gloom over
'our literature, has infected the national taste, and has pal-
'sied the general prosperity. Whatever apologies may be
'made for these political discussions, by ascribing them to
'an honest difference in opinion, there can be none offered
'for the style and manner in which they are conducted.
'In reading the classical works of the ancients we are as-
'tonished at the violations of decorum which appear in
'their most polite and accomplished authors; who fre-
'quently use expressions that no modern writer dare adopt

* 'Speech on a motion to remove the troops from Boston.'

'without the certainty of condemnation. But if we excel 'the ancients in this respect, we are far behind them in 'other branches of literary good morals. The style of our 'political writings has assumed a character of rude invec- 'tive, and unrestrained licentiousness, unparalleled in any 'other part of the world; and which has greatly tended to 'injure our national character. This has principally arisen 'from the indiscriminate applause that has been conferred 'upon certain eminent political writers. We imitate what 'we are taught to admire; and unfortunataly we have aped 'their boldness of invective, and fierceness of denunciation, 'without exhibiting those fascinations of genius, which 'operate like the cestus of Venus; conceal deformity, and 'heighten all the charms of beauty and grace. Junius 'arose in the literary, like a comet in the natural world, 'menacing pestilence and war; and denouncing, in a style 'of boldness and invective before unknown and unheard of, 'the constituted authorities of Great Britain. When we 'analyze his writings, we find no extraordinary power of 'imagination,—no uncommon extent of erudition,—no re- 'markable solidity of reasoning. His topics are few; but 'he was master of his subject. He possessed, in a singu- 'lar degree, the vivida vis animi:* his conceptions were 'distinct and luminous, and he expressed them with pecu- 'liar point and sententious compression; but the polished 'keenness of his invective too often degenerated into vulgar 'scurrility. His importance was greatly enhanced by the 'mystery which surrounded his person,—the panic which 'followed his denunciations,—and the celebrity which was 'attached to his literary antagonists. He created a new 'era in political writing; his works have become the arche- 'type and the text book of political authors; and every 'juvenile writer, who enters the political lists, endeavours 'to bend the bow of Ulysses; and, in striving to make up in 'venom what he wants in vigour mistakes scurrility for 'satire, ribaldry for wit, and confounds the natron of Egypt 'with the salt of Attica.'

'The nature of our government and the constitution of 'our confederacy, are admirably adapted to promote the 'interests of science. Free governments are the native soil of great talents. "Though a republic should be bar-

* 'Lucretius.'

'barous," says Hume, "it necessarily, by an infallible 'operation, gives rise to law even before mankind have made 'any considerable advances in the other sciences; from law 'arises security; from security curiosity, and from curiosity 'knowledge."* That most profound political writer, whom 'I have just quoted, with the vast volume of history before 'his eyes, and aided by all the powers of an analyzing and 'investigating mind, has laid down the following incontro-'vertible propositions in relation to the influence of gov-'ernment upon the arts and sciences.

'1. It is impossible for the arts and sciences to arise, at 'first, among any people unless that people enjoy the bles-'sing of a free government.

'2. Nothing is more favourable to the rise of polite-'ness, and learning, than a number of neighbouring and 'independent states connected together by commerce and 'policy.

'3. Though the only proper nursery for these valua-'ble plants be a free government, yet may they be trans-'planted into any government; and a republic is most 'favourable to the growth of the sciences, a civilized mon-'archy to that of the polite arts.†

'Although this was published more than half a century 'ago, yet it suits our situation so precisely that one would 'suppose the writer had the United States fully in his view. 'Perhaps the flourishing condition of the literature of Eu-'rope is, in a great degree, owing to the division of that con-'tinent into a number of independent states. Each capital 'is a place where letters are encouraged, and the different 'governments vie with each other in rewarding the effusions 'of genius; but if Charles V., Lewis XIV., or Napoleon, had 'succeeded in establishing an universal monarchy the dark 'ages of gothic barbarity would have revisited mankind. 'Thus, under the direction of an all-wise and beneficent 'God, the half-civilized serf of Russia has become the 'unconscious guardian and protector of knowledge. The 'small country of Attica, not so large as Long-Island, can 'never be contemplated without the mingled emotions of 'veneration and sorrow. "Ab Athenis enim humanitas, 'doctrina, religio, fruges, jura, leges, ortæ, atque in omnes 'terras distributa, putantur." "It is acknowledged," said

* 'Hume's Essays, vol. 1. 14th Essay.' † 'Ibid.'

'Cicero, "that literature, polite arts, religion, agriculture, 'laws, and social rights, originated in Athens and were 'thence distributed over all nations." The fertility of the 'soil, the excellence of the climate, the freedom of the 'government, and the enterprising spirit of the people, must 'have coöperated in producing this transcendent and pre-'eminent state of human exaltation. And if a comparison 'was instituted in those respects, between that country and 'ours, in what important part would we be deficient?

'We are, perhaps, more favoured in another point of 'view. Attica was peopled from Egypt; but we can boast 'of our descent from a superior stock. I speak not of 'families or dynasties; I refer to our origin from those na-'tions where civilization, knowledge, and refinement have 'erected their empire; and where human nature has attained 'its greatest perfection. Annihilate Holland, Great Bri-'tain, Ireland, France, and Germany, and what would be-'come of civilized man? this country, young as it is, would 'be the great Atlas remaining to support the dignity of the 'world: and perhaps our mingled descent from various na-'tions may have a benign influence upon genius. We per-'ceive the improving effects of an analogous state upon 'vegetables and inferior animals. The extraordinary cha-'racters which the United States have produced may be, 'in some measure, ascribed to the mixed blood of so many 'nations flowing in our veins; and it may be confidently 'predicted that the operation of causes, acting with irre-'sistible effect, will carry in this country all the improva-'ble faculties of human nature to the highest state of per-'fection.'

In page 31, speaking of serpents, he remarks that 'the 'rattlesnake, not being able to exist in the neighbourhood of 'swine, has fled from the cultivated country.' That the rattlesnake has left the country is generally true; but there are some exceptions in this part of it at least; we recollect that two rattlesnakes were taken alive, only five miles from Boston a few years since, and that others have been occasionally killed in the same neighbourhood. In page 36, speaking of that destructive disease, consumption, he gives some extracts from the bills of mortality to shew the extent of its ravages. It is also a general opinion that it is much more frequent than formerly. May this not be owning to variations in the medical nomenclature? Do not some dis-

orders, that terminate in a short and rapid consumption, pass by this last name, though only the consequence and closing form in other diseases; at least these bills of mortality are too much at variance with each other to be taken as an authority. For instance, Mr. Clinton cites the return of 1813, which gives the following result in four towns. In Boston the deaths by consumption amount to about one fourth of the whole number; in New Haven, the same year, to one-ninth; in New York, to one-fourth; in Philadelphia, to one-eleventh. Now it cannot be true that there is such a great disproportion between the deaths by this disorder in Boston and New York, and those in New Haven and Philadelphia.

We heartily echo the wish in the concluding paragraph, though the association of facts, (one of which is not invariably true, that of the precious metals,) may be considered as partaking too much of fancy.

'History and observation justify the remark that while 'the movements of conquest have been from the north to 'the south, and the course of the precious metals from the 'west to the east; that the progress of the ocean and of 'the atmosphere, of the arts and sciences, and of the civil-'ization of the human species, has been from the rising to 'the setting sun: and, according to the uniform experience 'of mankind, we have every reason to believe that our 'country will be the chosen seat, and favourite abode, of 'learning and science. May this association be a humble 'instrument in paving the way for this sublime result; and 'may posterity describe its origin, its progress, and its ma-'turity, by adopting, with a small variation, the language of 'the roman bard:

'"Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo:
'Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
'Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit."
'Æneid, lib. iv.'

'It grew strong by exertion, and acquired strength in its 'progress: small at first, through diffidence, it soon sprung 'up into the sky, spread over the earth, and hid its tower-ing head in the heavens.'

Guy Mannering; or the Astrologer. By the author of 'Waverley.'

> *'Tis said that words and signs have power*
> *O'er sprites in planetary hour;*
> *But scarce I praise their ventrous part,*
> *Who tamper with such dangerous art.*
> *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Three volumes in two. First American edition. Boston, published by West and Richardson, No. 75 Cornhill, and Eastburn, Kirk, and Co. New-York. T. W. White, printer, 1815.

This novel, by the author of Waverley, bears marks of the same hand, and, as in the title page of the present work there is an extract from the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, it was a delicate way of informing the publick, that they were under a mistake in attributing the former one to Walter Scott. Still there is a minuteness, and fidelity in description, of many scenes of nature of no extraordinary occurrence, that are highly picturesque, and seem, though in prose, related to some of Mr. Scott's descriptions in verse. To describe grand and striking scenery is less difficult, than to excite our interest, by painting those frequent appearances, which we are apt to pass over without observation. This course also will be a sure test of good taste, and accurate judgment, if such selections of familiar scenes are made without appearing insipid or vulgar.

As it is almost universal to compare an author with himself, to estimate one of his efforts by another, most persons will give their opinion on the relative merits of Waverley and Guy Mannering. We find some difficulty in saying which we prefer on the whole. A work superiour to either, might have been formed by condensing the power of both into one effort. In Waverley the superiour characters are conceived with the most force and originality, and drawn with most skill and effect. The contrary is true of Guy Mannering. There is nothing remarkable or even interesting in the higher characters, they are quite of an ordinary class, but true to nature however, and making a respectable figure in the dialogue; all the spirit and originality is concentred in the inferiour characters, who are indeed the most important in

the conduct of the story, and the principal agents in bringing about its denouement. There are four of these, Meg Merrilies, a gypsey, Dominie Sampson, a Scotch schoolmaster and family tutor, Dirk Hatteraick, a Dutch smuggler, and Dandie Dinmont, a Scotch farmer. Their rank may be taken in the order they here stand. Meg, is evidently and deservedly the favourite, though she is briefly described by the Dominie, as being 'harlot, gypsey, witch and thief.' The Dominie is the portrait of an individual rather than a species: contrary to most other pedants, he is made to be very silent, and his character must be got from the whole book, rather than from any particular situation. There is hardly one insulated description, which would give the idea of him as a whole, that results from reading the novel through. Hatteraick is a smuggler and pirate, delineated with energy and fidelity. Dinmont, a Scotch farmer, brawny, honest, generous and humane. There are besides two lawyers, Glossin, a villain, and counsellor Pleydell, an estimable barrister, and who is drawn with something of that peculiarity and accuracy, that strikes us as being a portrait from real life. We do not know if it be refining too far to say, that, independently, of the minute acquaintance with the forms and language of law, which is shown in both these novels, that they are written by a lawyer, because in the present performance, Glossin, who is one of the main characters, and painted as the blackest scoundrel, is made so, entirely from his bad nature, and does not owe his villainy at all to the habits of his profession, to which common writers would certainly have attributed it wholly, or at least in part. There are here and there remarks interspersed on the profession of the law, that are marked with sound sense and just observation, as well as wit and vivacity.

The period of time taken for the action was between thirty and forty years since, as in one place mention is made of '*this weary American war.*' The outline of the story, is briefly as follows: Guy Mannering, a young Englishman, after leaving the University of Oxford, made a tour into the north of England, and extended his ride into the borders of Scotland. Being there benighted one evening in a dreary country, he, after much toil and trouble, reached the dwelling of a Scotch Laird, whose modern mansion, on the sea shore, was built immediately under the ruins of the gloomy Castle of his ancestors, who had, in an-

cient times, held large possessions; that different events had curtailed into a moderate patrimony, now held by Godfrey Bertram, a feeble inefficient character, whose affairs were managed by a knavish attorney, called Glossin. His family consisted only of his wife, and an inmate called Dominie Sampson. Guy Mannering arrived at his house on the very evening that his lady brought him an heir to his estate. Meg Merrillies, a gypsey, who was a visiter occasionally, a gang of her tribe being hutted on the estate of Ellangowan, came in on the same evening to prepare a charm in favour of the new-born infant. The Laird, in a jesting humour, told her that they could do without her as the stranger present was a student of Oxford, that could tell fortunes by the stars. Mannering, who had paid some attention to the vain science of Astrology, entered immediately into the joke, and began an astrological conversation, which the Dominie took seriously, and confounded Meg, and the Laird too in the end, by his parade of learning. Mannering cast the boy's nativity and found that he would be exposed to great danger on the completion of his fifth, his tenth and twenty-first year; he gave the calculation to the father, on condition that he should not open the sealed paper that contained it till the infant had completed his fifth year. The day after he took his departure; and he does not appear on the stage again till many years afterwards. Mr. Bertram, soon after the birth of the child is made a magistrate, and begins to clear the village of vagrants, and his estate of the gypsies. This was attended with serious consequences to him. An excise officer, who had become intimate with the Laird of Ellangowan, while in riding to witness the result of a contest between Dirk Hatteraick's lugger and a sloop of war, met the boy walking with his tutor, the child entreated him to take him up; this he did and rode on. Not coming back at evening, great confusion ensued, search was made, Kennedy, the excise officer, was found murdered on the sea-shore, and no trace of the child could be discovered, this happened on his fifth birth-day. This calamitous news being suddenly communicated at the mansion, Mrs. Bertram, who was then near lying-in, was taken ill at the shock, and the same evening Mr. Bertram became the father of a daughter, and a widower. An interruption of the story for seventeen years now ensues; Guy Mannering had married, gone to India, commanded a regiment, and acquired a for-

tune there. A young officer in his regiment, who was intimate in his family, and in love with his daughter, unknown to the father, but with the approbation of the mother, excited the jealousy of Mannering, who suspected that his attentions were directed to his wife, he challenged him, they fought, the young officer fell, Mannering thought he had killed him; his wife died, and he returned with his daughter to England. When he next appears, it is at the moment that Glossin having, by his iniquitous practices, got possession of the Laird's property, his furniture and estate were to be sold by auction, and he driven away with his daughter, a young woman of seventeen, and the faithful Dominie. The young officer, having recovered from his wounds, and obtained promotion, returned to England to seek Miss Mannering, who was established near the domain of Ellangowan. After a great variety of incidents, which are made highly interesting, the denoeument is brought about; the young officer whom Mannering supposed he had killed, is the child of Bertram, Laird of Ellangowan, whose life had been saved by Meg. In revealing the plot, she is shot by Hatteraick, who is secured and taken to prison, where he murders Glossin, who had been his accomplice, and then hangs himself; young Bertram is recognized, reconciled to Mannering, and united to Miss Mannering.

We shall now select some passages from different parts of the work, which will give an idea of the principal characters in the novel, and the author's powers of description. The two first extracts describe Meg Merrilies, for she is never introduced without a description of her appearance. On the evening of Mannering's arrival at Ellangowan he first beholds the gypsey.

'Here the desultory and long narrative of the Laird of 'Ellangowan was interrupted by the voice of some one 'ascending the stairs from the kitchen story, and singing at 'full pitch of voice. The high notes were too shrill for a 'man, the low seemed too deep for a woman. The words, 'as far as Mannering could distinguish them, seemed to run 'thus:

'Canny moment, lucky fit;
'Is the lady lighter yet?
'Be it lad, or be it lass,
'Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

'"It's Meg Merrilies, the gypsey, as sure as I am a 'sinner," said Mr. Bertram. The Dominie groaned deeply, 'uncrossed his legs, drew in the huge splay foot which his 'former posture had extended, placed it perpendicular, 'and stretched the other limb over it instead, puffing out 'between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke. "What 'needs ye groan, Dominie? I am sure Meg's sangs do nae 'harm."

'"Nor good neither," answered Dominie Sampson, in 'a voice whose untunable harshness corresponded with the 'awkwardness of his figure. They were the first words 'which Mannering had heard him speak; and as he had 'been watching, with some curiosity, when this eating, 'drinking, moving, and smoking automaton would perform 'the part of speaking, he was a good deal diverted with the 'harsh timber tones which issued from him. But at this 'moment the door opened, and Meg Merrilies entered.

'Her appearance made Mannering start. She was full 'six feet high, wore a man's great-coat over the rest of her 'dress, had in her hand a goodly sloe-thorn cudgel, and in 'all points of equipment, except her petticoats, seemed 'rather masculine than feminine. Her dark elf-locks shot 'out like the snakes of the gorgon, between an old-fashioned 'bonnet called a Bongrace, heightening the singular effect 'of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they 'partly shadowed, while her eye had a wild roll that indi-'cated something like real or affected insanity.'

The next day Mannering sees her in a room of the ruined castle, spinning a mystick skein of thread to ascertain the fortune of the child.

'She sat upon a broken corner-stone in the angle of a 'paved apartment, part of which she had swept clean to 'afford a smooth space for the evolutions of her spindle. 'A strong sunbeam, through a lofty and narrow window, 'fell upon her wild dress and features, and afforded her 'light for her occupation; the rest of the apartment was 'very gloomy. Equipt in a habit which mingled the 'national dress of the Scottish common people with some-'thing of an eastern costume, she spun a thread, drawn from 'wool of three different colours, black, white and grey, by 'assistance of those ancient implements of housewifery now 'almost banished from the land, the distaff and spindle. 'As she spun, she sung what seemed to be a charm.'

After her work was ended Dirk Hatteraick comes in search of the witch to bless his vessel as he is going to sea; he is thus described:

'Our hero was about to speak to the prophetess, when a 'voice, hoarse as the waves with which it mingled, halloo'd 'twice, and with increasing impatience—"Meg, Meg Mer- 'rilies!—Gypsey—hag—tousand deyvils!"

'"I am coming, I am coming, captain," answered Meg, 'and in a moment or two the impatient Commander whom 'she addressed made his appearance from the broken parts 'of the ruins.

'He was apparently a seafaring man, rather under the 'middle size, and with a countenance bronzed by a thou- 'sand conflicts with the north-east wind. His frame was 'prodigiously muscular, strong, and thick-set; so that it 'seemed as if a man of much greater height would have 'been an inadequate match in any close personal conflict. 'He was hard-favored, and, which was worse, his face bore 'nothing of the *insouciance*, the careless frolicsome jollity 'and vacant curiosity of a sailor on shore. These qualities, 'perhaps, as much as any others, contribute to the high 'popularity of our seamen, and the general good inclination 'which our society expresses towards them. Their gal- 'lantry, courage, and hardihood are qualities which excite 'reverence, and perhaps rather humble pacific landsmen in 'their presence; and neither respect, nor a sense of humili- 'ation, are feelings easily combined with a familiar fondness 'towards those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, 'the exulting high spirits, the unreflecting mirth of a sailor 'when enjoying himself on shore, temper the most formida- 'ble points of his character. There was nothing like these 'in this man's face; on the contrary, a surly and even savage 'scowl appeared to darken features which would have 'been harsh and unpleasant under any expression or modi- 'fication.'

A short dialogue takes place between the parties, when his character is thus further described.

'There was a mixture of impudence, hardihood, and 'suspicious fear about this man, which was expressibly 'disgusting. His manners were those of a ruffian, con- 'scious of the suspicion attending his character, yet aiming 'to bear it down by the affectation of a careless and hardy 'familiarity. Mannering briefly rejected his proffered

'civilities; and, after a surly good morning, he retired with 'the gypsey to that part of the ruins from which he had 'first made his appearance. A very narrow staircase here 'descended to the beach, intended probably for the con-'venience of the garrison during a siege. By this stair, the 'couple, equally amiable in appearance, and respectable 'by profession, descended to the sea side. The soi-disant 'captain embarked in a small boat with two men who appear-'ed to wait for him, and the gypsey remained on the shore, 'reciting or singing, and gesticulating with great vehe-'mence.'

Meg is again portrayed with strong effect, when she and her tribe are driven by the Laird from his estate, which he effected by violence, unroofing and taking out the doors and windows of the cottages in which they lived. He had rode to a distance that day to avoid seeing them, but on his return met the whole group on their march. He had attempted to speak to one or two of them, but had only met with sullenness and defiance. When the stragglers had disappeared,

'His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is 'true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their 'ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he 'endeavoured to render them otherwise? They were not 'more irregular characters now, than they had been while 'they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of 'subordinate dependants of his family; and ought the cir-'cumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at 'once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some 'means of reformation ought at least to have been tried, 'before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, 'and depriving them of a degree of countenance, which 'withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was 'also a natural yearning of heart upon parting with so many 'known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Ber-'tram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities 'of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among 'the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn 'his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, 'who had lagged behind the troops, unexpectedly presented 'herself.

'She was standing upon one of those high banks, which, 'as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was

'placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though 'he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against 'the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural height. 'We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or 'rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign 'costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of add- 'ing to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps 'from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her 'ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red 'cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, 'from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon 'lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf locks 'from the folds of this singular head gear. Her attitude 'was that of a sybil in frenzy, as she stretched out, in her 'right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

'"I'll be d——d," said the groom, "if she has not been 'cutting the young ashes in the Dukit Park."—The Laird 'made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which 'was thus perched above his path.

'"Ride your ways," said the gypsey, "ride your ways, 'Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! '—This day have ye quenched seven smoaking hearths— 'see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that. '—Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look 'if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your 'stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare 'does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan.—Ride 'your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glowr after our 'folk for?—There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae 'wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their 'life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger—yes—there's 'thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the 'babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' 'their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the black- 'cock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our 'bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your 'brow cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I 'am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to 'be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, 'and better folk than their father.—And now, ride e'en 'your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear 'Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll 'ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan."

'So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, 'and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing 'on her triumphant foes her keen-edged male-diction, could 'not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly 'contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to 'speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find half-a-'crown; the gypsey waited neither for his reply nor his do-'nation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

'Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarka-'ble that he did not mention this interview to any of his 'family. The groom was not so reserved: he told the story 'at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and con-'cluded by swearing, that "if ever the devil spoke by the 'mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merillies 'that blessed day."'

The 13th chapter contains the meeting of Mannering on his return from India, when Mr. Bertram had lost his property by the villainy of Glossin, and was to be forced away from Ellangowan; the description of the auction, and of the whole scene, in which the unhappy Laird dies, is made with much feeling.

> 'They told me by the sentence of the law,
> 'They had commission to seize all thy fortune.—
> 'Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
> 'Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
> 'Tumbled into a heap for publick sale;—
> 'There was another, making villainous jests
> 'At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession
> 'Of all thy ancient most domestick ornaments.—*Otway.*'

'Early next morning, Mannering mounted his horse, and, 'accompanied by his servant, took the road to Ellangowan. 'He had no need to enquire the way. A sale in the coun-'try is a place of public resort and amusement, and people 'of various descriptions streamed to it from all quarters.

'After a pleasant ride of about an hour, the old towers of 'the ruin presented themselves in the landscape. The 'thoughts with what different feelings he had lost sight of 'them so many years before, thronged upon the mind of 'the traveller.—The landscape was the same; but how 'changed the feelings, hopes, and views, of the spectator! 'Then, life and love were new, and all the prospect was

'gilded by their rays. And now, disappointed in affection, 'sated with fame, and what the world calls success, his 'mind goaded by bitter and repentant recollection, his best 'hope was to find a retirement in which he might nurse the 'melancholy, that was to accompany him to his grave. '"Yet why should an individual mourn over the instability 'of his hopes, and the vanity of his prospects? The an- 'cient chiefs, who erected these enormous and massive 'towers to be the fortress of their race, and the seat of 'their power, could they have dreamed the day was to 'come, when the last of their descendants should be expel- 'led, a ruined wanderer, from his possessions! But Nature's 'bounties are unaltered. The sun will shine as fair on these 'ruins, whether the property of a stranger, or of a sordid 'and obscure trickster of the abused law, as when the ban- 'ners of the founder first waved upon their battlements."

'These reflections brought Mannering to the door of the 'house, which was that day open to all. He entered 'among others, who traversed the apartments, some to select 'articles for purchase, others to gratify their curiosity. 'There is something melancholy in such a scene, even un- 'der the most favourable circumstances. The confused 'state of the furniture, displaced for the convenience of 'being easily viewed and carried off by the purchasers, is 'disagreeable to the eye. Those articles which, properly 'and decently arranged, look creditable and well assorted, 'have then a paltry and wretched appearance; and the 'apartments, stripped of all that render them commodious 'and handsome, have an aspect of ruin and dilapidation. It 'is disgusting also, to see the scenes of domestick society 'and seclusion thrown open to the gaze of the curious and 'the vulgar; to hear their coarse speculations and jests 'upon the fashions and furniture to which they are unaccus- 'tomed,—a frolicksome humour much cherished by the 'whiskey which in Scotland is always put in circulation 'upon such occasions. All these are ordinary effects of 'such a scene as Ellangowan now presented; but the moral 'feeling, that, in this case, they indicated the total ruin of an 'ancient and honourable family, gave them treble weight and 'poignancy.

'It was some time before Colonel Mannering could find 'any one disposed to answer his reiterated questions con- 'cerning Ellangowan himself. At length, an old maid-ser-

'vant, who held her apron to her eyes as she spoke, told 'him, "the Laird was something better, and they hoped 'he would be able to leave the house that day. Miss Lucy 'expected the chaise every moment, and, as the day was 'fine for the time o' year, they had carried him in his easy 'chair up to the green before the auld castle, to be out of 'the way of this unca spectacle." Hither Colonel Manner-'ing went in quest of him, and soon came in sight of the 'little group, which consisted of four persons. The ascent 'was steep, so that he had time to reconnoitre them as he 'advanced, and to consider in what mode he should make 'his address.

'Mr. Bertram, paralytick, and almost incapable of mo-'ving, occupied his easy chair, attired in his night-cap, and 'a loose camlet coat, his feet wrapped in blankets. Behind 'him, with his hands crossed on the cane on which he 'rested, stood Dominie Sampson, whom Mannering recog-'nised at once.—Time had made no change upon him, un-'less that his black coat seemed more brown, and his gaunt 'cheeks more lank, than when Mannering last saw him. On 'one side of the old man was a sylphlike form—a young 'woman of about seventeen, whom the Colonel accounted 'to be his daughter. She was looking, from time to time, 'anxiously towards the avenue, as if expecting the post-'chaise; and between whiles busied herself in adjusting the 'blankets, so as to protect her father from the cold, and in 'answering enquiries, which he seemed to make with a cap-'tious and querulous manner. She did not trust herself 'to look towards the Place, as it was called, although the 'hum of the assembled crowd must have drawn her atten-'tion in that direction. The fourth person of the group 'was a handsome and genteel young man, who seemed to 'share Miss Bertram's anxiety, and her solicitude to sooth 'and accommodate her parent.

'This young man was the first who observed Colonel 'Mannering, and immediately stepped forward to meet him, 'as if politely to prevent his drawing nearer to the distress-'ed group. Mannering immediately paused and explained. '"He was," he said, "a stranger, to whom Mr. Bertram 'had formerly shewn kindness and hospitality; he would 'not have intruded himself upon him at a period of distress, 'did it not seem to be in some degree a moment also of de-'sertion; he wished merely to offer such services as might 'be in his power to Mr. Bertram and the young lady."

'He then paused at a little distance from the chair. His 'old acquaintance gazed at him with lack-lustre eye, that 'intimated no tokens of recognition—the Dominie seemed 'too deeply sunk in distress even to observe his presence. 'The young man spoke aside with Miss Bertram, who ad- 'vanced timidly, and thanked Mr. Mannering for his good- 'ness; "but," she said, the tears gushing fast into her 'eyes—"her father, she feared, was not so much himself as 'to be able to remember him."

'She then retreated towards the chair, accompanied by 'the Colonel.—"Father," she said, "this is Mr. Manner- 'ing, an old friend, come to enquire after you."

'"He's very heartily welcome,"—said the old man, rais- 'ing himself in his chair, and attempting a gesture of cour- 'tesy, while a gleam of hospitable satisfaction seemed to 'pass over his faded features; "but, Lucy, my dear, let us 'go down to the house, you should not keep the gentleman 'here in the cold;—Dominie, take the key of the wine- 'cooler. Mr. a—a— the gentleman will take something 'after his ride."—

'Mannering was unspeakably affected by the contrast 'which his recollection made between this reception and 'that with which he had been greeted by the same indivi- 'dual when they last met. He could not restrain his tears, 'and his evident emotion at once attained him the confi- 'dence of the friendless young lady.

'"Alas!" said she, "this is distressing even to a stran- 'ger;—but it may be better for my poor father to be in this 'way, than if he knew and could feel all."

'A servant in livery now came up the path, and spoke in 'an under tone to the young gentleman—"Mr. Charles, my 'lady's wanting you yonder sadly, to bid for her for the 'black ebony cabinet; and Lady Jean Devorgoil is wi' her 'an a'—ye maun come away directly."

'"Tell them you could not find me, Tom, or, stay—say 'I am looking at the horses."

'"No, no, no—" said Lucy Bertram earnestly; "if you 'would not add to the misery of this miserable moment, go 'to the company directly.—This gentleman, I am sure, will 'see us to the carriage."

'"Unquestionably, madam," said Mannering, "your 'young friend may rely on my attention."

'"Farewell, then," said Mr. Charles, and whispered a 'word in her ear—then ran down the steep hastily, as if not 'trusting his resolution at a slower pace.

'"Where's Charles Hazlewood running," said the inva-'lid, who apparently was accustomed to his presence and 'attentions; "where's Charles Hazlewood running—what 'takes him away now?"

'"He'll return in a little while," said Lucy gently.

'The sound of voices was now heard from the ruins. 'The reader may remember there was a communication 'between the castle and the beach, up which the speakers 'had ascended.

'"Yes—there's plenty of shells and seaware, as you 'observe—and if one inclined to build a new house, which 'might indeed be necessary, there's a great deal of good 'hewn stone about this old dungeon for the devil here"—

'"Good God!" said Miss Bertram hastily to Sampson, '"'tis that wretch Glossin's voice—if my father sees him, 'it will kill him outright!"

'Sampson wheeled perpendicularly round, and moved 'with long strides to confront the attorney, as he issued 'from beneath the portal arch of the ruin. "Avoid ye!" 'he said—"Avoid ye! would'st thou kill and take pos-'session?"

'"Come, come, Master Dominie Sampson," answered 'Glossin insolently, "if ye cannot preach in the pulpit, 'we'll have no preaching here. We go by the law, my 'good friend—we leave the gospel to you."

'The very mention of this man's name had been of late 'a subject of the most violent irritation to the unfortunate 'patient. The sound of his voice now produced an in-'stantaneous effect. Mr. Bertram started up without 'assistance, and turned round towards him; the ghastliness 'of his features, forming a strange contrast with the violence 'of his exclamation.—"Out of my sight, ye viper!—ye 'frozen viper, that I warmed till ye stung me!—Art thou 'not afraid that the walls of my father's dwelling should fall 'and crush thee limb and bone?—Are ye not afraid the 'very lintels of the door of Ellangowan castle should break 'open and swallow you up!—Were ye not friendless,— 'houseless,—pennyless,—when I took ye by the hand—and 'are ye not expelling me—me, and that innocent girl— 'friendless, houseless, and pennyless, from the house that 'has sheltered us and ours for a thousand years?"

'Had Glossin been alone, he would probably have slunk off; 'but the consciousness that a stranger was present, besides 'the person who came with him (a sort of land-surveyor,) de- 'termined him to resort to impudence. The task, however, 'was almost too hard, even for his effrontery—"Sir—Sir— 'Mr. Bertram—Sir, you should not blame me, but your 'own imprudence, sir"——

'The indignation of Mannering was mounting very high. '"Sir," he said to Glossin, "without entering into the 'merits of this controversy, I must inform you, that you 'have chosen a very improper place, time, and presence, for 'it. And you will oblige me by withdrawing without more 'words."

'Glossin being a tall, strong, muscular man, was not un- 'willing rather to turn upon a stranger whom he hoped to 'bully, than maintain his wretched cause against his injured 'patron—"I do not know who you are, sir, and I shall per- 'mit no man to use such d—d freedom with me."

'Mannering was naturally hot-tempered—his eyes flashed 'a dark light—he compressed his nether lip so closely that 'the blood sprung, and, approaching Glossin—"Look you, 'sir," he said, "that you do not know me is of no conse- 'quence. *I know you;* and, if you do not instantly 'descend that bank, without uttering a single syllable, by the 'Heaven that is above us, you shall make but one step 'from the top to the bottom."

'The commanding tone of rightful anger silenced at 'once the ferocity of the bully. He hesitated, turned on 'his heel, and, muttering something between his teeth about 'unwillingness to alarm the lady, relieved them of his hate- 'ful company.

'Mrs. Mac-Candlish's postillion, who had come up in 'time to hear what passed, said aloud, "If he had stuck 'by the way, I would have lent him a heezie, the dirty 'scoundrel, as willingly as ever I pitched a boddle."

'He then stepped forward to announce that his horses 'were in readiness for the invalid and his daughter.

'But they were no longer necessary. The debilitated 'frame of Mr. Bertram was exhausted by this last effort of 'indignant anger, and when he sunk again upon his chair, 'he expired almost without a struggle or groan. So little 'alteration did the extinction of the vital spark make upon 'his external appearance, that the screams of his daughter,

'when she saw his eye fix and felt his pulse stop, first an-
'nounced his death to the spectators.'

Mannering, after the death of Bertram, had taken his daughter and the Dominie, to reside with him at Woodbourne, an estate in the neighbourhood of Ellangowan. His uncle, a bishop, had died and left him his library, which furnishes employment for the happy Dominie.

'While these matters engaged the attention of the other
'members of the Woodbourne family, Dominie Sampson
'was engaged, body and soul, in the arrangement of the
'late bishop's library, which had been sent from Liverpool
'by sea, and conveyed by thirty or forty carts from the
'sea-port at which it was landed. Sampson's joy at
'beholding the ponderous contents of these chests arranged
'upon the floor of the apartment, from whence he was to
'transfer them to the shelves, baffled all description. He
'grinned like an ogre, swung his arms like the sails of a wind-
'mill, shouted "prodigious" till the roof rung to his raptures.
'"He had never," he said, "seen so many books together,
'except in the College Library;" and now his dignity and
'delight in being superintendant of the collection, raised
'him, in his own opinion, almost to the rank of the aca-
'demical librarian, whom he had always regarded as the
'greatest and happiest man on earth. Neither were his
'transports diminished upon a hasty examination of the
'contents of these volumes. Some, indeed, of belles lettres,
'poems, plays, or memoirs, he tossed indignantly aside, with
'the implied censure of "psha," or "frivolous;" but the
'greater and bulkier part of the collection bore a very different
'character. The deceased prelate, a divine of the old and
'deeply-learned cast, had loaded his shelves with volumes
'which displayed the antique and venerable attributes so
'happily described by a modern poet,

'That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
'Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
'The close-press'd leaves unclosed for many an age,
'The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page,
'On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
'Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold.

'Books of theology and controversial divinity, commen-
taries polyglots, sets of the fathers, and sermons, which

'might each furnish forth ten brief discourses of modern 'date, books of science, ancient and modern, classical 'authors in their best and rarest forms; such formed 'the late bishop's venerable library, and over such 'the eye of Dominie Sampson gloated with rapture. He 'entered them in the catalogue in his best running hand, 'forming each letter with the accuracy of a lover writing a 'Valentine, and placed each individually on the destined 'shelf with all the reverence which I have seen a lady pay 'to a jar of old china. With all this zeal his labours advanced 'slowly. He often opened a volume when half way up the 'library steps, fell upon some interesting passage, and, 'without shifting his inconvenient posture, continued im-'mersed in the fascinating perusal until the servant pulled 'him by the skirts to assure him that dinner waited. He 'then repaired to the parlour, bolted his food down his 'capacious throat in squares of three inches, answered aye 'and no at random to whatever question was asked at him, 'and again hurried back to the library so soon as his napkin 'was removed.

'"How happily the days
'Of Thalaba went bye!"'

Bertram's son, who passed under the name of Brown, made a pedestrian excursion to Scotland to find Miss Mannering, on his way he falls in company with Dinmont, the Scotch farmer, sees Meg Merrillies who is much struck with his appearance, saves the farmer's life when attacked by ruffians, passes a few days with him at his farm, and then takes a post-chaise to reach the village, near which Miss Mannering resided; on his way he is benighted, and he leaves the chaise, which is afterwards robbed, when he meets with an adventure of the terrifick kind, that is strongly described. Meg Merrillies preserves him from being murdered, gives him a purse to supply his wants; as the chaise was robbed in his absence, makes him promise that he never will reveal what he has seen that night, and that when she next calls upon him, in whatever situation he may be at the time, he will leave every thing and follow her.

The first time Mannering sees Mr. Pleydell, a celebrated advocate, gives rise to the description of an amusing scene. He arrived at the advocate's lodgings of a Saturday evening, and at the same moment that Dandie Dinmont, the

Scotch farmer had also come to consult the same gentleman. After being told that he is passing the evening with some friends at a tavern, they proceed thither, Mannering following Dinmont through the crowd, till they reached the house which their guide told them was the tavern where they would find Mr. Pleydell.

'Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a 'dark alley—then up a dark stair—and then into an open 'door. While he was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if 'he had been one of his collie-dogs, Mannering looked round 'him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a 'liberal profession, and good society, should chuse such a 'scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable en-'trance, the house itself seemed paltry and half ruinous. 'The passage in which they stood had a window to the 'close, which admitted a little light during the day-time, 'and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more 'especially towards evening. Corresponding to this win-'dow was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, 'looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communica-'tion with the free air, but received in the day-time, at 'second hand, such straggling and obscure light as found 'its way from the lane through the window opposite. At 'present the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own 'huge fires—a sort of Pandæmonium, where men and wo-'men, half undressed, were busied in baking, broiling, 'roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the 'mistress of the place, with her shoes slip-shod, and her 'hair straggling like that of Mægera from under a round-'eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders, giving them, 'and obeying them all at once, seemed the mistress 'enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region.

'Loud and repeated bursts of laughter, from different 'quarters of the house proved that her labours were accep-'table, and not unrewarded by a generous public. With 'some difficulty a waiter was prevailed upon to show Colo-'nel Mannering and Dinmont, the room where their friend, 'learned in the law, held his hebdomadal carousals. The 'scene which it exhibited, and particularly the attitude of 'the counsellor himself, the principal figure therein, struck 'his two clients with astonishment.

'Mr. Pleydell was a lively sharp-looking gentleman, with 'a professional shrewdness in his eye, and, generally speak-'ing, a professional formality in his manner. But this, like

'his three-tailed wig and black coat, he could slip off on a 'Saturday evening when surrounded by a party of jolly 'companions, and disposed for what he called his altitudes. 'Upon the present occasion, the revel had lasted since four 'o'clock, and, at length, under the direction of a venerable 'compotator, who had shared the sports and festivity of 'three generations, the frolicksome company had begun to 'practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *High 'Jinks*. This game was played in several different ways. 'Most frequently the dice were thrown by the company, 'and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume 'and maintain, for a time, a certain fictitious character, or 'to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a par- 'ticular order. If they departed from the characters 'assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the 'repetition, they incurred forfeits, which were either com- 'pounded for by swallowing an additional bumper, or by 'paying a small sum towards the reckoning. At this sport 'the jovial company were closely set when Mannering 'entered the room.

'Mr. Counsellor Pleydell, such as we have described 'him, was enthroned, as a monarch, in an elbow-chair 'placed on the dining-table, his scratch wig on one side, 'his head crowned with a bottle-slider, his eye leering with 'an expression betwixt fun and the effects of wine, while 'his court around him resounded with such crambo scraps 'of verse as these :

'Where is Gerunto now? and what's become of him?
'Gerunto's dead because he could not swim, &c. &c.

'Such, O Themis, were anciently the sports of thy 'Scottish children! Dinmont was first in the room. He 'stood aghast a moment—and then exclaimed, "It's him, 'sure enough—Deil o' the like o' that I ever saw!"

'At the sound of "Mr. Dinmont and Colonel Mannering 'wanting to speak to you, sir," Pleydell turned his head, 'and blushed a little when he saw the very genteel figure 'of the English stranger.—He was, however, of the opinion 'of Falstaff, "Out, ye villains, play out the play!" wisely 'judging it the better way to appear totally unconcerned.— '"Where be our guards?" exclaimed this second Justi- 'nian; "see ye not a stranger knight from foreign parts 'arrived at this our court of Holy-rood,—with our bold

'yeoman Andrew Dinmont, who has succeeded to the 'keeping of our royal flocks within the forest of Jedwood, 'where, thanks to our royal care in the administration of 'justice, they feed as safe as if they were within the 'bounds of Fife? Where be our heralds, our pursuivants, 'our Lyon, our Marchmount, our Carrick, and our Snow-'down?—Let the strangers be placed at our board, and 'regaled as beseemeth their quality, and this our high 'holiday—to-morrow we will hear their tidings."

'"So please you, my liege, to-morrow's Sunday," said 'one of the company.——

'"Sunday, is it? then we will give no offence to the 'assembly of the kirk—on Monday shall be their audi-'ence."

'Mannering, who had stood at first uncertain whether to 'advance or retreat, now resolved to enter for the moment 'into the whim of the scene, though internally fretting at 'Mac-Morlan for sending him to consult with a crack-brained 'humourist. He therefore advanced with three profound 'congees, and craved permission, to lay his credentials at 'the feet of the Scottish monarch, in order to be perused 'at his best leisure. The gravity with which he accom-'modated himself to the humour of the moment, and the 'deep and humble inclination with which he at first 'declined, and then accepted, a seat presented by the master 'of the ceremonies, procured him three rounds of applause.

'"Deil hae me, if they are na a mad thegither!" said 'Dinmont, occupying with less ceremony a seat at the bot-'tom of the table, "or else they hae ta'en Yule before it 'comes, and are ganging a guisarding."

'A large glass of claret was offered to Mannering, who 'drank it to the health of the reigning monarch. "You 'are, I presume to guess," said the monarch, "that cele-'brated Sir Miles Mannering, so renowned in the French 'wars, and may well pronounce to us if the wines of Gas-'cony lose their flavour in our more northern realm."

'Mannering, agreeably flattered by this allusion to the 'fame of his celebrated ancestor, replied, by professing 'himself only a distant relation of the prieux chevalier, and 'added, "that in his opinion the wine was superlatively 'good."

'"It's ower cauld for my stomach," said Dinmont, set-'ting down the glass, (empty however.)

'"We will correct that quality," answered King Paulus, 'the first of the name; "we have not forgotten that the 'moist and humid air of our valley of Liddle inclines to 'stronger potations.—Seneschal, let our faithful yeoman 'have a cup of brandy; it will be more germain to the 'matter."

'"And now," said Mannering, "since we have unwarily 'intruded upon your majesty at a moment of mirthful retire-'ment, be pleased to say when you will indulge a stranger 'with an audience on these affairs of weight which have 'brought him to your northern capital."

'The monarch opened Mac-Morlan's letter, and running 'it hastily over, exclaimed, with his natural voice and man-'ner, "Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, poor dear lassie!"

'"A forfeit! a forfeit!" exclaimed a dozen voices, "his 'majesty has forgot his kingly character."

'"Not a whit! not a whit!" replied the king, "I'll be 'judged by this courteous knight. May not a monarch 'love a maid of low degree? Is not King Cophetua and the 'Beggar-maid, an adjudged case in point?"

'"Professional! professional!—another forfeit," exclaim-'ed the tumultuary nobility.

'"Had not our royal predecessors," continued the mo-'narch, exalting his sovereign voice to drown these disaf-'fected clamours.—"Had they not their Jean Logies, their 'Bessie Carmichaels, their Oliphants, their Sandilands, and 'their Weirs, and shall it be denied to us even to name a 'maiden whom we delight to honour? Nay, then, sink state 'and perish sovereignty! for, like a second Charles V., we 'will abdicate, and seek in the private shades of life those 'pleasures which are denied to a throne."

'So saying, he flung away his crown, sprung from his 'exalted station with more agility than could have been 'expected from his age, ordered lights and a wash-hand 'bason and towel, with a cup of green tea, into another 'room, and made a sign to Mannering to accompany him. 'In less than two minutes he washed his face and hands, 'settled his wig in the glass, and, to Mannering's great sur-'prise, looked perfectly a different man from the childish 'Bacchanal he had been a moment before. "There are 'folks," he said, "Mr. Mannering, before whom one should 'take care how they play the fool—because they have 'either too much malice, or too little wit, as the poet says.

'The best compliment I can pay Colonel Mannering, is to 'shew I am not ashamed to expose myself before him—and 'truly I think it is a compliment I have not spared to-night 'upon your good-nature.

The next morning being Sunday, Mr. Pleydell called on Mannering to take him to church. We extract a paragraph to shew his different appearance from the evening before, and a remark of his on coming out of church.

'In the morning, while the Colonel and his most quiet 'and silent of all retainers, Dominie Sampson, were finish- 'ing the breakfast which Barnes had made and poured out, 'after the Dominie had scalded himself in the attempt, Mr. 'Pleydell was suddenly ushered in. A nicely-dressed 'bob-wig, upon every hair of which a zealous and careful 'barber had bestowed its proper allowance of powder; a 'well-brushed black suit, with very clean shoes and gold 'buckles and stock buckle; a manner rather reserved and 'formal than intrusive, but with all that, shewing only the 'formality of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; a 'countenance, the expressive and somewhat comic features 'of which were in complete repose;—all shewed a being 'perfectly different from the choice spirit of the evening 'before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eye 'was the only marked expression which recalled the man 'of "Saturday at e'en."

'"I am come," said he with a very polite address, "to 'use my regal authority in your behalf in spirituals as well 'as temporals—can I accompany you to the presbyterian 'kirk, or episcopal meeting-house?—*Tros Tyriusve*, a law- 'yer, you know, is of both religions, or rather I should say 'of both forms—or can I assist in passing the forenoon 'otherwise? You'll excuse my old fashioned importunity—I 'was born in a time when a Scotchman was thought inhos- 'pitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when he 'slept—but I trust you will tell me at once if I intrude.'

'"And yet that reverend gentleman," said Pleydell, '"whom I love for his father's sake and his own, has 'nothing of the souring or pharasaical pride which has been 'imputed to some of the early fathers of the Calvinistic 'Kirk of Scotland. His colleague and he differ, and head 'different parties in the kirk, about particular points of 'church discipline; but without for a moment losing per- 'sonal regard or respect for each other, or suffering malig-

'nity to interfere in an opposition steady, constant, and 'apparently conscientious on both sides."

'"And you, Mr. Pleydell, what do you think of the 'points of difference?"

'"Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven 'without thinking about them at all—besides, *entre nous*, 'I am a member of the suffering and episcopal church of 'Scotland—the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so '—but I love to pray where my fathers prayed before me, 'without thinking worse of the presbyterian forms, because 'they do not affect me with the same associations."

There is a scene between the Dominie and Meg Merrillies, in which the contrast of the two is strongly shewn, and the ludicrous and the terrible, mixed up with considerable art. The former had gone one morning to visit the wood of Warroch, from which his pupil, young Bertram, had been mysteriously lost, so many years before. On his way home, in passing a ruin on the estate of Ellangowan, which had the reputation of being haunted, he encountered the gipsy.

'What then was his astonishment, when, on passing the 'door—that door which was supposed to have been placed 'there by one of the latter lairds of Ellangowan, to prevent 'presumptuous strangers from incurring the dangers of the 'haunted vault—that very door supposed to be always 'locked, and the key of which was popularly said to be 'deposited with the presbytery—that very door opened 'suddenly, and the figure of Meg Merrillies, well known, 'though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at 'once before the eyes of the startled Dominie! She stood 'immediately before him in the foot-path, confronting him 'so absolutely, that he could not avoid her except by fairly 'turning back, which his manhood prevented him from 'thinking of.

'"I kenn'd ye wad be here," she said, with her harsh 'and hollow voice: "I ken wha ye seek; but ye maun do 'my bidding."

'"Get thee behind me!" said the alarmed Dominie—"Avoid ye!—*Conjuro te, scelestissima—nequissima—* '*spurcissima—iniquissima—atque miserrima—conjuro* '*te!!!*"—

'Meg stood her ground against this tremendous volley of 'superlatives, which Sampson hawked up from the pit of

'his stomach, and hurled at her in thunder. "Is the carl 'daft," she said, "wi' his glamour?"

'"*Conjuro*," continued the Dominie, "*adjuro, contestor,* 'atque viriliter impero tibi!"——

'"What, in the name of Sathan, are ye feared for, wi' 'your French gibberish, that would make a dog sick? 'Listen, ye stickit stibler, to what I tell ye, or ye sall rue 'it whiles there's a limb o'ye hings to anither!—Tell Colo- 'nel Mannering that I ken he's seeking me. He kens, and 'I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will 'be found,

'And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
'Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

'Hae, there's a letter to him; I was gaun to send in another 'way.—I canna write mysell; but I hae them that will 'baith write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell him 'the time's coming now, and the wierd's dree'd and the 'wheel's turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has 'looked at them before; will ye mind a' this?"

'"Assuredly," said the Dominie, "I am dubious—for, 'woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes 'to hear thee."

'"They'll do you nae ill though, and may be muckle 'gude."

'"Avoid ye! I desire nae good that comes by unlawful 'means."

'"Fule-body that thou art," said Meg, stepping up to 'him with a frown of indignation, that made her dark eyes 'flash like lamps, from under her bent brows, "Fule-body! 'if I meant ye wrang, could na I clod ye ower that craig 'and wad man ken how ye cam by your end mair than 'Frank Kennedy? Hear ye that, ye worricow?"

'"In the name of all that is good," said the Dominie, 'recoiling and pointing his long pewter-headed walking cane 'like a javelin at the supposed sorceress, "in the name of 'all that is good, bide off hands! I will not be handled— 'woman, stand off upon thine own proper peril!—desist, I 'say—I am strong—lo, I will resist!"—Here his speech 'was cut short, for Meg, armed with supernatural strength, '(as the Dominie asserted) broke in upon his guard, put by 'a thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted

'him into the vault, "as easily," said he, "as I could sway
'a Kitchen's atlas."

'"Sit doun there," she said, pushing the half-throttled
'preacher, with some violence against a broken chair, "sit
'down there, and gather your wind and your senses, ye
'black barrow-tram o' the kirk that ye are—are ye fou or
'fasting?"

'"Fasting from all but sin," answered the Dominie, who,
'recovering his voice, and finding his exorcisms only served
'to exasperate the intractable sorceress, thought it best to
'affect complaisance and submission, inwardly conning over,
'however, the wholesome conjurations which he durst no
'longer utter aloud. But as the Dominie's brain was by
'no means equal to carry on two trains of ideas at the same
'time, a word or two of his mental exercise sometimes
'escaped, and mingled with his uttered speech, in a manner
'ludicrous enough, especially as the poor man shrunk him-
'self together after every escape of the kind, from terror of
'the effect it might produce upon the irritable feelings of
'the witch.

'Meg, in the meanwhile, went to a great black cauldron
'that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and, lifting the lid,
'an odour was diffused through the vault, which, if the
'vapours of a witch's cauldron could in aught be trusted,
'promised better things than the hell-broth which such ves-
'sels are usually supposed to contain. It was, in fact, the
'savour of a godly stew, composed of fowls, hares, par-
'tridges, and moor-game, boiled in a large mess with pota-
'toes, onions and leeks, and, from the size of the cauldron,
'appeared to be prepared for half a dozen of people at
'least. "So ye hae eat naething a' day?" said Meg,
'heaving a large portion of this mess into a brown dish, and
'strewing it savourily with salt and pepper.

'"Nothing," answered the Dominie—"*scelestissima!*—
'that is—gudewife."

'"Hae then," said she, placing the dish before him,
'"there's what will warm your heart."

'"I do not hunger—*malefica*—that is to say—Mrs. Mer-
'rillies," for he said unto himself, "the savour is sweet, but
'it hath been cooked by a Canidia, or an Ericthoe."

'"If ye dinna eat instantly, and put some saul in ye, by
'the bread and the salt, I'll put it doun your throat wi' the
'cutty spoon, scauding as it is, and whether ye will or no.
'Gape, sinner, and swallow!"

'Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, tigers' 'chaudrons, and so forth, had determined not to venture; 'but the smell of the stew was fast melting his obstinacy, 'which flowed from his chops, as it were, in streams of 'water, and the witch's threats decided him to feed. Hun-'ger and fear are excellent casuists.

'"Saul," said Hunger, "feasted with the witch of En-'dor."—"And," quoth Fear, "the salt which she sprin-'kled upon the food, sheweth plainly it is not a necromantick 'banquet, in which that seasoning never occurs." "And 'besides," says Hunger, after the first spoonfull, "it is 'savoury and refreshing viands."

'"So ye like the meat?" said the hostess.

'"Yea," answered the Dominie, "and I give thee 'thanks—*sceleratissima!*—which means—Mrs. Margaret."

'"Aweel, eat your fill; but an ye kenn'd how it was 'gotten, ye may be wadna like it sae weel."

'Sampson's spoon dropped, in the act of conveying its 'load to his mouth. "There's been mony a moon-light 'watch to bring a' that trade thegither—the folk that are to 'eat that dinner, thought little o' your game-laws."

'"Is that all?" thought Sampson, resuming his spoon, 'and shovelling away manfully; "I will not lack my food 'upon that argument."

'"Now ye maun tak a dram."

'"I will," quoth Sampson—"*conjuro te*—that is, I thank 'you heartily," for he thought to himself, in for a penny, in for 'a pound, and he fairly drank the witches health in a cup-'full of brandy. When he had put this cope-stone upon 'Meg's good cheer, he felt, as he said, "mightily elevated, 'and afraid of no evil which could befall unto him."

'"Will ye remember my errand now?" said Meg Mer-'rillies; "I ken by the cast o' your e'e that ye're anither 'man than when you cam in."

'"I will, Mrs. Margaret," repeated Sampson stoutly; '"I will deliver unto him the sealed epistle, and will add 'what you please to send by word of mouth."

'"Then I'll make it short," says Meg; "tell him to look 'at the stars without fail this night, and to do what I desire 'him in that letter, as he would wish

'That Bertram's right and Bertram's might
'Should meet on Ellangowan height.

'I have seen him twice when he saw na me; I ken when he 'was in this country first, and I ken what's brought him 'back again. Up, and to the gate! ye're ower lang here— 'follow me."

'Sampson followed the sybil accordingly, who guided 'him about a quarter of a mile through the woods, by a 'shorter cut than he could have found for himself; they 'then entered upon the common, Meg still marching before 'him at a great pace, until she gained the top of a small 'hillock which overhung the road.

'"Here," she said, "stand still here. Look how the 'setting sun breaks through yon cloud that's been darken- 'ing the lift a' day. See where the first stream o' light 'fa's—it's upon Donagild's round tower—the auldest tower 'in the castle of Ellangowan—that's no for naething—See 'as it's glooming to seaward abune yon sloop in the bay— 'that's no for naething neither.—Here I stood on this very 'spot," said she, drawing herself up so as not to lose one 'hair-breadth of her uncommon height, and stretching out 'her long sinewy arm, and clenched hand, "Here I stood, 'when I tauld the last Laird of Ellangowan what was com- 'ing on his house—and did that fa' to the ground?—na— 'it hit even ower sair!—And here, where I brake the wand 'of peace ower him—here I stand again—to bid God bless 'and prosper the just heir of Ellangowan, that will sune be 'brought to his ain; and the best laird he shall be that 'Ellangowan has seen for three hundred years. I'll no live 'to see it, may be; but there will be mony a blithe e'e see 'it, though mine be closed. And now, Abel Sampson, as 'ever ye lo'ed the house of Ellangowan, away wi' my mes- 'sage to the English Colonel, as if life and death were 'upon your haste!"

'So saying, she turned suddenly from the amazed Domi- 'nie, and regained with swift and long strides, the shelter 'of the wood from which she had issued, at the point where 'it most encroached upon the common. Sampson gazed 'after her for a moment in utter astonishment, and then 'obeyed her directions, hurrying to Woodbourne, at a 'pace very unusual for him, exclaiming three times, "Pro- 'digious! prodigious! pro-di-gi-ous!" '

When Bertram had been recognized, and while walking out with his sister and Miss Mannering, Meg came to call upon him to follow her as he had promised, and brought

Dinmont to accompany him. In spite of the fears of the ladies he determined to go—their departure is described with the same spirit that the author always discovers when Meg is on the scene.

'He pressed his sister's hand, and took a yet more affec-
'tionate farewell of Julia with his eyes. Almost stupified
'with surprise and fear, the young ladies watched with
'their eyes the course of Bertram, his companion, and
'their extraordinary guide. Her tall figure moved across
'the wintry heath with steps so swift, so long, and so steady,
'that she appeared rather to glide than to walk. Bertram
'and Dinmont, both tall men, apparently scarce equalled
'her in height, owing to her longer dress and high head-
'gear. She proceeded straight acrost the common, without
'turning aside to the winding path, by which passengers
'avoid the inequalities and little rills which traversed it in
'different directions.—Thus the diminishing figures often
'disappeared from the eye, as they dived into such broken
'ground, and again ascended to sight when they were past
'the hollow. There was something frightful and unearthly,
'as it were, in the rapid and undeviating course which she
'pursued, undeterred by any of the impediments which
'usually incline a traveller from the direct path. Her way
'was as straight, and nearly as swift, as that of a bird
'through the air. At length they reached those thickets
'of natural wood which extended from the skirts of the
'common towards the glades and brook of Derncleugh, and
'were there lost to the view.'

Mannering, Pleydell and young Hazlewood come up, the girls relate the departure of Bertram with the gipsy; and Hazlewood who is on horseback, goes after them.

'We now return to Bertram and Dinmont, who continued
'to follow their mysterious guide though the woods and
'dingles, between the open common and the ruined hamlet
'of Derncleugh. As she led the way, she never looked
'back upon her followers, unless to chide them for loiter-
'ing, though the sweat, in spite of the season, poured from
'their brows. At other times she spoke to herself in such
'broken expressions as these—"It is to rebuild the auld
'house—it is to lay the corner stone—and did I not warn
'him?—I tauld him I was born to do it, if my father's head
'had been the stepping-stone, let alone his.—I was doomed
'—still I kept my purpose in the cage and in the stock—I

'was banished—I kept it in an unco land;—I was scourged '—I was branded—It lay deeper than scourge or red iron 'could reach—and now the hour is come."——

'"Captain," said Dinmont, in a half whisper, "I wish 'she binna uncanny—her words dinna seem to come in 'God's name, or like other folk's. Odd, they threep in our 'country that there are sic things."

'"Don't be afraid, my friend."

'"Fear'd! fient a haet care I, be she witch or devil; it's 'a' ane to Dandie Dinmont."

'"Hold your peace, gudeman," said Meg, looking sternly 'over her shoulder; "is this a time or place for you to 'speak, think ye?"

'"But, my good friend," said Bertram, "I have no 'doubt in your good faith, or kindness, which I have expe-'rienced; but you should have some confidence in me—I 'wish to know where you are leading me."

'"There's but ae answer to that, Henry Bertram. I 'swore my tongue should never tell, but I never said my 'finger should never shew. Go on and meet your fortune, 'or turn back and lose it—that's a' I hae to say."

'"Go on then," answered Bertram, "I will ask no more 'questions."

'They descended into the glen about the same place 'where Meg had formerly parted from Bertram. She 'paused an instant beneath the tall rock where he had wit-'nessed the burial of a dead body, and stamped upon the 'ground, which, notwithstanding all the care that had been 'taken, shewed vestiges of having been recently moved. 'Here rests ane," she said, "he'll may be hae neibors 'sune."

'She then moved up the brook until she came to the 'ruined hamlet, where, pausing with a look of peculiar and 'softened interest before one of the gables which was still 'standing, she said in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn 'as before, "Do you see that blackened and broken end of a 'sheeling?—there my kettle boiled for forty years—there I 'bore twelve buirdly sons and daughters—where are they 'now?—where are the leaves that were on that auld ash-tree 'at Martinmas—the west wind has made it bare—and I'm 'stripped too.—Do you see that saugh tree?—it's but a 'blackened rotten stump now—I've sate under it mony a 'bony summer afternoon when it hung its gay garlands

'ower the poppling water.—I've sate there, and," elevating her voice, "I've held you on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the auld barons and their bloody wars—It will ne'er be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing blithe sangs mair. But ye'll no forget her, and ye'll gar big up the auld wa's for her sake?—and let somebody live there that's ower gude to fear them of another warld—For if ever the dead came back amang the living, I'll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould."

'The mixture of insanity and wild pathos with which she spoke these last words, with her right arm bare and extended, her left bent and shrouded beneath the dark red drapery of her mantle, might have been a study worthy of our Siddons herself. "And now," she said, resuming at once the short, stern, and hasty tone which was most ordinary to her—"let us to the wark—let us to the wark."'

The gipsy led them over the same ground, where Bertram had been kidnapped when a boy, to the cavern on the sea-shore, in which several scenes of the novel are laid.—There Hatteraick was concealed whom she meant to deliver up to them. She had given them as a signal to fall upon him and bind him when she said the words, *the hour and the man are baith come.* Dinmont, Hazlewood, and Bertram had followed her into the cavern, and concealed behind some brush-wood, were waiting the result.

'The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the effect of the light and shade upon the uncommon objects which it exhibited, an appearance emphatically dismal. The light in the fire-grate was the dark-red glare of charcoal in a state of ignition, relieved from time to time by a transient flame of a more vivid or duskier light, as the fuel with which Dirk Hatteraick fed his fire was better or worse for his purpose. Now a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern, and then lighted into a reluctant and sullen blaze, which flashed wavering up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by some drier fuel, or perhaps some splintered fir-timber, which at once converted the smoke into flame. By such fitful irradiation, they could see, more or less distinctly, the form of Hatteraick, whose savage and rugged

'cast of features, now rendered yet more ferocious by the 'circumstances of his situation and the deep gloom of his 'mind, assorted well with the rugged and broken vault, which 'rose in a rude arch over and around him. The form of 'Meg Merrillies, which stalked about him, sometimes in the 'light, sometimes partially obscured in the smoke or dark-'ness, contrasted strongly with the sitting figure of Hatteraick 'as he bent over the flame, and from his stationary posture 'was constantly visible to the spectator, while that of the 'female flitted around, appearing or disappearing like a 'spectre.

'Bertram felt his blood boil at the sight of Hatteraick. 'He remembered him well under the name of Jansen, 'which the smuggler had adopted after the death of Ken-'nedy, and he remembered, also, that this Jansen and his 'mate Brown, had been the brutal tyrants of his infancy. 'Bertram knew farther, from piecing his own imperfect re-'collections with the narratives of Mannering and Pleydell, 'that this man was the prime agent in the act of violence 'which tore him from his family and country, and had ex-'posed him to so many distresses and dangers. A thousand 'exasperating reflections rose within his bosom; and he 'could hardly refrain from rushing upon Hatteraick and 'blowing his brains out. At the same time this would have 'been no safe adventure. The flame, as it rose and fell, 'while it displayed the strong, muscular, and broad-chested 'frame of the ruffian, glanced also upon two brace of pis-'tols in his belt, and upon the hilt of his cutlass: it was not 'to be doubted that his desperation was commensurate 'with his personal strength and means of resistance. Both, 'indeed, were inadequate to encounter the combined power 'of two such men as Bertram himself and his friend Din-'mont, without reckoning their unexpected assistant Hazle-'wood, who was unarmed, and of a slighter make; but 'Bertram felt there would be neither sense nor valour in 'anticipating the hangman's office, and he considered the 'importance of making Hatteraick prisoner alive. He 'therefore repressed his indignation, and awaited what 'should pass between the ruffian and his gypsey guide.

'"And how are ye now?" said the harsh and discordant 'tone of his attendant: "Said I not it would come upon 'you—aye, and in this very cave, where ye harboured 'after the deed?"

'"Wetter and sturm, ye hag! keep your deyvil's mat-
'tins till they're wanted. Have you seen Glossin?"

'"No: you've missed your blow, ye blood-spiller! and
'ye have nothing to expect from the tempter."

'"Hagel! if I had him but by the throat!—and what
'am I to do then?"

'"Do?" answered the gypsey, "Die like a man, or be
'hanged like a dog!"

'"Hanged, ye hag of Satan!—the hemp's not sown
'that shall hang me."

'"It's sown, and it's grown, and it's heckled, and it's
'twisted. Did I not tell ye when ye wad take away the
'boy Harry Bertram, in spite of my prayers,—did I not
'say he would come back when he had dree'd his wierd
'in foreign land till his twenty-first year?—Did I not say
'the auld fire would burn down to a spark, and wald kindle
'again?"

'"Well, mother, you did say so; and, donner and blit-
'zen! I believe you spoke the truth—that younker of El-
'langowan has been a rock a-head to me all my life! and
'now, with Glossin's cursed contrivance, my crew have
'been cut off, my boats destroyed, and I dare say the
'lugger's taken—there were not men enough to work her,
'far less to fight her—a dredge-boat might have taken her.
'And what will the owners say?—Hagel and sturm! I
'shall never dare go back again to Flushing."

'"You'll never need."

'"What are you doing there, and what makes ye say
'that?"

'During this dialogue, Meg was heaping some flax loosely
'together. Before an answer to his question, she dropped
'a firebrand upon the flax, which had been previously
'steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught
'fire, and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light
'up to the very top of the vault. As it ascended Meg an-
'swered the ruffian's question in a firm and steady voice:—
'"*Because the Hour's come, and the Man.*"

'At the appointed signal, Bertram and Dinmont sprung
'over the brushwood, and rushed upon Hatteraick. Ha-
'zlewood, unacquainted with their plan of assault, was an
'instant later. The ruffian, who instantly saw he was be-
'trayed, turned his first vengeance on Meg Merrillies, at
'whom he discharged a pistol. She fell, with a piercing
'and dreadful cry, between the shriek of pain and the

'sound of laughter, when at its highest and most suffoca-
'ting height. "I kenn'd it would be this way," she said.

'Bertram, in his haste, slipped his foot upon the uneven
'rock which floored the cave; a fortunate stumble, for Hat-
'teraick's second bullet whistled over him with so true and
'steady an aim, that had he been standing upright, it must
'have lodged in his brain. Ere Hatteraick could draw
'another pistol, Dinmont closed with him, and endeavoured
'by main force to pinion down his arms. Such, however,
'was the wretch's personal strength, joined to the efforts of
'his despair, that, in spite of the gigantic force with which
'the Borderer grappled him, he dragged Dinmont through
'the blazing flax, and had well nigh succeeded in drawing a
'third pistol, which might have proved fatal to the honest
'farmer, had not Bertram, as well as Hazlewood, come to
'his assistance, when, by main force, and no ordinary
'exertion of it, they threw him on the ground, disarmed
'him, and bound him. This scuffle, though it takes up
'some time in the narrative, passed in less than a single
'minute. When he was fairly mastered, after one or two
'desperate and almost convulsionary struggles, Hatteraick
'lay perfectly still and silent. "He's gaun to die game
'ony how," said Dinmont; "weel, I like him na the waur
'o' that."

There is much sound sense and just observation, as well as vivacity in the dialogue, particularly in the scenes where Mr. Pleydell is introduced. There are two fragments of the dialogue which contain remarks on the law, which we may cite as confirmation of this remark.

'"Will you be able to carry this honest fellow's cause
'for him?" said Mannering.

"'Why, I don't know; the battle is not to the strong,
'but he shall come off triumphant over Jock of Dawston if
'we can make it out. I owe him something. It is the pest
'of our profession, that we seldom see the best side of
'human nature.—People come to us with every selfish feel-
'ing, newly pointed and grinded; they turn down the very
'caulkers of their animosities and prejudice, as smiths do
'with horses' shoes in a white frost.—Many a man has
'come to my garret yonder, that I have at first longed to
'pitch out at the window, and yet, at length, have discov-
'ered that he was only doing as I might have done in his
'case, being very angry, and, of course, very unreasona-

'ble. I have now satisfied myself, that if our profession 'sees more of human folly and human roguery than others, 'it is as affording the only channel through which they can 'vent themselves. In civilized society, law is the chimney 'through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to 'circulate through the whole house, and put every one's 'eyes out—no wonder, therefore, that the vent itself should 'sometimes get a little sooty.—But we will take care our 'Liddesdale-man's cause is well conducted and well argued, 'so all unnecessary expense will be saved—he shall have 'his pine-apple at wholesale price."'

'"And now," said Pleydell, "make out warrants of com-'mitment for Hatteraick and Glossin until liberated in due 'course of law. I am sorry for Glossin."

'"Now, I think," said Mannering, "he's incomparably 'the least deserving of pity of the two. The other's a bold 'fellow, though as hard as a flint."

'"Very natural, Colonel, that you should be interested 'in the ruffian and I in the knave—that's all professional 'taste—but I can tell you Glossin would have been a pret-'ty lawyer, had he not had such a turn for the roguish part 'of the profession."

'"Scandal would say, he might not be the worse lawyer 'for that."

'"Scandal would tell a lie, then, as she usually does. 'Law's like laudanum; its much more easy to use it as a 'quack does, than to learn to apply it like a physician."'

The denouement is extremely well brought about, and there are some scenes of strong interest, such, among others, are the interview between Glossin and Hatteraick in the cavern, and the last scene between Hatteraick and Glossin in the prison, in which the former murders the latter and then commits suicide. The scene, too, where young Bertram first meets Glossin on his paternal state, is finely managed. Meg is the agent who counteracts all the plots of Glossin, and has the principal management in restoring Bertram to his rights.

If the higher characters in this novel had been given with the same force as the inferiour ones, it might be safely predicted that it would become a permanent work. There are, however, considerable defects. It must always be in some degree confined to Scotland, as so much of the dialogue is

in the peculiar dialect of that country; add to this the cant language of the gypsies and smugglers, and the low Dutch of Dirk Hatteraick, and a great part of the dialogue must be mere gibberish to the majority of readers, without a glossary—Besides all the unintelligible words from these sources, the author has ventured on coining one or two new ones. *Appetising*, from the French *appetisant*, is a convenient term, but it is not English—and there is an instance of the modern fashion of making all substantives plural, which only adds to the hissing sound of the language, without any increase of force; the word is, *neatnesses*, which is absolutely barbarous.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNALS.

Cambridge, by Professor Farrar.

JUNE, 1815.

Day.	Barometer. 7 A. M.	Barometer. 2 P. M.	Barometer. 9 P. M.	Thermometer. 7 A. M.	Thermometer. 2 P. M.	Thermometer. 9 P. M.	Face of Sky. 7 A. M.	Face of Sky. 9 P. M.	Winds. 7 A. M.	Winds. 9 P. M.
1	30.15	30.13	30.16	52	65	52	Clo.	Fair	E.	E.
2	30.06	29.97	29.94	63	65	64	Clo.	Clo.	E.2	S.E.2
3	29.80	29.77	29.86	63	70	57	Clo.	Fair	S.E.2	
4	30.03	30.04	30.01	57	71	57	Fair	Fair	W.	W.
5	30.02	30.01	29.98	56		54	Fair	Clo.	N.E.	S.E.
6	29.93	29.79	29.82	55	73.	53	Clo.	Clo.	E.2	E.1
7	29.82	29.75	29.70	56	69	55	Clo.	Clo.	S.	W.
8	29.72	29 69	29.69	55	69	52	Clo.	Fair	S.W.	W.
9	29.73	29.72	29.90	55	74	58	Clo.		W.	S.2
10	30.00	30.04	30.08	56	74	58	Clo.	Clo.	N.	W.
11	30.21	30.17	30.18	57	84	63	Fair	Fair	W.	W.
12	30.21	30.16	30.14	67	85	60	Fair	Clo.	S.W.	W.
13	30.13	29.99	29.98	63	84	67	Clo.	Clo.	S.W.	S.2
14	30.14	30.20	30.19	57	73	55	Fair	Fair	W.	W.
15	30.19	30.08	30.04	55	81	57	Fair	Fair	W.	W.
16	29.92	29.79	29.70	63	83	67	Clo.	Clo.	S.W.2	S.W.2
17	29.68	29.67	29.82	69	88	66	Clo.	Fair	W.	W.
18	30.03	30.03	30.16	67	84	62	Fair	Clo.	W.	W.
19	30.22	30.04	29.79	62	72	70	Clo.	Clo.	E.	W.2
20	29.67	29.67	29.78	73	91	73	Fair	Fair	W.2	W.1
21	29.92	30.09	30.05	70	86	72	Fair	Fair	W.1	S.W.1
22	29.85	29.83	29.76	68	87	72	Fair	Clo.	S.W.1	S.W.
23	29.75	29.76	29.87	66	79	60	Fair	Clo.	W.1	W.1
24	29.93	30.02	30.05	62	73	55	Fair	Fair	N.W.1	S.W.1
25	30.12	30.09	30.07	60	82	58	Fair	Fair	W.1	W.
26	30.03	30.04	30.00	57	69	58	Clo.	Clo.	N.	E.
27	30.02	30.02	29.91	57	82	60	Clo.	Fair	S.E.	W.
28	29.94	29.91	29.98	63	85	71	Clo.	Clo.	W,	W.
29	29.98	30.01	30.02	70	91	73	Fair	Clo.	W.	W.
30	30.15	30.15	30.08	69	82	64	Fair	Clo.	E.	E.1
	30.22	30.17	30.19	73	91	73	Greatest.			
	29.978	29.954	29.987	63.4	77.3	61.4	Mean.			
	29.67	29.67	29.69	52	65	52	Least.			

A shower on the 3d, P. M.—on the 6th, A. M.—on the 7th, P. M.—and on the night of the 14th.—Total of Rain, 3.02 in.

JULY, 1815.

Day.	Barometer. 7 A. M.	Barometer. 2 P. M.	Barometer. 9 P. M.	Thermometer. 7 A. M.	Thermometer. 2 P. M.	Thermometer. 9 P. M.	Face of Sky. 7 A. M.	Face of Sky. 9 P. M.	Winds. 7 A. M.	Winds. 9 P. M.
1	30.04	30.01	29.94	70	93	75	Clo.	Clo.	S.W.1	W.
2	29.71	29.74	29.75	73	92	68	Fair	Fair	W.	W.
3	29.76	29.63	29.81	65	92	63	Fair	Clo.	S.	W.
4	29.94	30.05	29.16	58	76	59	Fair	Fair	N.W.1	W.
5	30.25	30.29	30.23	58	84	63	Fair	Fair	W.	W.1
6	30.30	30.31	30.26	63	83	57	Clo.	Fair	S.W.	W.
7	30.32	30.21	30.29	61	61	71	Clo.	Clo.	W.	S.W.
8	30.16	30.11	30.09	67	64	68	Clo.	Clo.	E.	E.
9	30.03	29.95	29.92	74	88	73	Clo.	Fair	S.1	S.W.
10	29.98	29.99	29.97	71	91	75	Fair	Fair	S.W.	W.
11	29.98	29.97	30.09	75	90	75	Clo.	Fair	W.	W.
12	30.17	30.20	30.12	73	88	73	Clo.	Fair	S.E.	W.
13	30.15	30.10	30.24	72	94	78	Fair	Clo.	W.	S.
14	30.16	30.21	30.22	84	83	63	Fair	Clo.	W.	E.
15	30.24	30.24	30.13	64	72	66	Clo.	Clo.	S.	S.E.
16	30.06	29.96	29.94	67	78	82	Clo.	Clo.	S.	S.
17	29.95	29.91	29.98	73	85	68	Clo.	Fair	S.W.	W.
18	30.11	30.08	30.14	65	84	63	Fair	Fair	W.	W.
19	30.21	30.19	30.21	63	88	68	Fair	Fair	N.W.	W.
20	30.28	30.21	30.23	69	93	75	Fair	Clo.	W.	S.W.
21	30.23	30.22	30.24	74	93	75	Fair	Clo.	W.	E.
22	30.25	30.24	30.02	70	87	75	Clo.	Clo.	N.	S.2
*23	30.01	29.98	30.02	74	86	70	Clo.	Clo.	W.	E.
24	30.02	29.98	29.82	67	86	75	Clo.	Fair	W.	W.1
†25	29.74	29.69	29.83	30	96	69	Fair	Clo.	W.1	E.
26	29.97	30.00	30.04	64	70	63	Clo.	Clo.	N.E.	E.
27	30.16	30.16	30.23	65	78	67	Clo.	Clo.	E.	E.
28	30.22	30.15	30.11	66	87	73	Fair	Clo.	W.	W.
29	30.05	29.98	29.98	74	87	76	Clo.	Clo.	S.W.	S.W.1
30	30.15	30.13	30.12	70	83	72	Fair	Clo.	S.E.	S.2
31	30.08	30.02	29.90	73	92	77	Clo.	Clo.	S.W.	S.2
	30.32	30.31	30.29	84	96	82	Greatest.			
	30.141	30.056	29.709	69.03	85.5	72.3	Mean.			
	29.71	29.63	29.16	58	70	57	Least.			

Shower on the 3d, with moderate thunder and lightning, and on the night of the 16th,—on the 17th, P. M.—on the 22d, A. M.—and on the 26th. Total of Rain, 3.17 in.

This has been the warmest July that has been known here for the last twenty-five years. It has been between three and four degrees warmer, at a mean, than the average temperature the month.

* Thermometer at 91° at 5, P. M.
† The Thermometer fell 20° in two hours.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL,

KEPT AT ALBANY, BY DR. JONATHAN EIGHTS.

JUNE, 1815.

	Thermometer.			Barometer.			Winds.		Weather.	
Day.	7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	Morning.	Aftern.	Morning.	Aftern.
1	58	68	66	29.35	29.35	29.75	S.E.	S.E.	Cloudy	Rain
2	64	68	66	29.60	29.52	29.50	S.E.	S.E.	Rain	Rain
3	65	71	64	29.45	29.40	29.40	S.E.	S.	Cloudy	Hail
4	60	64	62	29.75	29.75	29.75	S.	S.	Fair	Rain
5	56	70	68	29.75	29.60	29.60	W.	S.	Fair	Rain
6	66	68	65	29.60	29.75	29.55	W.	W.	Fair	Fair
7	58	60	56	29.58	39.50	29.50	W.	W.	Cloudy	Cloudy
8	54	62	58	29.50	29.50	29.50	W.	W.	Cloudy	Fair
9	58	68	62	29.60	29.60	29.60	W.	W.	Fair	Fair
10	54	68	62	29.35	29.35	29.30	S.	W.	Fair	Fair
11	60	74	70	30.00	30.00	29.92	S.	S.	Fair	Fair
12	64	78	75	29.95	29.90	29.88	S.	S.	Fair	Fair
13	70	70	66	29.75	29.70	29.78	S.	S.	Rain	Rain
14	62	68	62	29.94	29.98	29.98	W.	W.	Fair	Fair
15	57	75	68	29.95	29.82	29.78	S.	S.	Fair	Fair
16	70	72	70	29.64	29.55	29.50	S.	S.E.	Fair	Shower
17	66	74	72	29.54	29.60	29.64	W.	W.	Cloudy	Fair
18	70	76	70	29.72	29.90	29.90	N.	N.	Fair	Fair
19	62	75	74	29.90	29.64	29.62	S.	S.E.	Cloudy	Rain
20	78	84	76	29.60	29.60	29.68	W.	W.	Fair	Fair
21	72	80	76	29.80	29.84	29.75	W.	S.	Fair	Fair
22	74	79	74	29.70	29.65	29.65	S.	S.	Fair	Fair
23	69	74	64	29.64	29.64	29.70	W.	W.	Fair	Fair
24	62	69	66	29.75	29.80	29.88	W.	W.	Fair	Fair
25	59	70	66	29.93	29.94	29.84	W.	S.W.	Fair	Fair
26	61	62	62	29.80	29.80	29.80	S.	N.	Rain	Rain
27	64	71	68	29.82	29.80	29.75	N.	W.	Fair	Fair
28	70	77	74	29.79	29.75	29.73	S.W.	S.	Fair	Fair
29	74	79	75	29.82	29.85	29.90	S.	S.W.	Cloudy	Fair
30	73	83	78	29.94	29.80	29.87	W.	S.	Fair	Fair

The early part of the month was cool and wet, and the season backward, the latter part became more pleasant and warm; but with the exception of a few days, the whole month may be called uncommonly cool.

JULY, 1815.

Day.	Thermometer. 7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	Barometer. 7 A. M.	3 P. M.	9 P. M.	Wind. Morning.	Afternoon.	Weather. Morning.	Afternoon.
1	78	86	79	29.79	29.66	29.68	S.	S.W.	Fair.	Clo.
2	79	80	74	29.68	29.66	29.60	W.	S.W.	Fair.	Fair.
3	70	74	68	29.50	29.50	29.62	W.	N.W.	Rain.	Rain.
4	62	72	65	29.70	29.82	29.90	W.	N.W.	Fair.	Fair.
5	64	76	74	30.00	30.00	30.00	S.	S.W.	Fair.	Fair.
6	70	80	74	30.00	30.00	30.00	S.	S.E.	Fair.	Fair.
7	66	78	76	30.00	29.95	29.95	S.E.	S.	Clo.	Fair.
8	70	74	73	29.90	29.84	29.78	S.	S.	Rain.	Rain.
9	76	80	74	29.70	29.70	29.70	S.	S.W.	Fair.	Fair.
10	73	76	75	29.90	29.80	29.70	W.	S.	Fair.	Show
11	76	78	75	29.85	29.85	29.85	W.	W.	Fair.	Fair.
12	70	80	78	29.90	29.90	29.90	S.	S.	Clo.	Fair.
13	76	86	82	30.00	30.00	29.92	S.	S.	Fair.	Fair.
14	79	88	82	29.92	29.94	29.94	S.E.	S.	Fair.	Fair.
15	74	84	78	29.90	29.74	29.80	S.E.	S.	Clo.	Fair.
16	76	78	76	29.75	29.70	29.70	S.	S.	Clo.	Show
17	74	78	70	29.70	29.80	29.90	S.	W.	Fair.	Fair.
18	74	76	74	29.98	29.98	29.98	W.	W.	Fair.	Fair.
19	70	80	74	30.08	30.05	30.00	W.	N.W.	Fair.	Fair.
20	72	84	75	30.02	30.00	30.00	S.	S.	Fair.	Fair.
21	74	85	78	30.05	30.00	30.04	S.	N.W.	Fair.	Fair.
22	74	86	84	30.00	29.95	29.88	N.	S.	Fair.	Fair.
23	78	87	80	29.85	29.80	29.80	S.W.	S.W.	Fair.	Fair.
24	73	86	84	29.80	29.70	29.65	N.W.	S.	Fair.	Fair.
25	83	84	78	29.62	29.65	29.60	S.	W&S	Fair.	Show
26	72	80	76	29.75	29.80	29.80	N.W.	N.W.	Rain.	Fair.
27	74	80	75	30.00	29.98	29.98	N.W.	N.W.	Fair.	Show
28	70	80	75	30.00	29.95	29.90	S.E.	S.E.	Fair.	Clo.
29	72	82	78	29.80	29.80	29.80	S.	W.	Clo.	Fair.
30	74	84	80	29.94	29.94	29.94	N.W.	S.E.	Fair.	Fair.
31	76	86	82	29.82	29.70	29.70	S.	S.	Fair.	Show

The whole month of July has been uncommonly warm, yet the season has continued healthy. This city has not enjoyed a more healthy summer, thus far, for many years; and it is a general observation, that the weather has been warmer than has been experienced since the total eclipse.

July 10—Thunder 11 o'clock, A. M. 86°.
11—Thunder 12 o'clock, M. 84°.
13—Thunder 12 o'clock, M. 88°.
14—Thunder between 11, A. M. and 1, P. M. 90° and upwards.
15—Thunder 11 o'clock, A. M. 86°.
16—Thunder 12 o'clock, M. 84°.
22—Thunder 4 o'clock, P. M. 87°.
25—Thunder 11 o'clock, A. M. 88.

MISCELLANEOUS AND LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A PAINTING by Mr. Morse, a young artist, who went from this country to England, two or three years since, is now exposed to the publick, at Mr. Greenwood's room in Tremont street. This picture is calculated to raise the highest hopes of the future celebrity of this youthful painter. The subject is a dying Hercules. Hercules has always been a favourite object of the chisel. The Farnese Hercules, one of the most celebrated statues of antiquity, is the general authority for the style in which this hero is delineated. That represents him in a state of repose. The famous *torso*, is commonly supposed to be a fragment of the statue of Hercules in his deified state. We do not recollect ever to have seen any figure of Hercules otherwise than in a state of repose, except in the magnificent statue, executed by Canova a few years since for the Banker Tolonia at Rome, in which he is represented, as *furious*, precipitating his friend Lichas into the sea. Mr. Morse has treated him after this event, and when he was expiring in agony. It was a bold attempt in a young man to represent this situation, and if it had failed, it would have hardly been discouraging; but to succeed as he has done in the present instance, justly affords the strongest expectations of his future success. The model from which this picture was painted, obtained him a medal from the society of arts, which he most certainly merited. There are very few artists in London, in any branch of painting, who can execute such a model. Mr. Morse was taught modelling by Mr. Allston, one of the painters of the present day, who is the most profoundly versed in all the science of his art. The picture is not calculated to please so much as the cast, because it is seen in a different point, and the foreshortening of the face, which is an admirable proof of skill, is not suited to please common visiters. It is an effort from which an artist will augur much, but is too nearly an academical study to gratify general spectators. The colouring has great force, richness and truth. The scenery of mount Oeta is poetically and appropriately conceived, and the whole painting, one that discovers boldness and skill. We hope by the time Mr. Morse may have completed his studies that the dormant power of patronage in the country will be awakened, and that we shall be able to keep at least one of our artists, from the necessity of seeking foreign patronage. With the talent Mr. Morse has discovered for sculpture, (for all the difficulty of that art consists in modelling, the transferring the model to marble is little more than a mechanical operation ;) we hope he will pursue sculpture as well as painting, since there is some hope that a few years hence, we may commence the tardy jus-

tice of giving those heroes and statesmen who have served and saved their country, a monument that will convey their features, as well as actions, to our posterity, who will regard them with pride and reverence.

University Intelligence. The late Count Rumford though he had been for so many years absent from his country, and receiving distinguished honours in the service of foreign powers, always recollected the land of his birth with affection. A very strong proof of this he has given in his last will, a copy of which was brought out to this country by his Excellency William Crawford, late ambassadour in France. By this will, Count Rumford has made a donation, to Cambridge University, of immediate income, and of reversions, the capital of which it has been supposed may amount to between thirty and forty thousand dollars. The corporation are taking steps to secure these bequests. The object of this gift as stated in the will "is to found a professorship to teach, by a regular course of lectures, the utility of the mathematical and physical sciences for the melioration of the useful arts, and for the extension of the industry, the prosperity and happiness of society."

John C. Warren m.d. has been chosen Professor of Anatomy and Surgery. The Corporation have appointed Jacob Bigelow m.d. Lecturer on *Materia Medica*, and Walter Channing m.d. Lecturer on Midwifery in the medical school of the University.

At the annual commencement, sixty-six young gentlemen received the degree of Bachelor, and twenty-nine the degree of Master of Arts in regular course. Five received the degree of Master out of course—Four were admitted to *ad eundem* degrees. Fourteen received the degree of m.d. The honorary degree of a.m. was conferred on Reuel Williams, Esq. The honorary degree of m.d. on Abraham Haskell, Benjamin L. Oliver, Oliver Prescot, John D. Treadwell. That of Doctor in Divinity on the Rev. William Shaw, Rev. John Foster, Rev. John S. Popkin. The Degree of Doctor of Laws, on Edward Augustus Holyoke, and the Hon. William Prescott.

Mr. Southey, in a letter addressed to the Editor of the London Courier, has formally denied having written the disgraceful libel in the Quarterly Review, of which he had been accused in this country. We publish his letter, which has appeared in some of our newspapers, with great pleasure.

To the Editor of the London Courier.

Sir—A pamphlet has been transmitted to me from New York, entitled '*The United States and England*; being a reply to the criticism on *Inchiquin's letters*, contained in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1814.' In this pamphlet the writer assures the American People, that I am the Editor of *The Quarterly Review*, and the author of the political article which has excited his indignation.

Allow me, Sir, to reply through the medium of the Courier—a very few lines will suffice ;—there can be no better means of making my reply known in America ; and in this country, as well as in that, it may be useful to shew the exceeding impropriety of attacking any man as the author of an anonymous publication, without the fullest proof that he is so. I did not write the Criticism on Inchiquin's letters ; and every body in England, who knows the Quarterly Review, knows that I am not the Editor of it.

Had the American writer observed any kind of decency in his attack, I would have addressed a private letter to him through his publisher, requesting that he would publickly acknowledge his mistake, and thereby atone, as far as he could, for an unprovoked wrong. But the style and temper of his pamphlet preclude all courtesy on my part ; nor shall I condescend to notice him farther than to express a hope that this letter may be copied into the American papers. A writer of his stamp would probably neither have sufficient sense of honour to believe my disavowal, nor to make it publick.

I am, Sir, yours with respect,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Keswick, June 16, 1815.

Proposals have been issued at Charleston, S. C. for publishing a new universal history by David Ramsay, M. D. The following account of the work was found among the papers of the author. The portion relating to the United States will be first published, the remainder will appear if the undertaking should be encouraged by the publick. The History of the United States will be contained in two volumes 8vo. at 3 dols. a volume, boards.

"Life is so short and time so valuable, that it were happy for us, if all great works were reduced to their quintessence." *Sir William Jones.*

"*Primaque ab origine mundi*
"*Ad mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen.*" Ovid.

"The Asiatick part of this work contains a general view of the antediluvians—of the general deluge—of the settlement of the globe after that great event—of the primitive postdiluvian nations, which were formed in Asia the cradle of the world. Their various ramifications, revolutions, and of the general course of empire.

"The African part contains a concise history of Egypt, Carthage, Numidia, Mauritania, Abyssinia, of the Piratical States, and the Hottentots, with a grouped view of its uncivilized settlements.

"The European part contains the history of Greece and Rome from their origin to their dissolution—of the various nations which were conquered by them, and of the nations by which the Romans themselves were finally conquered, and of the nations which

were formed from the fragments of the Roman empire, and the various revolutions of the latter, together with a general view of the nations which never were subjected to the Romans.

"The American part contains a general history of the Western Continent, under the heads of Free, European, and Aboriginal or unconquered America. The first contains a history of the United States from their settlement as English colonies till the present time—the second, of all parts dependent on Europe, and the third, of all that are still owned by the Aborigines.

"It is expected that the whole will be comprehended in 10 or 12 volumes of about 500 pages each—to be printed on good paper and with good types; and offered for sale, bound in boards for $3 each volume, or neatly bound for $3,50.

"This work has been in contemplation upwards of forty years. The project of it was conceived in 1768 on reading the Universal History, then recently edited, in 60 volumes, by a Society of Gentlemen in England. The original idea of extracting the quintessence of that voluminous work, which contained the most complete system of history the world had then seen, has ever since been enlarging and improving by an attentive perusal of the histories written by Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, and other modern authors—of the Asiatick researches—of the works of Sir William Jones, and other learned Orientalists—the publications of intelligent travellers who in the course of the last half century have explored almost every region of the globe. These collectively have thrown a blaze of light on countries comparatively unknown, and on portions both of ancient and modern history which were confused and obscure at the period when the writers of the Universal History published their invaluable work. The arrangement of materials collected from these sources commenced in the year 1780, when, in consequence of the surrender of Charleston to Sir Henry Clinton the author was suddenly released from a sea of business, and sent as a prisoner of war to the British garrison then in St. Augustine, and there confined for eleven months, without any peculiar employment. Steady progress has been made for the last ten years in correcting and transcribing the work for publication.

"The History of the United States is given at full length—that of foreign countries is more or less expanded or contracted in proportion to the intrinsick importance of each—its tendency to illustrate portions of Holy Writ—the Greek and Latin Classicks—and also in proportion to its connexion with the United States, or as furnishing useful practical information to its citizens, or as the paternal soil of their ancestors."

The publishers remark,

"It will be perceived by the above sketch, that the History of "the United States which we propose first to publish, 'is given

" at full length,' and may either be considered as a part of the Uni-
" versal History or as an independent work. It was the Author's
" original intention to publish it separately, but it was afterwards
" incorporated in the General Work. We propose to publish this
" as a specimen of the whole, and if its reception in the world
" shall be such as is confidently anticipated, the Work will be
" regularly continued (commencing with the first volume) until
" the whole is completed. Should any circumstance occur to
" prevent a continuance of the publication beyond the two vo-
" lumes above-mentioned, the Subscribers will still be in posses-
" sion of a work in itself complete and entire. Those persons
" who may be disposed to subscribe for the History of the United
" States, independently of the Universal History, will be at liberty
" to withdraw their subscriptions after the delivery of that por-
" tion of the work. *The profits will be exclusively applied to the*
" *education and support of the numerous family of the Author.*

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

Smithfield Bargain.—One of those scenes which occasionally disgrace even Smithfield, took place there about five o'clock on Friday evening—namely, a man exposing his wife for sale. Hitherto we have only seen those moving in the lowest classes of society, thus degrading themselves; but the present expedition was attended with novel circumstances. The parties, buyer and seller, were persons of property; the lady (the object of sale) young, beautiful, and elegantly dressed, was brought to the market in a coach, and exposed to the view of her purchaser with a silk halter round her shoulders, which were covered with a rich white lace veil. The price demanded for her, in the first instance, was eighty guineas, but that finally agreed on was fifty guineas, and a valuable horse on which the purchaser was mounted. The sale and delivery being complete, the lady with her new lord and master, mounted a handsome curricle, which was in waiting for them, and drove off, seeming nothing loath to go. The purchaser in the present case is a celebrated horse dealer in town; and the seller a grazier of cattle, residing about six miles from London.—The intention of these disgusting bargains is to deprive the husband of any right of prosecution for damages.

An English magazine says that the author of Waverley and Guy Mannering is a young gentleman of the name of FORBES, the son of a Scotch Baronet.

HUBBARD'S History of New-England, from the discovery to M,DC,LXXX, has just been published by the Historical Society. The Legislature of this Commonwealth aided the undertaking by a subscription for 600 copies, intending them for distribution

to each town: The Subscription is closed, and very few copies (not more than60 or 70) remain for sale. The price, to non-subscribers, is 5 dollars, neatly bound, or 4,75 in boards. The members of the Society are informed, that in order to include this history in the general index to their publications, it is bound in two volumes, and will be considered Volumes V. and VI. of the Collections. Subscriptions for the collections at 1,50 the volume in boards, continue to be received by the publisher, John Eliot, at No. 5 Court Street, and by the several members of the Society. Subscribers and others may obtain Hubbard's History from James Savage, Esquire.

WELLS & LILLY, Boston, have published,

Latin Classicks, vol. 7, of the Works of Cicero, consisting of Orations.

Discipline: a Novel. By the Author of "Self Control."

> All-pitying Heaven,
> Severe in mercy, chastening in its love,
> Ofttimes in dark and awful visitation
> Doth interpose; and leads the wanderer back
> To the straight path. JOANNA BAILLIE.

Queen's Wake: a Legendary Poem, by James Hogg.

> Be mine to read the visions old,
> Which thy awakening Bards have told;
> And whilst they meet my tranced view,
> Hold each strange tale devoutly true. COLLINS.

Are you a Christian or a Calvinist? or, do you prefer the authority of Christ to that of the Genevan Reformer? Both the form and spirit of these questions being suggested by the late Review of American Unitarianism in the Panoplist, and by the Rev. Mr. Worcester's Letter to Mr. Channing. To which are added, some strictures on both those works. By a Layman.

Remarks on the Rev. Dr. Worcester's Letter to Mr. Channing, on the "Review of American Unitarianism" in a late Panoplist. By William E. Channing, Minister of the Church of Christ in Federal Street.

Edinburgh Review, No. 48, for *February*, 1815.

Quarterly Review, Nos. 23 and 24, for *October*, 1814, and *January*, 1815.

They have in press: Yates' Answer to Wardlaw, on Unitarianism.

Third volume of Cowper's Poems, containing his posthumous Poetry, and a Sketch of his Life. By his kinsman, John Johnson, L.L.D. Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, in Norfolk.

Anster Fair, a poem in six cantos, with other poems.

Mr. Isaac Riley, New-York, has published Duty; or, the White Cottage. A novel. By the late Mrs. Roberts, Author of "Rose and Emily," with a character of the author. By Mrs. Opie, in 2 vols.

OBITUARY.

DEATHS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS AT HOME.

In New-Hampshire. In New-Holderness, Mr. John Shaw, aged 101.

In Massachusetts. Mr. Eben. Moulton, one of the Senior class at Harvard University. In Haverhill, Hon. Nathaniel Marsh, aged 75; an officer during the Revolutionary war, and for some years a Senator of this Commonwealth. In Boston, drowned by falling out of a boat, Mr. J. G. Dawes, aged 23, son of the Hon. Judge Dawes, an estimable young man. He was one of the volunteers in the defence of Baltimore during the late war. *In Union, Maine,* James Larnard, killed by lightning. At Milton, General Stephen Badlam, aged 64. Drowned in crossing Connecticut River in the stage, Mr. Royal Bond, a merchant of New-York, formerly of Boston, a young man deeply regretted by his friends. At Middleborough Rev. Joseph Barker, aged 64, formerly a member of Congress. *In Old York, Maine,* Major Samuel Sewall, aged 91, the first constructor of wooden bridges by driving piles in this country.

In Connecticut. The Hon. Chauncey Goodrich, Lieut Governour of that state, in the 57th year of his age, one of the most eminent of its citizens.

In New-York. John C. Ludlow, Esq. aged 47.

In Philadelphia. Captain John Smith, appointed to the command of the Franklin 74, recently launched. He is deeply regretted as an officer and a man. Dr. James Glen, by a fall from a chaise.

In Wilmington. The Hon. James A. Bayard. Mr. Bayard had been for many years, one of the most distinguished members of the Senate of the United States, and died a few days after his return from Europe, having fulfilled the important duty of concluding the treaty of peace between this country and Great Britain, at Ghent, where he was one of the American Commissioners.

In Virginia. The Hon. Charles Lee, aged 58, formerly attorney General of the United States. Brigadier General Hugh Douglas, aged 55.

In Maryland, Baltimore. Mr. Henry Bigelow, merchant, formerly of Boston.

In North-Carolina. W. Andrews, aged 89. At his seat near Wilmington, James Walker, Esq.

In Nashville, Tennessee. John Dickenson, Esq. aged 35, a distinguished advocate.

In Kentucky. Rev. David Thomas, aged 95, of the Baptist Church. Captain Francis Peart. This gentleman died without children, and has left about 60,000 dollars to found a free school, to bear his name.

In New Orleans. Captain R. H. Greaton, aged 48, formerly of Boston. He had been from his earliest youth in the military service of his country.

DEATHS BY VIOLENCE.

In New-York. Mr. Isaac Gouveneur, killed in a duel; coroner's inquest, *wilful murder*. In South-Carolina, Captain S. McJunkin, killed by an axe by a negro slave. In Savoy, Massachusetts, Mr. J. Mason, suicide. In New-York, Mrs. Whittlesey drowned herself. In North-Kingston, Rhode-Island, Henry Tanner, aged 18, shot by his brother, with a musket with which he was playing, not knowing that it was loaded. In New-York, Captain Toby of the United States' army, formerly aid-de-camp to the late General Pike. In a fit of delirium from a fever, he threw himself out of the window of a third story, and was almost instantly killed. In Edenton, North-Carolina, a Mr. Sanders was murdered by his brother, by repeatedly stabbing him. They were returning from a Probate Court, and the quarrel was on account of an unequal division of property by their father's will. In New-York, Mr. J. V. Cooper, drowned himself in a state of derangement.

DEATHS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS ABROAD.

In England. Samuel Whitbread, Esq. the most conspicuous member of the opposition in the British parliament. Mr. Whitbread put an end to his own existence by cutting his throat. This may be considered as one of the most extraordinary cases of suicide on record. It was doubtless a sudden insanity, as the inquest gave it. Mr. Whitbread was in possession of great wealth, connected with families of high rank, a very interesting family of his own, a man remarkably capable of transacting business, of a sound, acute, energetick mind; and, however, he might be esteemed as a politician of the highest respectability, and of the most unblemished integrity in private life.

In Quebeck. Colonel Malcolm Fraser, aged 82. He was an officer in the army of General Wolfe, and had resided in that country from the conquest. *In Montreal*, Henry Georgen. Esq. attorney at law.

In Flanders. Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno.

In Saxony. The veteran prime minister M. de Frankenberg, aged 87. In Bavaria, at Munich, Marshal Alexander Berthier, prince of Neufchatel, aged 62. He was pursued by some persons the friends of Palm the bookseller, who was arrested under his command, and afterwards shot by order of Napoleon; they threw him, or he sprung to avoid them out of a window in the third story, and he was killed on the spot. The circumstances, it is said will be investigated. He was for a long time the favourite and chief staff officer of Bonaparte. He married a daughter of the king of Bavaria, at whose court he resided, having remained faithful to Louis XVIIIth, and accompanied him from Paris.

In Savoy, Victor Emmanuel, King of Piedmont and Sardinia.

In France. In La Vendee, Eugene Charette, nephew of the famous Vendean leader of that name. In Paris, the Prelate Gaetano Marini, keeper of the Papal archives, member of the French Institute, &c.

In Constantinople. Horsen Efferdi, the Persian Ambassadour to the Sublime Porte. *In India*, Vice Admiral Sir Samuel Hood.

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